THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 27

5cts.

DEC. 31, '27

1928

FREE — NEW WAYS TO SERVE PEACHES!

Wouldn't you like, without cost, a copy of our new booklet, "Peaches — 11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them"; also "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book"? Address Dept. 46, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

New Year's Day —or *any* day!

You enjoy peaches as tempting as these—whenever you buy DEL MONTE

Just look at them! Sun-ripened—full-flavored—juicy! Only the fact that we wanted their photograph kept them out of a DEL MONTE can.

But remember, millions of other peaches, *as fine as these,* are packed under the DEL MONTE label—every year!

Even now, in the dead of winter, you can have this tempting fruit, America's favorite, sliced or halved and ready for instant use!

Why not serve them often in 1928? And *always* under this brand you know so well? The DEL MONTE label is your guarantee of quality—your guide to canned food satisfaction on more than a hundred delicious canned fruits, vegetables and prepared foods.

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

In 1889, a roof of Barrett Pitch and Felt was laid on the Exchange Building, Boston, Mass., by John Farquhar's Sons, Inc., of Boston. After 38 years, the roof is still giving satisfactory service.

A Barrett Specification Bonded Roof protects the Park Square Building, Boston. Architect: Densmore, LeClear & Robbins. Contractor: W. A. & H. A. Root Co. Roofer: Burgess & Blacher. All of Boston.

THE STANDARD ROOF OF THE 90's IS STILL STANDARD TODAY

"THE building industry, too, saw great changes—changes in ornament, mass, form, detail, material, interior planning.

"But one thing did not change. Architects and builders held fast to the type of roof which during a quarter century had proved its superiority.

"This was the well constructed roof of coal tar pitch and felt."

* * *

Building records extending over the last three-quarters of a century offer the most impressive proof of the durability of pitch and felt built-up roofs. Many of these roofs are still giving weather-tight protection after 40 or more years of service. Logically enough, you find that today many of our finest buildings are protected with The Barrett Specification Roof—a pitch and felt roof.

When a Barrett Specification Roof is laid, a Surety Bond is issued guaranteeing the building owner against repairs or maintenance expense for 10 or 20 years. And back of every one of these Surety Bonds stand these factors:

When the roof is laid all work must be done by an experienced roofer who is approved by The Barrett Company—a Barrett Inspector supervising each step of the job to see that The Barrett Specification is followed every inch of the way.

Directly after the roof is down the Barrett Inspector makes the famous "cut test." And not until this test is made does his O.K. release the Surety Bond.

Two years after the roof is finished the Barrett Inspector again checks up—makes a thorough re-examination of the roof.

Little wonder that Barrett Specification Roofs give dependable service many years after the 20-year guarantee has run out. For complete information about these trouble-free roofs, dictate a brief note to our Built-Up Roof Department.

Depend on The Barrett Approved Roofer

Throughout the United States and Canada a limited number of roofing contractors have been approved by Barrett to lay the Barrett Specification Bonded Roof. These men have earned a reputation for doing efficient work—a name for absolute dependability.

Good workmanship is a big part of *any* good roof. Be sure of good workmanship. Take your roof problems to the Barrett Approved Roofer.

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City
IN CANADA:
The Barrett Company, Limited
5551 St. Hubert St., Montreal, Quebec

Barrett Specification Roofs

To daily divers

The desperate gentleman wearing the submarine millinery has climbed into his bath determined to go down among the molluscs and the octopi, if need be, on the trail of his cake of sinker soap.

If you have been compelled to plow along the tub-bottom in search of a cake of soap like that—

And if you do not own one of these fashionable deep-water derbies—

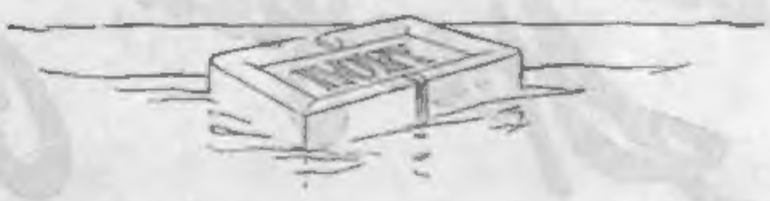
You can simplify, shorten and immeasurably improve the whole bathing operation by investing a carfare in a cake of Ivory. Ivory *floats!*

Perhaps it has already occurred to you that the function of a soap in the bath is to get you clean—comfortably, luxuriously, quickly and triumphantly—and not to be the object of a feverish search every time it slips out of your hand. Well, then, you will welcome a floating cake of Ivory as a shipwrecked man welcomes the approach of a fifty-foot yacht with dinner on the table.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE - IT FLOATS



© 1927, P. & G. Co.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
George H. Lorimer, Vice-President
F. S. Collins, Treasurer and Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1927, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 200 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 31, 1927 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) | Number 27

CORAL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"You Want to Get Married and the Man Doesn't Matter. You Intend to Get Married, Only It Doesn't Matter Who To"

WITH simply everything moving in the contrary direction, she would, Coral concluded, get married. Yes, marriage was what she required. She was pouring out a cocktail from a glass shaker enameled with a brilliant green rooster, and she stopped with her glass half full. A frown gathered above her eyes. She looked at the glass fixedly; then, suddenly decided, she poured its contents into a wide bowl of roses. "I'll stop drinking too," Coral thought. That amazed her. Until the moment of her decision such a preposterous idea had not entered her head. It was astounding. "I've stopped drinking," she said. She was so surprised at herself that she practically slid into the corner of a low couch. Coral felt that she needed its support. The cocktail shaker, with its ice and gin cocktails, stood before her on a table. There was the empty glass. They seemed strangely remote from her. No more than a minute ago she was about to drink, and now she didn't drink. "Thank you, I have stopped," she spoke aloud experimentally. She liked the sound of it enormously. Already, Coral thought, something had been accomplished. She was practically married. She had turned definitely away from the past, from everything that was exhausting her. Marriage ——

A worse time to think of marriage couldn't be imagined. Coral was aware of that. On every hand marriages were practically at once coming to less than nothing. No one had a good word to say for them. "I'll get married," Coral Mery said to herself; "but I will stay married. I will have five children." She was still young enough to have five comfortably. Twenty-six. "I look more like sixteen," she informed herself coolly. "I won't mind having children. It will be good for me. Five. This is September and I'll be married in April. I'll have the first in a year; the others, say, by eight years more; it will all be done before forty. Ideal. Not drinking will make it all perfectly splendid. I won't try to amuse myself." That, it seemed to her, was the most important of her conclusions. Oh, infinitely! She sighed. Think of not trying to entertain yourself! She couldn't. It was too divine. It was the entertainment that was sinking her. She was sunk looking for it. For example:

It was now seven o'clock and she hadn't started to dress for the Bents'; they had dinner at nine, so that was all right; but Martha Lenning, who was staying with her, had gone to some endless tea party; and it would be as racking to have Martha hurrying into her clothes as to be hurried herself. After dinner she would be expected to play contract at a table with Zinc Bent, and Zinc, she well knew, had been falling down drunk for a week. He was apparently quite all right, except for the fact that he was absolutely capable of ruining everything with impossible card tricks and beating the head off anyone who tried to stop him. She had seen him in a hundred and eleven fights, anyhow, and she was sick of it. They would reach the Fallon dance after midnight, and she didn't know when she could get away from Pierce Fallon. Coral really didn't. The last time she had found him sleeping in her hall the following noon.

It was well enough to go to a dance if she went home afterward. But she never did. No one would let her. After the Vaile ball at Palm Beach she had been persuaded to take a train for Aiken in a very fancy costume and with no money. The very best she could hope for was breakfast at some ridiculous German lunch counter. When she was young, she realized, all that had been very engaging. But no longer. Not at twenty-six. Now, however, it was over—it had stopped when she stopped drinking. "I won't go to the Bents' at all," she decided; "I won't play contract with Zinc and get splashed with gin; I won't go to the Fallon dance and kick Pierce in the legs; nothing on trains and specially no bread horrible with caraway seed. I'm serious," she repeated, "and I am going to get married." She rang a bell.

"Angot," she said to the maid who appeared, "I am not going out tonight. Miss Lenning isn't going out either. We'll have something to eat here. Not much, but something. I think milk toast is marvelous—milk toast and preserved black cherries. You had better have some chops too. Only not rolled-up chops—decent chops. And small white potatoes with parsley. Very green parsley, Angot. But no broccoli. Absolutely no broccoli." Suddenly she hated broccoli. It was exactly like the best restaurants in New York and made her think of poisonous head waiters. "Angot," she called, "take out the cocktail shaker and the glass, please. When the man who sells us drink comes again I want to see him."

An extraordinary contentment settled over her; she didn't have to hurry in search of pleasure. A great deal, in a very short while, had happened to her. For example, about drinking. Drinking had simply supported her, she concluded, in her struggle for entertainment; it made the entertainment bearable; and now that was at an end it

would be silly to continue with gin and champagne. Really it was excitement that was sinking her. It was so tiresome, so dull. Gin and excitement. Excitement and champagne. "Why do I have to be excited?" Coral demanded. "I actually don't like burning up in a fever. I like quiet. At bottom, I am quiet." No one, naturally, would believe her, but it was true. "I am very nice," she asserted; "I have nice ideas and feelings; it's just that they never have a chance. From now on," Coral proceeded, "they will. Everyone will be surprised by how perfectly nice I am."

She wasn't, however, intent on others, but upon herself. She had recognized, at last, that her life was a failure. It was a failure because it was stupid. The stupidity increased each day. "I am not a stupid girl," Coral thought. If her life was amusing it would be all right. Oh, entirely. It didn't, for example, have to be useful. There was no necessity for it to be admirable in any eyes but her own. She had no talent for nobility, no necessity to improve the world. She was unable to feel any responsibility for it. Her interests were wholly contained by her experience and knowledge. Honestly, Coral went on, she was as dumb as hell—she knew nothing about history or politics or art or astronomy or geography. She could speak a satisfactory French, but it was almost wholly addressed to maids and servants in Paris: she never read a book in French. But then she practically never read a book in English. If she heard a novel discussed she bought it, she looked at a page or two, or even a chapter, and then Coral forgot about it. The novel vaguely disappeared. The proper with the improper.

It was astonishing, depressing, how little she knew that was important. What she did know she was inclined to disregard—the head stewards on the principal transatlantic steamers; appropriate dressmakers and shops in Europe; smart inconspicuous places to stay in England; the casinos and games of Southern France. She played golf well and owned the beginning of a tennis service; her contract bridge was admirable; she thoroughly understood the mechanics of horse shows and polo. She knew Palm Beach and Paris Island, the country places outside Philadelphia, New York and Long Island, the coast of Maine and Newport. She was part of them; she repeated their dress, their peculiar speech, their intense prejudices; she had been sustained by their enormous self-satisfaction. That, however, had unexpectedly deserted her. It left her upon the discovery that, generally, she had a wretched time, a dull time. She spent hideous sums of money and got practically nothing for them. Everyone she knew did the same thing. She hated to be so futile. Waste fundamentally upset her.

She was twenty-six, but at times she did seem no more than sixteen. Coral was very small, very slight; her ashen-colored hair was cut close, closely swirled, on her head. She was small, but she had large, intent, blue-gray eyes. For the rest, her nose, like her voice, was insolent, her mouth was bright and artificial and her legs beautifully thin. They were, as legs, the perfection of feminine desire. She wore a simple dress of burning red, fish-net stockings no more than a sheen of silver, and lizard-skin slippers tied with black ribbons on high sharp insteps. Her right wrist was weighted with gold and platinum link bracelets and her left arm glittered with flexible bracelets of diamonds and emeralds and sapphires. She had not given up cigarettes, and fitted one into a paper holder. Under so much that was merely fashionable, the reflection of a narrow class habit, her individuality, her blood, were strongly marked.

It was evident there was a great deal of her paternal grandfather, Thomas Mery, in her. He had left Scotland for America, penniless, at the age of twelve, and at fourteen sent back for two sisters and supported them. He became a very bitter and vital old man; and when he died, at eighty-four, he had gathered a great fortune—for 1890—from a type foundry and his allied interests. He, different from Coral, had been rigidly Presbyterian; he endowed churches and Protestant missions; and card playing was prohibited in his house. Cards, that was, with hearts and clubs and spades and diamonds on them. He played several games for counters with cards printed with peaches and apples, plums and grapes. Thomas Mery was especially severe about carnal pleasure. Drink and dancing were contrivances of the devil. The theater was the devil's playhouse. Dinner dresses, bare necks and arms were a trial worked by the devil upon godly men.

All this Coral knew only by report—he died in the year of her birth. Certainly her father was very different. He was a passive stockholder, a director, in his inherited properties—anything which had an appropriate appearance and did not interfere with the activities he preferred. He had liked, mostly, beautiful ladies, wine in France and the stouter liquors of England. He led a purely ornamental existence until his fifty-sixth year, and then he collapsed and died within a week. Coral, the truth was, had hardly known him either: usually he was somewhere else, and when he wasn't, he was humorous with her. His lightness, as he drank, increased.

The quality most evident in her mother, who spent as much of the year as possible in a villa at Cap d'Antibes, was indifference. She was quite lovely still; she would always be quite lovely; but—except for her clothes—she had no apparent interest in that. Her clothes were perfect, but her activities stopped with them. She did nothing about it. She was mildly severe with Coral; her attention, her love, went no farther than occasional advice, a pointed criticism. She didn't approve of Coral's habits or hours or associates. They were, she admitted, smart in the present sense, but the present was without good breeding. It was unsupported by dignity. To Coral her mother was a problem. She couldn't guess her. She didn't, however, very often try. She listened politely and then went on exactly as she chose.

She had chosen, for the past summer, to stay in New York, in her Aunt Elena's apartment on Park Avenue. A very pleasant situation. Her aunt, of course, had gone to Europe. It was a small apartment—a hall, with three bedrooms and baths on the left, a kitchen and room for Angot, a dining room, used for everything but dining, and a drawing-room—but it was elaborately comfortable. There was a great variety of luxurious couches and chairs, of casual tables with expensive cigarette boxes and rare trifles in ivory and silver and jade. The lamps were rare and had beautiful shades; the rugs were Chinese, the curtains and hangings were impressive. There were even some very good pieces of Early American glass filled with flowers; prim English engravings of the early nineteenth century supported gay and authentic French prints of the century before, English glades and ladies in studied disarray—naked, that was, in spots. The bedrooms were little, but they were as convenient as they were engaging; the baths were splendid. The one Coral used was largely black onyx traced in gold, the tub was cased in glass by a needle bath, and there was a black mirror.

"I've Watched You," He Went On. "I Know You. That's Why I Don't Ask You to Marry Me"

Coral wasn't conscious of the detail around her; naturally, it was right, the kind of surrounding she was familiar with and of which she approved. Everywhere she saw practically the same perfection of luxury. Some apartments, some houses in the country, were larger, more elaborate, than others—that was all. There were, in the country, always the same broad acres; the lawns were set in groves of trees or reached to the wide expanse of salt bays; usually there were horses—green pastures with whitewashed fences, brush jumps and private polo fields, kennels of appropriate dogs. The dogs themselves were everywhere. A single pervading atmosphere, made out of money and leisure, was never lost. There were, Coral recognized, other atmospheres more praiseworthy, perhaps, than her own; but she had no curiosity about them, no wish to acquire their advantages. She didn't, even now, want to escape from the state of society into which she had been born; she had no ability to see beyond the limitations of her world; Coral simply wanted ——

She couldn't, she found, put her need into actual words beyond her determination to get married and have a lot of children. Coral was only positive about what she didn't want. The rest was problematic. The facts of marriage and children were so impersonal that they absorbed all the individual aspects of her life, like the ocean or sky. She

(Continued on Page 46)

THE X IN EXPLORATION

By Commander Richard E. Byrd, United States Navy

IN MY big library of Arctic books I find that one poignant similarity joins them all as a class. On the final field map of each thrilling expedition one fatal spot is usually denoted as that at which came the climax of the leader's grim success or galling failure.

I choose at random: "X marks the spot where our brave men died after six days of howling blizzard and bitter cold."

But, alas, like styles on the boulevard, so have styles in exploration changed. How profound has been the change can be indicated in no better way than by the fact that the X that used to mark the spot where the dying explorer ate his last morsel of pemmican now marks the office where he collected his last dollar of backing.

Exploration has always been a battle between man and the elements. It is now; except that chilblains and thirst have given away to creditors and thrift. Sixty below zero still makes the brave leader quake. But his zero isn't on the thermometer, but on the credit side of his expeditionary ledger.

PHOTOS, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Commander Byrd Before His Trip to the North Pole

It cost Columbus $2115 to discover America. It cost the world $200,000,000 and hundreds of lives to discover the North Pole. I don't intend to argue that either was worth more or less than it cost, but the overhead of polar work hasn't gone down since the date of Peary's discovery.

My North Pole expedition in 1926 was made just about as cheaply as possible. We spent hours and hours trying to get things done economically. It had to be. Yet it cost in cold cash about $140,000. Nor does this take in a very large sum represented by men and material which were given at cost or donated. For a few weeks at sea and a few hours in the air such expense is high.

Our trip to the South Pole will cost above $300,000. As we have to be ready to winter on the Antarctic ice barrier and cover 24,000 miles in the round trip from New York, the cost rises much beyond that of a North Polar party.

All His Eggs in Expensive Baskets

THERE was much hue and cry a few years ago over the ease and economy air travel would bring to the explorer. It looked as if so much time would be saved and so little work have to be done in the hard winter seasons that one of my dollars would now do the work of four or five of Peary's.

But we were all wrong. The first thing that happened was that the expedition ship had to be bigger in order to carry an exploring plane to the base of operations. If there were to be several planes, such as I shall use in the south, it had to be still bigger. A larger ship meant more men, more fuel, more repairs.

Another costly item was the mechanical extravagance of the new vehicle. The old explorer never made 100 miles an hour, but his hour-mile cost more than 100 times less. There was nothing of the prima donna in the sledge. It could be pushed or pulled until it fell to pieces. Its only fuel went into the leather-lined bellies of its draft animals and its lubrication was Nature's own snow fields. The whiplash was its throttle, and all the overhauling one did after a trip was to tighten up a sealskin lashing and hammer a bent runner into shape with a granite bowlder.

There are something like 2000 integral parts in a modern airplane. At any time some 300 of these may get out of commission. At least 800 of them have to be replaced if broken. Repairing one part may mean the readjustment of fifty others. With the nearest airplane factory more than 2000 miles away, one has to take plenty of spares. The old proverb read, "For want of a nail the shoe was lost," and ended by blaming the rider's demise on this tiny item. Exploration by air can be equally fatal for the want of a part a good deal smaller than a horseshoe nail.

The old explorer never faced complete failure so steadily as does the modern flying leader, who literally has all his eggs in one or two very expensive baskets. By sledge or back pack it was always possible to accomplish at least a part of the original plan. But let one serious crash come to the aeronautical side of a modern expedition and there is nothing left to do but go home and face the music.

On His Return

New Explorers

ON OUR North Pole trip Bennett and I were not half so worried about breaking our necks on the polar ice as we were about smashing our plane on the take-off. Our big three-engined monoplane was equipped with ski which we hadn't yet learned to use. Three times we came within a hairbreadth of cracking up before we got away for the top of the globe. Had we done so, the expedition would have ended then and there. My news rights and films and lectures with which I hoped to stave off a small army of creditors wouldn't have been worth a backstay's bight.

It would have given some of these same creditors St. Vitus' dance to see us bring our expensive plane ashore through half a mile of loose ice between the ship and the shore. We made a raft that did the trick, after some hair-raising setbacks when the big floes started out with the tide. This time X marked the spot not where we were cold and wet and in imminent danger of drowning among the growlers, but where we escaped by our teeth from nearly plunging into a financial abyss from which I personally might not have emerged for many years.

An explorer has always been a geographer. He was also expected to be on speaking terms with the flora and fauna of the region which he was to penetrate. He had to have medical knowledge in case of emergency, and be prepared to deal with any form of crisis from putting down a mutiny to considering an offer of kingship over a savage tribe.

When the twentieth century opened with primus stoves and percolators, electric generators and spectroscopes among the essentials of an explorer's kit, the professorial aspects of his job began to weigh heavily. When another decade brought radio, with its tubes, counterpoises and condensers, the successful adventurer was less a two-fisted leader than a six-cylinder physicist. With the introduction of flying into the exploring field, no outstanding explorer could equip his party economically without knowing most of the principles of aeronautical dynamics in addition to all the burden of other sciences under which his predecessors labored.

Naturally an outdoor man, the modern explorer has now to learn to be an indoor man. He must attend numerous functions and ceremonies where he generally has to make a speech. He is expected to be able to talk well on any subject. He must lecture to raise funds for his expedition. For the same reason he writes for newspapers, magazines, and every now and then he produces a book. He therefore must be able to write.

(Continued on Page 34)

ON THE BEACH

By ALMET JENKS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

No One Spoke for a Moment. Towne Was Standing by the Table. He Filled His Glass Slowly, Carefully

I'VE been shanghaied." He said this to himself, for two of the three other guests were sitting beside him under the awning in the stern. It was the fourth day since they had left port, and time for lunch again. They were waiting for the cocktails and caviar—inexhaustible, interminable as the sea on which they sailed. They were dreadfully tired from doing nothing. It was four days since they had done anything except lie in the sun or under the shade of the awning, play bridge, eat and drink.

"The evening of the fourth day," he said out loud.

"Will you pass me the potato chips?"

The girl in the chair beside him spoke. Her name was Mary Norton. He had never seen her before he came on board, but they had been calling each other Mary and Bill since the second day. She was known to everyone as Sister, he discovered. Presently, in a day or two, he would be calling her that. If they ever met again, after this cruise was over, they would start, "Do you remember that trip on the Sabrina?" and talk with great animation for a few minutes. That was all. They would probably never again be Miss Norton and Mr. Lawrence to each other, nor would they ever come back to Mary—or Sister—and Bill. It would, he thought, probably be "You."

He got up and brought the bowl of potato chips over to her.

"The fourth day," the man in the other chair said. He leaned forward and carefully extracted a very brown chip from the middle of the bowl. "It must be Saturday then."

"That was the one I wanted." Miss Norton bent over the bowl in her lap. "Where did you find it? The rest are livid." Her hand was poised like a bird. "You must have played jackstraws in your youth. . . . Here, take it." She held the bowl up to Lawrence. "There aren't any more brown ones."

"After all," the other man began, "is there ever more than one perfect brown chip—ever—in the golden bowl?" He smiled. "Underneath, perhaps—yes, even at the bottom of the basket. But, as you suggest, I have played jackstraws too long ——"

"As a matter of fact," Lawrence said, "it isn't Saturday; it's Friday. We sailed Tuesday morning."

"Yes, yes," the other man murmured; "perhaps you're right."

His thought had again been interrupted by this young man. Several times during the past four days such ideas as he had chosen to let loose upon the air, to elaborate, slowly, gracefully, under the sun-baked awning, at the white cloth in the candlelight, in the saloon when the rain drove against the ports—all had been rudely killed by this same young man. The older man's name was Winthrop Towne and he had been on many yachts in his life. He was called Win by everybody, especially by young girls; but this young man had not called him anything after their introduction—not even Towne, which he would have resented.

The introduction had scarcely been necessary, for they had both arrived at the pier late the first morning and had been rowed out to the yacht in a very small dinghy. Towne recalled the incident with annoyance. The dinghy seemed little more than a toy. He and the strange young man had sat, pressed close against each other, in the sternsheets, their knees almost touching those of the man rowing—a member of the Sabrina's crew. The suggestion of intimacy was, to Towne, distinctly embarrassing. Halfway out to the Sabrina, he had, in a moment of irritation, suddenly shifted his position. The gunwale dipped perilously and the man at the oars threw his weight to the other side.

The young man beside him spoke sharply, rudely: "Look out; you're not in a scow, you know!"

When they got on board the Sabrina, Towne learned that the others had come out in a launch. Mrs. Braid had asked him what he thought of the dinghy, and Towne had said something about preferring a sieve because there was more room. It transpired then that Allen Braid, the owner and host, had built the little boat with his own hands that winter in his house, and had built it small enough so that, finished, it could be taken out through a window.

Mrs. Braid had laughed and said: "Never mind, Win. Next time Allen will build you a—a ——"

"—— an ark," Lawrence finished the sentence. Mrs. Braid, Mary Norton and the other girl, a Miss Bowen, laughed—at the idea, perhaps, of associating Winthrop Towne with anything so Biblical. The remark was silly; only Towne knew it was impertinent.

II

"'SHANGHAIED' is the word," Lawrence said to himself again. He thought, "I can't possibly get away now. This is my two weeks' vacation. On a steam yacht—ten more days. I might have been on that fishing trip or have stayed at home and played golf." Even motoring would have been better, he thought. At least you could get out once in a while. He knew now there was absolutely nothing in a yacht.

The idea had struck him as rather pleasant when Mrs. Braid's invitation came one hot July morning when the office steamed. The thought of long, cool, idle days at sea was, at that moment, devastating. Even the statement in Mrs. Braid's letter that Mr. Braid was to be on the cruise and the fact that he knew none of the three other guests did not discourage him. Lawrence had never met

Mr. Braid, although he had been the Braid's guest on many occasions during the past year. Lately he had come to regard Allen Braid as something enshrined. In the enormous duplex apartment where the Braids lived in the winter months, Mr. Braid, Lawrence always felt, was somewhere on the floor above.

Several times Lawrence had dropped in for tea in the late afternoon; he had dined there, and played cards far into the night; he had attended a small dance, when they kept it up until dawn; but he had never seen Mr. Braid until he came on board the Sabrina. The results of Allen Braid's handiwork, the apartment, the great country house, the perfectly appointed yacht—all were so apparent, so solid, that Lawrence had pictured the older man toiling endlessly in a sound-proof room, barricaded behind innumerable doors at some strange, esoteric pursuit which was, at the same time, somehow immensely profitable.

When they assembled the first evening before dinner in the stern of the Sabrina, Mr. Braid was not present; but when they went inside, a small brown man in a shabby gray suit stood waiting for them at one end of the table.

Lawrence had said to Mrs. Braid, "You know, I've never met Mr. Braid," and she had said casually to her husband, "Allen, I don't think you've met Mr. Lawrence."

The two men shook hands. Mr. Braid smiled and murmured something about being glad to see him aboard. All through dinner Lawrence had thought to himself, "So this is Allen Braid!" But he could not think of him as the Allen Braid who had done this and that and all the things one read about, but only as a funny, silent little man who had spent a long time building a toy rowboat.

III

PRESENTLY Mrs. Braid and Miss Bowen joined them in the stern. Miss Bowen was a tall, slim girl of about twenty-five, with dark hair and a very white skin. She looked as if she had been ill. She was a very quiet girl, Lawrence thought. After dinner, the first night, they had come up on deck and he had found himself sitting next to her. Mr. Braid had disappeared. Mrs. Braid, Mary Norton and Towne were talking about some people Lawrence didn't know. Miss Bowen was deep in her chair; deep down, so that she could see a few stars beneath the awning. Winthrop Towne mentioned another name. Lawrence turned to Miss Bowen.

"I don't know any of them," he said in a low voice, lower than the heave of the engines and the wind whistling in the rigging. "Do you?"

The girl shook her head. "No, I don't."

"I'm a stranger on this ship myself," Lawrence went on. "I'd never met any of the others before—except Mrs. Braid."

The others were still talking.

"I didn't know anybody, either," Miss Bowen said, "except —— I'm engaged to Mr. Towne. It's not been announced."

"Oh!" For a moment Lawrence thought she was joking. None of them had mentioned it. When Lawrence and Towne came on board from the dinghy, Towne had greeted this girl just as he had greeted the others. They had shaken hands, Lawrence remembered. He could not recall that Towne had even spoken her name.

"Oh, you're engaged to Mr. Towne," he said. He thought it was a quaint, respectful way to speak of one's true love, like those letters in the Complete Letter Writer: "From a Young Lady to Her Affianced—My Dear Mr. Jones."

At that moment Mrs. Braid had called over to him, "Sister says you must know her brother, Beale Norton; he was about your time." And Lawrence had known him at college. Later in the evening he had played bridge with Mary Norton against Mrs. Braid and Winthrop Towne, and the next day he was calling Miss Norton "Mary." He still called the other girl Miss Bowen, but not often, for they had spoken to each other scarcely at all after the first night. Lawrence found her very quiet and indifferent, and thought perhaps it was because she had been ill, although he did not know that to be a fact.

To Winthrop Towne she was polite and agreeable, as if he were some distant, slightly older relation. Towne, when others were present, was always slightly ironic. He called her Bland, smiling a little at the odd name. Lawrence would have thought him wholly indifferent to her had it not been for something that happened late the second night.

Weary from the long day at sea, they had all retired soon after dinner. Lawrence had been unable to sleep and had finally got up, to look for a book and a cigarette. Searching through his coat for his cigarette case, he remembered that he had left it on a table in the stern. He had gone up on deck, along the port side to the stern, found the case on the table near the starboard rail and started back along that side. Suddenly he heard someone speaking in a low voice, and saw, in the darkness, a man standing against the cabin holding, by her arms, a girl in white, who, it seemed to Lawrence in that moment, was straining away from the embrace. Lawrence turned quickly and stepped around the corner of the cabin. Apparently they had not heard the tread of his felt slippers along the deck; the man was still speaking in low, eager tones. For an instant Lawrence stood perfectly still. The man raised his voice.

"Bland! Bland!" It was Towne's voice, so hoarse, so distorted that Lawrence scarcely recognized it.

Then he heard the girl's voice, low, breathless: "Good night—good night. Please, please—it's late."

IV

A STEWARD appeared with a tray of empty glasses, a cocktail shaker and a plate of sandwiches. Mrs. Braid said, "Win!" and Towne got up and wound a napkin carefully around the shaker.

Lawrence said to himself, "I won't take a cocktail today. It always spoils the afternoon."

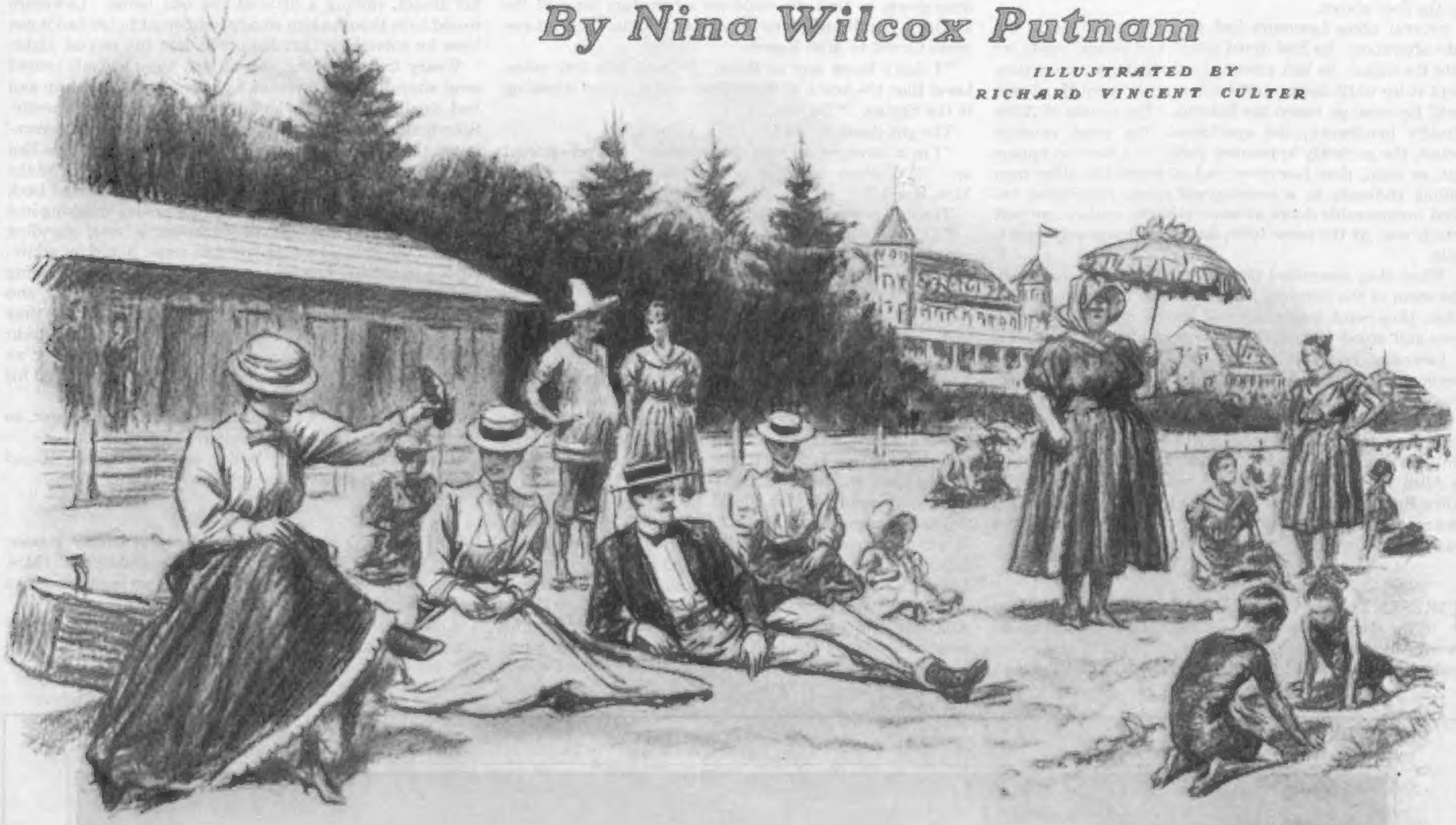
(Continued on Page 70)

A Wave Broke, Tearing Them Apart, Rolling Him Over and Over. Blind and Choking, He Tried to Swim

TWO WEEKS AT THE SHORE

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY
RICHARD VINCENT CULTER



THAT the tragedy of my life awaited me at the Oswegatchie House was far from my suspicion. Indeed, I went there convinced that the tragedy of my life already lay behind me in New York, where James K. Hackett was still playing The Prisoner of Zenda, all unconscious of my broken heart and the harrowing fact that I had been torn from my regular attendance at matinées. For weeks I had been sending him great gobs and oodles of adoration across the footlights, and now a cruel mother had intervened.

All the way up on the train to Oswegatchie I nursed my secret sorrow, staring out at the flying landscape, or glancing into the little slit of mirror between the windows to see if I looked as tragic as I felt, and wondering if I appeared pale and interesting to my fellow travelers.

"See that young girl," I could imagine them whispering, "the one in the Gainsborough hat? She must have recently lived through some dreadful experience."

For a great love, such as the one I had for Mr. Hackett, must surely leave its mark, and the fact that hundreds of other young ladies on the island of Manhattan were suffering from a like affliction in no wise lessened the poignancy of my emotion. When it dimmed ever so little I could always renew it instantly by gazing upon one of the numerous photographs of the handsome actor with which my room was plastered.

This passion had led me to the most amazing indiscretions. Mamma intrusted me with the princely sum of fifteen dollars a week with which to do the marketing for our family of four, including the general houseworker, and such was my hunger to see my idol that I had more than once padded my weekly accounts in order to obtain fifty cents for a seat in the gallery of the Garrick Theater, where for two and a half glorious hours I could imagine myself the fortunate Miss Mannering who was the object of Mr. Hackett's highly technical devotion. I had attended twelve performances when the blow was struck which ended my bliss, but before the end came I had spent twelve weeks' allowance on photographs of my hero, and had on one occasion even gone so far as to write him a note, expressing my admiration.

Dear Mr. Hackett: May I tell you that I think your performance is just too, too wonderful? AN ADMIRER.

As I hesitated over mailing this fiery epistle I wondered if he would, by some sixth sense, be able to guess its authorship. But in the end I sent it off, for one must risk something in the grand passion. Naturally I had loved before, but I now recognized my fleeting fancy for the curly-headed grocer's boy as a mere childish fancy, unworthy of a mature young lady of seventeen, and my affair with Hackett could have remained *in statu quo* forever, so far as I was concerned. As long as the show lasted, so could I. But fate had decreed otherwise, for one day mamma caught me kissing my favorite picture—the one of the duel scene—and took instant alarm. A murmured conference with my father that night, unintelligible but ominous to my anxious ears, resulted in a sudden trip to the shore, where it was hoped the change would "shake that nonsense out of the girl's head!" as my father put it firmly.

And now we had arrived. The Oswegatchie House was not a fashionable hotel, but it was distinctly refined and by no means cheap, since our board and room was to be twelve dollars apiece weekly. The hotel itself certainly looked rather thrilling as we approached it through an avenue of elms; a great white wooden building glittering with gold signs and American flags, its long row of rockers on the porch painted scarlet, tennis courts and a croquet lawn gracing its gardens, and a nest of bathhouses clustering on the beach in front. But I was rather alarmed and shy, for here, under mamma's eagle eye, it would be my duty to become popular, or at least have the appearance of popularity, a very different thing from the same problem in a great city, where the actual number of one's invitations is easily concealed. And the very first thing I saw on the porch was a challenge to all my talents.

In the center of a laughing group of boys stood a blond girl in a white shirtwaist and a piqué skirt that scarcely reached her ankles. Worse yet, she wore a baby-blue sash and three Greek ribbons to match in the mass of her yellow puffs, and I at once perceived that she was one of those female monsters who do not scruple to use all sorts of unfair weapons, such as rouge and perfumes. Her crowd scarcely moved enough to let us into the hotel, and paid not the slightest attention to our arrival after the first brief glance of scrutiny—all, that is, except one man, who turned his head and stared at me as I passed. He was a tall fellow in a striped blazer coat, and I thought that it must be wonderful to be on chatting terms with such a godlike creature. He looked to be older than the rest—at least twenty or twenty-one—and it was plain that I had attracted his attention.

However, mamma led me away to the bedroom which had been allotted me, and presently I was washing up for dinner at the hand washstand and taking in the new surroundings. This was the first time I had ever been to a resort, and the strangeness of the place at once excited and depressed me, as I changed into a flowered challis dress and a large pink hat of shirred liberty silk. Then, before descending in answer to the clanging of the dinner bell, I set out six of Mr. Hackett's photos on the dresser, went through the formula of a mournful sigh or two and set my face to the new world about me.

Conversation stopped abruptly at our table while we took possession of two vacant places, and was resumed only after mamma had said, "The chicken, please," to the colored waiter. I felt as if the entire population of the room, whose long tables must have accommodated a hundred people, was looking at me, and when the stout lady next me passed the pickled watermelon of her own accord I was so embarrassed that I almost dropped the dish. But after the chicken and corn fritters, my courage revived and I looked about. There was no one at our table who promised much in the way of excitement. Just an old married couple of at least thirty-five or so, with three horrid children—the boys in Fauntleroy suits, the girl in pink challis with a barred muslin apron over it, and two enormous pink bows on her head. Then there was the fat lady and her elderly spouse. Next to them came the proprietor's wife, a gray, harassed woman with steel-rimmed spectacles, and this lady's daughter, who sat beside her, was, besides myself, the only youthful member of the party.

Lydia Brownell was not a pretty girl, but I loved the way she wore her hair. It was drawn smoothly up over her rat into a narrow pompadour and dipped in the middle, and at the back it was coiled low on her neck with a large black

taffeta ribbon bow. Furthermore, her clothes couldn't compete with mine, and I at once began to look at her as a possible friend. There were, in fact, very few young people in the hotel, even the blond girl, Cassie Riggs, being marooned amidst an elderly company, and as for my mash in the striped blazer, he had completely disappeared. It was not until late that afternoon that I saw him again, and when I did I got the surprise of my young life.

I had stolen away from mother and gone for a walk by myself, my fancywork in a chintz bag swinging from one hand. I was making a centerpiece in natural colors—nasturtiums in silk on fine linen, with a green scalloped edge in twist. In some dim future I expected to make doilies to match, but for the present the centerpiece was merely a somewhat soiled and rumpled proof of my domestic talents, to be hauled out at appropriate moments or to occupy my hands when young men were calling. Nothing in the world is more difficult than to appear gay and busy when you know no one in a summer hotel, and so, in order to simulate the carefree good time I was supposed to be having, I had undertaken this expedition, but it was only on my homeward trip that anything befell me.

I was strolling along the edge of the cliff when, from a cottage ahead, a group of young men emerged, and my interest in them quickened as I recognized a striped blazer among them. There were four in all—college men beyond a doubt—and they came toward me, arm in arm, singing barber shop:

"If the Man in the Moon
was a coon, coon, coon,
What would you do?
No spooning in the park at night,
No suting in the pale moonlight,
If the Man in the Moon
was a coon, coon, coon!"

Cyril Took My Hand and Led Me, Squeaking Prettily, to the Water's Edge

They passed me with curious eyes, continuing their quartet, but a smile appeared on the face of the boy with the blazer. Quite without any wrong intent, I turned my head to look after them. It was an uncontrollable impulse, and great heaven, at the same instant he turned, too, and winked! A quite unmistakable wink; slow, mischievous and deliberate. But worse than that, as I turned away I realized with delicious horror that I had returned the naughty signal. With a blush burning my guilty cheek, I turned and almost ran to the hotel and the sheltering presence of mamma.

That evening I dressed with particular care in a blue mull low-necked gown that I had made myself, and wound three twisted strands of equally blue ribbon through my puffs. The parting kiss which I implanted on the photographic buttons of Mr. Hackett's uniform before descending to supper was rather perfunctory, and for the moment my usual pang of hopeless love felt curiously like hunger Some strange but pleasurable excitement had suddenly possessed me, a sort of delicious sense that something simply thrilling was about to happen; and this enchantment lasted all through supper, for out in the lounge a three-piece orchestra was tuning up, rugs and furniture had been pushed back, and a dance was certainly imminent.

But we as yet knew no one except a few elderly ladies whom mamma had talked to over their fancywork during the afternoon, so mamma and I sat against the ballroom wall, and for a long time the hop appeared to be attended wholly by chaperons and a few partnerless girls like myself. Then that hateful beauty, Cassie, appeared on the floor with a beau and whirled around in a two-step. At once the rocking-chair brigade was agog.

"Coming in out of the dark like that!" said Mrs. Elder, next to us, the black sequins on her immense dark green satin basque quivering with indignation. "Why can't she sit in here with the chaperons? Goodness only knows where she's been with that young man!"

"Spooning on the beach, no doubt!" snapped the withered lady beside her. "Absolutely disgusting, I call it. She makes perfect fools of all the men, but I doubt that any of them have serious intentions toward her."

The chaperons exchanged significant nods, with a glance in my direction which I well knew meant that more could be said except for the presence of a young girl. I felt a curious pang of jealousy. Of course Cassie's behavior undoubtedly did seem rather fast, but she appeared to be having an awfully good time and I wondered just where her punishment was coming in, while I sat out five dances in company with the chaperons, trying to look bright and happy, and as if I preferred merely to watch the others, a fixed smile on my lips and a heart like lead. By the end of the fifth encore I began to feel that even the possession of a hopeless love, a blighted romance, a dream that could never come true, was poor comfort. And then, when the ache of weariness and mortification had become almost intolerable, up came Mr. Brownell, the owner of the hotel, in company with my blazer beau, and it was thus that I was introduced to Cyril.

How can I describe the emotion of that moment? The sleek blond head ducked in a ceremonious bow, the ice-cream pants flapped as he clicked his heels, the dark blue coat was stunningly cut, and he wore a Yale tie. At his request I got to my feet somehow. Then his arm was around me and I was whirled away in the most heavenly hesitation waltz. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to dance in perfect unison, and it was a heady experience.

He held me at arm's length, lightly yet securely, and smiled down at me, his gleaming teeth amply compensating for a somewhat receding chin. But I was not in a critical mood. I was instantly aware that I had met something for which I had been inarticulately waiting all my life, and I gave myself up to its magic spell. Words were unnecessary between us, and at the end of the third encore Cyril propelled me toward the porch, unprotesting even when he stepped off the veranda, whose lighted confines were considered a proper promenade between dances, and led me into the starlit night beyond.

Without a word he tucked my hand into his arm and led me out onto the dock, where the moon made a brilliant path on the dark water. Then he found me a seat on a coil of rope, first offering to spread his coat over it.

"Oh, no!" I protested. "It won't hurt my dress a bit!" He sat beside me and lighted a cigarette.

"Do you mind?" he said. "My people won't let me, you know, but I do, once in a while. Father's a clergyman and we have to mind our P's and Q's at home."

"I'll never peach!" I responded gayly. "Where is home?"

"Rochester is our home," said Cyril. "But I'm at Yale in the winter now. That's our cottage over there—the one with the cupola." He leaned across me to point it out, and I did not withdraw. Cyril took time to make quite sure I saw his house, and I liked the smell of the stuff that made his hair so shiny. Never before had I been so close to any man except papa, and papa used vaseline. Anyhow this was quite different. Cyril sat up again and puffed at his coffin nail in silence. We stared at the moon. From the

(Continued on Page 54)

INTERNATIONAL CRITICS

Europeans Have Never Admitted That We Were Actually a Part of That Division of Animal Life Known as Homo Sapiens, But Have Always Regarded Us as Laboratory Specimens

By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

PERSONALLY I have never imagined that I could kick another human being without his resenting it; certainly not unless he was positive the kick was delivered in the most friendly and playful of spirits, and for the past fifteen years—that is, since I have achieved any sense at all—if I have felt myself called upon to give advice, I have first endeavored to convince the victim that my attitude was friendly. Otherwise I have refrained unless I wished to inflict or to receive punishment.

But that, after all, is not giving advice; it is issuing a challenge.

I do not and never will expect a kick prompted by contempt or anger to be received with affection, and I do not and never will expect a man to welcome smilingly my opinions if I preface them by calling him a hopeless fool. That, I think, is expecting too much. We are living in a frank age, which is good. Frankness is excellent, but it is well first to know what frankness is. Vociferous personal opinion is not in itself frankness. Frankness to be valid has to have about it a trace of universality, and it is so powerful and precious a thing that it should be handled only by the wise. At least those wise enough to know the difference between it and insult, and between it and prejudice. We do not put surgeons' knives into the hands of amateurs; the world will never be so frank that a man who clearly dislikes you can attempt with safety to describe you to your face. Nor can he, as a matter of fact, ever describe you accurately. Necessarily his point of view will be warped. It is a requisite of frankness that, to be just, it must arise from some degree of understanding and compound itself to some extent with sympathy.

The Rules of Sound Criticism

FURTHERMORE, there are certain well-established rules of criticism. That they are just at present out of fashion and that the recent release of man's ego has introduced temporarily a form of criticism, if it can be called that, which is entirely subjective does not in the least invalidate these rules in the minds of wise men. Nowadays a critic says what he likes, or doesn't like, and there, he imagines, it ends. But it doesn't end, for that is not criticism.

The first rule of sound criticism is that the critic should accept the author's premises and argue from them; the second rule is that the critic should not suggest that the author has said or implied anything he has not said or implied; the third rule is that criticism should be universal. That is, the critic, being an Italian, should not detest a book simply because it is written in Greek, or adore it for the same reason; should not, on the one hand, impute errors to it solely because it is Greek, or, on the other hand, demand of it, for the same cause, especial virtues which are uncommon to mankind as a whole. That the critic, to begin with, has a knowledge of the subject he is criticizing goes without saying. These rules apply even to the analysis of admitted evil, and the lack of this critical attitude on the part of reformers and officials is one reason why crime and misery still flourish.

All of which being very true and very simple and generally recognized, I do not see why, as a member of a certain race or nation, my reactions or my demands should be greatly different from my reactions or demands as an individual. They may be broader and more elastic. Their edges may fade away more often than not into dilemmas difficult of choice. There may be much about my nation I do not like and about which I will readily admit my disapproval, I may find large sections of it beyond my control, but that is exactly the way I feel about my own small personality; and bad or good, that personality is all I have to work with, and it is a delicate mechanism with a pride of its own. Moreover, it is made up of many things, some of which I recognize as influences for which I am by no means responsible.

Back of it there is history, the mistakes and virtues of ancestors, legacies helpful and crippling, and it is subject to present environment and the painful necessity of curbing many of its most earnest desires in order that it may live at all with the desires of other men and be even part way effective. I cannot wave my wishes like a conjurer's wand and have them miraculously fulfilled. For the most part I must work like a mole. If I am a wise man I will try to improve what I have; a slow, often blind, usually broken process, like the gathering together of odd bits of sticks and grass by a bird building a nest. Above all, I will try to appreciate and use the counsel of those whom I consider wise, but should counsel be given angrily, invidiously or rhapsodically, I will reject it, knowing intuitively, and correctly, that it is not counsel at all but an attempt either to cheapen me or make me into something I am not.

In other words, I am I, with whatever faults and virtues I may possess, and in other words, a nation is a nation. And whatever you have to say about it, that, as the fundamental equation, the starting point, is what you have to take into consideration. There is no use, for instance, telling the American nation not to be, on the whole, a nation of business men, because that is what it is, from necessity always has been and will, for hundreds of years, continue to be. It would be just as sensible to complain because the Florentine Republic was a republic of bankers or the Hanseatic League was a league of merchants.

If you wish to spend your time profitably, spend it trying to implant in these business men the aspiration to be the highest type of business man known—a fairly high type of human being—trying to make them, for their own profit and the betterment of their nation and the world in general, as broad-minded, as intelligent, as cultivated as business men can be. But do not complain or detest them because they are not hardy and thrifty peasants or princes of somewhat debatable princely blood. And do not forget that a business community can achieve a very high degree of civilization—a civilization in which the arts, philosophy and the graces of life have frequently flourished better than anywhere else.

A Strain on the Ties of Friendship

THERE is not much sense in a fox telling a bird not to build a nest—to dig a burrow instead. There is not much sense in insisting that a Jugo-Slav grow into a tall, light-haired, blue-eyed Norwegian like yourself. He can't. He is a Jugo-Slav. He can become a good Jugo-Slav or a bad Jugo-Slav. He may become an educated Jugo-Slav, in which case in many respects he will be more like an educated Norwegian than he is like an ignorant Jugo-Slav; but educated or not, good or bad, he is still a Jugo-Slav, and both his vices and virtues will have to function within that physical, mental and spiritual circle known as Jugo-Slavism, whatever that may be. It will take two generations at least of totally different influences and environment to effect much change, and meanwhile, if you cannot find any good whatsoever in the circle of Jugo-Slavism, or any hope of betterment within its wide, misty, shifting but at the same time unbreakable limits, you had better go away and concentrate your interests on something else. Your opinions will do you little good and humanity less. Simply to announce broadcast that you loathe Jugo-Slavs will endanger the comity of nations in direct proportion to the ability of Jugo-Slavs to resent your remarks. If you can find

no good in a commercial nation, no prospects for its future, you had better seek the byways of some such study as heraldry, leaving amateur sociology alone.

Now I do not mean to imply for one moment that I think a commercial civilization, or any other form of civilization as yet evolved, the highest possible mold. I do not in the least object to Utopias, for they are almost always stimulating in details and some day the makers of them may stumble upon something really useful, although, for myself, I do not think that is the way the world advances. I have no quarrel even with the philosopher who condemns the whole capitalistic system, although, once more, I think he will have to be made to confine his theories to the laboratory until they are workable—if ever they will be. Nor do I hold in abeyance the man who frankly prefers some other sort of system to our own. I merely say that to me his preference seems academic and that it is better to work with the materials you have. But I do object most forcibly to these men, or any critic, when, in putting forward their theories, they grant nothing, not even the invention or use of a fairly sensible makeshift, to those who disagree with them, and when they judge those who disagree with them, not by their failure to live up to the best that is in them, but by their failure to live up to something they cannot, at least for the present, be.

I am weary, as an American, of being judged by men—fellow countrymen or Europeans—who do not like America, who do not understand it, and who take no pains to find out what it is. Furthermore, I am weary of being judged not as an American and a human being, but as an American and not a human being—something I shall talk about later. In the meantime I can come to the gist of my argument and state frankly what I am talking about.

A Lesson in English Etiquette

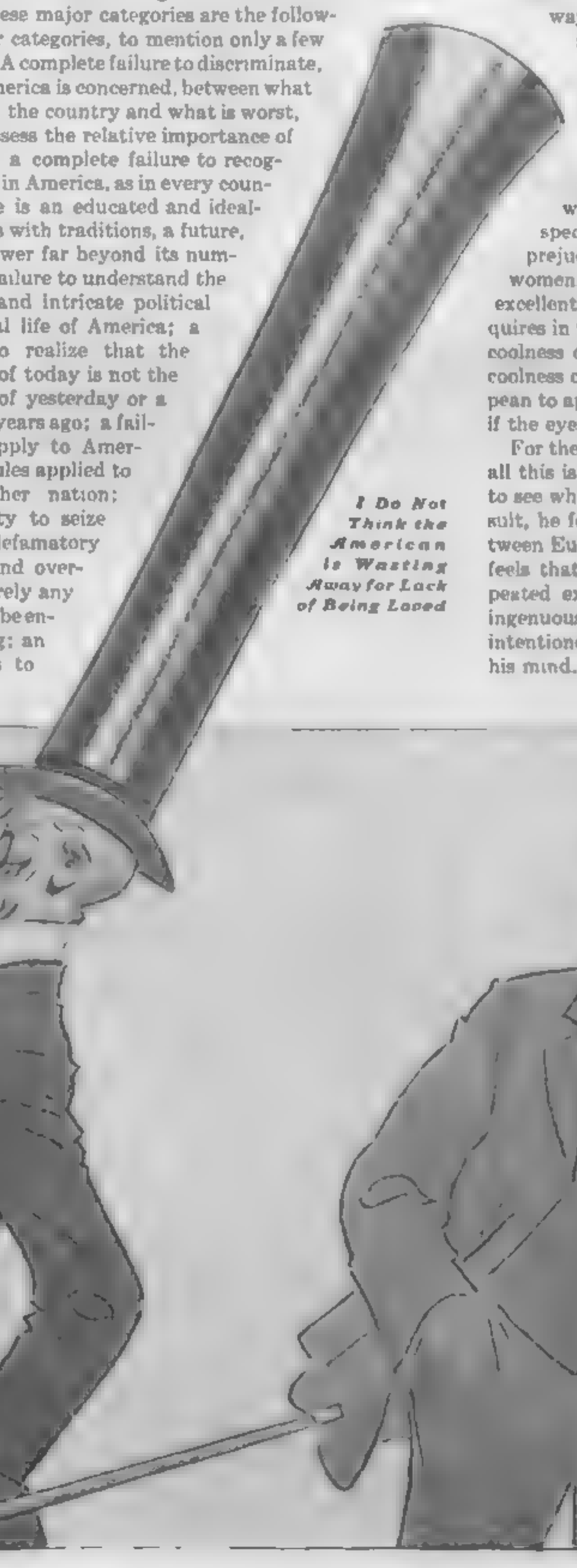
THAT this is an international argument, you have probably already guessed. But it is more than that, or rather less than that, because it is an international argument confined to one very debatable point—debatable in the sense that it requires debate and that debate has never been sufficiently granted it. The point is this:

Rightly or wrongly, the average intelligent American feels that he has a quarrel with most European criticism, and especially with English criticism, because of all peoples the English should understand him best. Rightly or wrongly, he believes that he has always had this grievance and that recently, since the war, the grievance has increased in intensity. That the grievance is just, that it contains wounding and irritating features which distinguish it from the usual grievances which exist between all nations and that—most irritating feature of all—somehow or other, no matter how painstaking or amicable or patient he tries to be, Europe will not listen comprehendingly to what he is trying to say. Europe will not listen at all. Europe will not even admit that he has a grievance, right or wrong, let alone trying with him to get to the bottom of it, to dig it up, to bring it up into the light.

Rightly or wrongly, the average intelligent American finds that European criticism about himself and his country falls, with very rare exceptions, into well-recognized categories, all of which invalidate immediately the criticism itself. In other words, that most European criticism where America is concerned breaks all the rules of sound criticism, most of the rules of good manners, and is, with a somewhat trying monotony, rudely subjective. It is not—to take a homely instance, but one which occurs to me, since I was recently the victim of it—sound criticism to remark, when first eating Delaware shad, bought at some expense by your host, "Humph! It is a bony fish, not like the English sole." The Delaware shad is a bony fish and it is not like the English sole, but it has a flavor and fineness of its own, which make your personal disapproval a matter of idiosyncrasy. You are at perfect liberty to dislike Delaware shad, but you should not regard the fish as another instance of the benighted American point of view.

Rightly or wrongly, then, the average intelligent American believes these things, and he finds that the two main categories under which most European criticism falls are dislike and misunderstanding.

These overlap, of course, or rather, the latter is likely to be part of the former, though, on the other hand, there is naturally a considerable amount of well-meant criticism based on misunderstanding alone. Contained within these major categories are the following minor categories, to mention only a few of them: A complete failure to discriminate, where America is concerned, between what is best in the country and what is worst, and to assess the relative importance of the two; a complete failure to recognize that in America, as in every country, there is an educated and idealistic class with traditions, a future, and a power far beyond its numbers; a failure to understand the peculiar and intricate political and social life of America; a failure to realize that the America of today is not the America of yesterday or a hundred years ago; a failure to apply to America the rules applied to every other nation; an avidity to seize upon all defamatory reports and overlook entirely any that may be encouraging; an eagerness to assign to America motives, intentions and actions of which America itself is totally unaware; while encompassing all this, conveying all this, adding greatly to its poignancy, there is, coupled with the perpetual lack of good manners, in many cases a lack of gratitude for kindnesses received and an entire unwillingness to meet the American halfway. The intelligent Englishman for example, when in France, usually will admit that the French have their own way of doing things, but seldom, while in America or out of America, is he willing to make the same generous admission.



I Do Not Think the American Is Wasting Away for Lack of Being Loved

An Interesting Laboratory Specimen

THE American claims that he is accused of crimes and stupidities he has not committed, or, being an intelligent American, that he is lumped together with his less intelligent countrymen and condemned with them for absurdities that he detests, is combating, and is quite sure that some day he will be able to cure. In short, that however wrong he may be about other countries, the European is at least inclined to take a bird's-eye view of them, whereas, with America alone, he takes a worm's-eye view; that is, he insists upon looking from the bottom up, instead of looking from the top down, and so never sees the top at all.

For some reason or other, due to our early history I suppose—the pronouncements of the fathers—Europeans have never admitted that we were actually a part of that division of animal life known as *homo sapiens*, but have always regarded us as laboratory specimens. And although you may be interested in laboratory specimens, you do not like them, and if by any chance they do not act exactly as you expect them to, you are very likely to execrate them. I agree that America is an experiment, like every other country, and a most interesting experiment, but I do not think that the molecules which compose it are in their entirety laboratory specimens. For my part, although possibly I am prejudiced, I have found them very much like men and women. Moreover, the scientific point of view, however excellent—indeed, the only excellent point of view—requires in those who would use it some training. The initial coolness of glance must be followed up by a subsequent coolness of discrimination. It is not enough for the European to approach the American with a coldly scientific eye, if the eye merely conceals passionate prejudices.

For the thoughtful American it is not difficult to see why all this is true; his difficulty lies in getting the European to see why it is true. Should he be able to obtain this result, he feels that at once half the misunderstanding between Europe and America would cease. At all events, he feels that it is of paramount importance to attempt repeated explanations under the assumption—perhaps an ingenuous one—that there may come a time when well-intentioned Europeans will discover what is at the back of his mind.

(Continued on Page 80)

SAND—AND GRAVEL

By A. W. Somerville

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

UNCLE PETE PENDLETON could be termed a captain of industry—the newspapers had done it not infrequently—for Uncle Pete was the reason why more than a thousand men drew down pay envelopes every second Saturday afternoon. He was the Pendleton of Pendleton, Herd & Co., the man with the wide brass hat; he was the man who promoted a large percentage of the contracts that his company made money on and all the contracts that his company lost money on. He it was who held a loose-jointed, far-flung, hard-boiled outfit together by means of a clubbed fist, a profane tongue and a better mind than most. Creed, belief or color meant nothing to him.

"What do I care if he's a Dago?" says Uncle Pete. "Can the big slob work?"

He had been known to declare in loud and resonant fashion that he was in the construction game for the purpose of constructing things, and that the making of money was only of secondary importance to him.

"And kindly get the hell out of my office," says Uncle Pete. "For how the devil can a man figure how to do a job if you're going to start a lousy argument over what it costs? We'll come to that later," says Uncle Pete.

Yet he seldom lost money on a job, and Pendleton, Herd & Co. prospered. The company grew as do the weeds in the garden. They bought machinery and equipment, drag lines and steam shovels, gravel leases and rock quarries, and their investment ran into the millions. So the newspapers could not be called exactly in error for naming Uncle Pete a captain of industry. Rather let it be said that they failed to do him justice. For he was not a captain of industry—positively no.

Uncle Pete got his rating from his own men, the men who put a graveled, flat-faced dump and one-hundred-and-ten-pound rail through the Mississippi swamps and plastered their faces and hands with axle grease so that the mosquitoes would slide off without biting; the men who built two railroads and placed the quietus on fifteen revolutions—as a subcontract—in order that bananas might be extracted less painfully from the wilds of Central America; the men who constructed Harbor Cut-Off for a Western trunk line, laid rails and ballast waist-deep in yellow flood and sank the barges to get a foundation—and made good on the contract limit by dragging a locomotive and three box cars over the submerged right of way by means of cables rigged to a steam-shovel drum on the opposite bank. The engine couldn't get over under her own power, because the water came a foot over the grate bars, and an engine can't run without steam. And the contract specified that by such-and-such a date the track must be in condition for traffic to pass over. So they passed the traffic over.

Such were the men who called him Uncle Pete when he was out of hearing, such were the men who gave him his proper rating—not newspaper reporters who wouldn't know the difference between a gravel-washing plant and a swing engine. These men called Uncle Pete the top kick

Believe the printed word, the worthy Mr. Pendleton was a first sergeant if ever there was one. You can call ammonia perfume of sweet lilacs if you want to, but ammonia will retain the qualities of ammonia regardless. Thus also you can call Mr. Pendleton a captain of industry, but a top sergeant he will remain. For Uncle Pete was what he was and not what the newspapers blah-blahed about.

He was a hard-nosed individual, was the gentleman in question, and he was constructed as the ideal top kick is constructed—broad at the shoulders, lean at the flanks, long-legged and long-armed—and when he wasn't in an argument, he was always in a fight. And he disliked argument. But he liked to yell. When riled, he would attack anything from the camp cook to an entire battalion of buzz saws; and it is stated here, merely as a historical fact, that at one time he practically pulled a steam shovel apart—because the operator said, "And who the hell are you, guy? Run along and catch flies. I don't need your help!" The entire camp turned out and by desperate efforts saved the steam shovel, but the operator was marked down as a total loss.

His Body Came Over the Prow of the Dredge in a Short But Awing Arc; He Smacked the Water a Resounding Smack and Was Wrenched Under

Assuredly Mr. Pendleton should not be called a captain. It would be best to make him a top sergeant, endowed with the prerogatives of two major generals, a staff adjutant, a colonel of aviation and a couple of admirals thrown in for good luck. If ever there is another war, you will find him striding up and down before a paralyzed soldiery and raising so much verbal hell that no sensible barrage will come within five miles of his stamping ground.

He was, as all business men are that rise above the average, a most inveterate gambler. He had to be; the contracting game is nothing more or less than a gamble—a gamble in which you back your judgment and knowledge and the ability of your men against the acts of God and the forces of Nature. Since he either had to gamble or go to work for someone who would gamble, he gambled; first, because he liked to—who doesn't?—and second, because he preferred to stay in business for himself. He had more fun; he could bellow and squall and fire the cheap clerks and the hired hands and the schoolboys; and then he could bellow and squall and hire them all back again.

He enjoyed this phase of his business; in twenty years of hire and fire, and fire and hire, he had yet to run an employe off permanently. He was always at work figuring out a reason why he should let someone come back to work. Thus he handled his personnel, having a fight occasionally with someone he was particularly fond of—and he gambled constantly.

He had to gamble on the weather every time he took a big construction job; he had to gamble that gravel and crushed rock inspectors would be reasonable, intelligent humans and not technical dummies with a blue print for a head and a specification sheet in place of brains; he had to gamble that his superintendents in the field would stay sober long enough to finish a contract; he had to gamble that the railroad wouldn't come to him three years after he finished a contract and say, "Hey, guy, you forgot to do this"; he had to gamble that his test crews and estimators would shoot square and not lay down on the collection of facts that have flattened more than one builder of railroads and digger of ditches.

He had been gambling so long and he did it so well that he might be called a professional.

Uncle Pete had a daughter and her name was Maryanna. She was the only person known to Pendleton, Herd & Co. that could make the top kick do what he didn't want to do. She was a red-haired girl with straight and slender legs, the kind of girl who gets accustomed to being stared at. She had large brown eyes that it was most unfair for her to possess, because no one person should be so well equipped; her hair was endowment enough for fifty girls. She owned to a legion of freckles, and, miraculous as it may seem, she made each individual freckle an asset, and she cashed in on each asset at all times and in all places. She was as decent and lovable to her father's hired hands as she was to the boys with wide-bottomed pants that cluttered up the front porch. She had two birthdays coming before she could vote; she had gone East to finishing school, but she still liked to talk to mule skinners; she was Uncle Pete's daughter, and to prove it, she not infrequently wrapped him securely about one small finger and took him to hear an opera.

Maryanna could tell without looking at the score card whether Wagner had done the dirty work, and during recess she and her father would probably discuss which was the hardest to move—black gumbo or yellow clay. Uncle Pete didn't care much for operas, because they wouldn't let him smoke cigars there. He grumbled a lot about going, but he always went, and the reasons for it were because his daughter wanted him to go and because both he and his daughter liked music.

Thus he gambled and yelled and fired people, and took jobs that he couldn't make money on because he wanted to keep his men busy; and his men knew this, and as a most natural result saw to it that Pendleton-Herd made money where there was no money to be made; and he swore and wrangled and annexed an occasional black eye; and he watched the sun rise and set in the hair of his Maryanna—and he called life good.

The biggest contract that Pendleton-Herd owned was the gravel plant at Laguna Leon. Three mighty trunk-line railroads constricted Laguna Leon in steel coils. Uncle Pete furnished two of these hard-hearted corporations with ballast—with good, clean gravel ballast from the hills of Laguna Leon. They had dredges here—two ugly, big-snouted dredges—that sucked away at the hills day in and day out, night in and night out, that leveled the hills and made them lakes clean-swept of gravel and sand. And as a result much gold came from the coffers of these two railroads and clinked musically in the vaults of Pendleton, Herd & Co. And much ballast was laid on the dumps and through the cuts of these two railroads, and heavier trains went through on faster schedules, to the mutual benefit of

the railroads and of the parties who owned Laguna Leon. But the third railroad, the one that bought none of the clean, sharp gravel from the dredges—that lay as a large and much diseased fly in the ointment of Uncle Pete.

So it came about that on a delightful morning in early winter Uncle Pete betook himself to the general offices of this railroad, this railroad that bought none of his dredge-picked product, and he went to the office of the engineer of the maintenance of way. The chief engineer and Mr. Pendleton proceeded to the sanctum of the vice president in charge of operation—commonly and properly known as the Old Man.

Here Mr. Pendleton regulated his voice to the pitch required by soft carpets, excepting one howl. He stated with great distinction that he was not trying to get rich overnight; that he wanted—yea, craved—to sell them gravel for the good of their souls and the general benefit of the railroad; but that he didn't want to go to the poorhouse just because he was big-hearted.

Subsequent to this outburst and to the discourteous reply that followed it, there was a great scratching of pencils and of heads, and a furrowing and mining for files that were better left buried—so thought Uncle Pete—and a corresponding amount of bell pushing and the opening and closing of doors. For every pencil scratch and for every file brought to light, the gravel producer was cut closer to the bone, and after many hours of politely but nevertheless bitterly contested nickels and dimes, Mr. Pendleton was reduced to the point where he battled desperately for a penny where before he had squalled for a dollar. By this time, however, he had become so anxious to get the job that the profit he might make became a minor item—an item, of course, that he must battle for, but which he didn't give a particular personal damn whether he got or not.

At this precise moment the two railroad officials—who had dealt with Uncle Pete before and knew his foibles—the Old Man of Operation and the Old Man of the Maintenance of Way, turned on the works, caught Mr. Pendleton betwixt and between them, and before he quite realized the what and the why, he had made concessions that gave any apparent profit permanent paralysis. He had agreed to produce enough gravel practically to plug the Mississippi, at a price per yard that even a lowly white wing in a city street would refuse to dig it for. He was hot-boxed and thoroughly flim-flammed, and before he could catch his second wind they had haled him into the inner sanctum of the railroad, to the office of the president. He couldn't afford to crawfish; they had him cold-turkey. The contract was signed, sealed, witnessed and made duly imperishable—and Uncle Pete found himself with a nice railroad cigar between his teeth, a swell soft carpet to stand on, three nice right hands to shake, three sets of congratulations to listen to, and one of the closest-stitched sacks to hold that was ever given to mortal man.

He returned to the office of Pendleton, Herd & Co. and gave himself over to the process known as thought. He braced a chair under his door knob to keep the salesmen and the schoolboys out, and he blew smoke at the chandelier from three successive cigars. It was quite apparent from the mere reading of the contract that here was the most excellent chance he had ever encountered to lose not only his shirt but also his pants, and there was considerable assurance that before he got through pouring gravel on a certain roadbed, with due regard to contour and elevation, he would undoubtedly smoke his cigars down very close to the nub.

He knew what it cost him to produce gravel at Laguna. He knew what he was going to get for this gravel. A comparison of the two figures failed to reveal where the profit came in. In the contract, in legal and flowery phrases amongst the epidemic of whereases, was the fact that, if Mr. Pendleton so desired, he might exercise a certain option as to the amount he was to get for each yard of ballast. Because both parties were cognizant of the fact that it would require additional equipment at Laguna Leon to produce this material, it was agreed that the railroad would advance the sum of two hundred or two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and whichever sum was accepted was to be used for the purchase of the necessary equipment, and that the price per yard of the gravel produced was to be so many cents.

It was a pitiful price for good, sharp, specification gravel. Now, if Mr. Pendleton felt that the sum of two hundred thousand dollars was insufficient, he was privileged to draw on the railroad for this additional fifty thousand dollars. But if he kicked the kitty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he must reduce his price per yard.

The contract was operative for eighteen months; at the end of eighteen months the equipment became Mr. Pendleton's. In other words, Mr. Pendleton dug the gravel at practically cost; his profit was the ownership of the plant after he had fulfilled the requirements of the contract. The sum of money he accepted from the railroad he must give bond for, and if he failed to produce the minimum amount of rock per month as per the letter of the contract, his bond became forfeit. If he accepted two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and built the plant—having, of course, made bond for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and failed to deliver, then it was just too bad. He lost the works, plant, bond, probably his shirt. The price that he got per yard for his stuff was so low that there was a first-class chance to lose money every hour they operated.

The fog of smoke that encircled the chandelier was no thicker than the fog of depression that gathered in the brain of Uncle Pete. After lighting the fourth cigar, he sprang vigorously to his feet. Action—what he craved was action. He removed the chair from under the door knob and bawled for his secretary. He could have pressed a button and got just as good service, but he preferred to lift the voice. When a very good-looking secretary appeared, he told her that they would hold a stockholders' meeting: that he didn't want any argument—what he wanted was a stockholders' meeting, to get all the stockholders together that could be found, and that those that couldn't be found please to leave out. Also that should the secretary happen to see Mr. Herd, she should tell him that Mr. Pendleton wished to confer with him.

The secretary did some frantic telephoning, dispatched messenger boys in a frenzy. She finally found Mr. Herd imbedded in an entanglement of blue prints and dug him out after a ten-minute argument. Mr. Pendleton had suggested that they hold this meeting before supper—at nine P.M. they had a quorum; at any rate Mr. Pendleton said it looked like a quorum and that he'd be damned if he'd wait any longer. Most of the important ones were there, with the exception of the superintendents out on the jobs. The legal adviser had arrived—one Lawrence; he was never far from Mr. Pendleton. You might call him Uncle Pete's shadow were it not for the fact that he was built along the general lines of a push ball. The main reason for his eminence as counsel was the reputation he had attained through keeping his employer out of legal entanglements. Assault-and-battery cases were his specialty. He was a man who had missed his calling: he should have occupied the throne when the Hague Tribunal assembled to settle the Balkan Wars. Mr. Lawrence would have settled the caldron of Southern Europe as salt settles froth. A man who could follow Uncle Pete about for ten years and keep him free from litigation and open warfare would find the problems of international law and the sanctity of nationals as easy to handle as a car with four-wheel brakes.

The banker was there, the financial adviser, one Chidson, a beetle-browed man from whose overhanging forehead one could almost hear the clicking of compound interest and the tinkling of golden guilders. In spite of the fact that he had been accused of having frog's blood coursing through his veins, he had backed Uncle Pete time after time, to the consternation of the local banking fraternity, and had never lost yet. Not infrequently he had been nervous, however. Primarily because he felt that the man with the first-sergeant complex was a friend; because he and Uncle Pete were friends—which is hardly indicative of frog's blood. A judge of character was Walter Eldridge Chidson and, despite the much-acclaimed coagulated corpuscles, a rather unselfish man. He might not loan you the last nickel in his pocket, because he was a banker, but he had been known to give away the last clean shirt in the Gladstone.

John Jay Herd was there. He knew that

"You're in Charge of the Dredge, Aren't You?" She Asked. "I'm the Foreman," He Answered

(Continued on Page 28)

COFFEE IN THE GARDEN

But It Was Not Mrs. Marsden's Bathing Suit That Caused Mrs. Breede to Gasp. It Was Her Astonishing, Her Breath-Taking Beauty

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

HER son was twenty-five, but she was only forty-three. And as small, as slight, as childlike in body now as when, a frail girl of eighteen, she had held an incredibly huge baby in her proud though aching arms. The cabmen all called her Signorina: "*Signorina, garrotz'? Garrotz', signorina?*"

"Oh!" She camouflaged her pride in the American fashion. "Oh, they must think I am an old maid."

"A girl, mother—my sweetie."

Oh, this was a son worth having! Worth traveling three thousand miles and more to see!

She had told everyone on the boat about him: "My son is with the Standard Oil Company in the Levant. He can't get a long-enough vacation to come home, so I'm going to him. I mean, we're meeting halfway. Well" - with a little laugh -"of course it's more than half for me. But I don't mind going more than halfway to meet my son!"

Mrs. Breede's face was not so young as her body, of course. There were frank lines about the really beautiful blue eyes, round and candid as a child's, and about her sweet, thin mouth the compression of suffering long restrained. For, oh, how she had suffered when Roddie went away.

A year ago—a whole year since she had seen her son. Roddie, who used to be with her every day; Roddie, who used to be part of her life; who, once, had been part of her. Oh, this was worse than birth—why did they talk about the agony of birth, when this so much greater agony was to be endured after your child was grown—the separation from your child when he is grown!

Yes, she loved her husband. But Roddie was the wellspring of her life.

She felt a little compunction now. She wrote to Jim every day—long letters she tried to make him see everything—while something within her whispered: "It was he who should have gone."

They couldn't both afford it. Jim had taken the money out of the savings bank. "Don't let's wait until we are dead, Nan. Somebody will have to bury us. Take it and have a real spree."

"Oh, Jim, come too! We could, if we'd do it cheaply."

He shook his head and bit his pipe. "No. Don't want to. Rather be comfortable here." That meant: "I'd rather you'd be comfortable there."

He knew how she hated to travel in any way except the very best—not out of silly pride, but from a catlike fastidiousness. Oh, she had meant it. She would have been brave. But she would have been awfully cross sometimes too. Jim knew that. She hoped he didn't know, too, that she'd rather go to Roddie alone. How dreadful of her; how selfish! Poor Jim. But she wanted Roddie alone.

And it was really too good to be true. She had never before had her son so completely to herself -not since he was a tiny baby. They knew only two people in the whole hotel. And to stumble upon Agatha Syllysbee and her daughter was only an added attraction; for they were such nice people. The daughter, Eleanor, not one of those forward, impertinent flappers at all. A nice girl, a pretty girl, though a little fat for American taste. Agatha Syllysbee had married an Englishman, and her daughter had a perfectly enchanting voice.

"Don't you just love the way she laughs, Roddie?"

"Sounds like water gurgling out of a jug."

She thrilled at his curt indifference, but thought Eleanor nicer than ever.

"Do come and have coffee with us after dinner, in the garden," she invited Agatha and Eleanor.

"Oh, isn't it romantic to sit out here under palms," said little Mrs. Breede, looking about the starlit garden.

"Palms!" Agatha let out a rude whoop of laughter. Her voice wasn't enchanting. She had changed a great deal since she left Bairdsville many years before; her conversation was as carefully sophisticated as her dress, but her tones had refused to ripen in the mellower English air. "Palms—oh, my dear! I positively believe that they manufacture those great horrid things out of tin. Have you ever heard the rain on them? To me semitropical scenery is frightfully *triste*."

Triste—that was French for sad. Aggie was fond of French phrases. How could anything be sad on this enchanted island? But Agatha was constantly complaining. She criticized everything—the food, the rooms, the whole island—"a terrifying place, my dear. To me, I assure you, sinister. Those great jagged rocks, the moonlight ghastly! Like something by Poe, or Dante's Inferno. No, I mean it. The Doré illustrations, really!"

How affected of Aggie. Now she was complaining of the dullness of the season. "There's positively no one here! There's positively nothing to be done!"

"Why, mummy dear," Eleanor fluted, each perfectly rounded word a pearl. "Why, mummy, the bathing!"

"Silly girl! One can't bathe the whole day. And what's one to do in the evening?"

"Yes. What can you do at night?"

Was that Roddie speaking? A little thrill of apprehension shot through Mrs. Breede. Was Roddie bored? Only two days and three nights with his mother and Roddie was bored.

In the empty, marble-paved ballroom an orchestra was playing—a piano, a violin and a guitar. They were playing an American jazz tune of two seasons before, without the jazz

"Why, Roddie, you can dance!" cried his mother brightly, and yet reproachfully too. "There's dancing every evening."

"Who's dancing?"

"I mean there's music every evening."

"Do you call that music?"

"It's rahther nice dahnce music, I think," said Eleanor.

"Poor child!" cried her mother. "She's never been to the States."

"Why don't you young people dance?" asked Mrs. Breede, now quite determined to amuse her son.

"Don't make me dance with that girl every evening," said her son when the evening was over.

"Why, Roddie, you—you said there wasn't anything to do and I ——"

"I'd rather sit with you in the garden, mother."

She thrilled with pleasure. Camouflaged her pride, though: "Why, Roddie, don't you like to dance with Eleanor? Doesn't she dance well?"

"She's English."

"Oh! But what do you mean? I thought she looked graceful."

"Oh—well, yes, graceful."

Mrs. Breede was bewildered to find that an attribute so much admired in her own youth was without value now. But secretly she couldn't help feeling pleased at Roddie's disparagement of any other woman. Aggie made quite a boast of never having been near the too-famous Grotto. But of course Roddie took his mother there, and up the steep road, boldly carved from the cliff, to the white-roofed and ancient peasant village.

Oh, those were happy days for a time while she and Roddie explored the island. She was sorry, though, to get out of breath so quickly when they were climbing—every walk was a climb. And the cruelly brilliant sunlight often gave her a headache.

She had such a terrific headache one night that she couldn't come down to dinner. And the next night after dinner Mrs. Marsden joined them

It was the strangest thing. Mrs. Breede had never seen, had never even heard of the woman before. Yet she just walked straight out of the dining room and straight up to their table in the garden. And she said, bold as brass, but in that very soft purring voice some foreign women have a voice that is as deep as a man's, yet very feminine

"Would you mind if I join you?"

Why! Mrs. Breede just stared, her breath completely taken away.

But Roddie jumped up—he jumped up so quickly his chair turned over—and his mother had never seen him look so handsome, with so bright a color

"Mother," Roddie said, "this is Mrs. Marsden. . . . My mother"

Why, he knew that woman! Little Mrs. Breede blushed and hastily held out her hand, ashamed of what she had thought of the stranger, who wasn't a stranger after all.

"Why, how do you do?" she fluttered cordially. "Sit down and have some coffee with us, won't you?"

"Yes, I shall," replied Mrs. Marsden.

And this seemed to Mrs. Breede an odd way of accepting an invitation. But you mustn't judge foreigners by your own standards—that was very provincial, Roddie had told her.

While she poured the coffee she discreetly observed Mrs. Marsden. Even after an introduction she still seemed a strange woman. Her skin was sunburned to a darker shade than Mrs. Breede could have believed possible to a member of the Aryan race. She was not reddish tan like Roddie, nor even brown; she was almost black. And her hair was lighter than any blond hair Mrs. Breede had ever seen. It was the color of tow, pale and lusterless, and stuck on her head like a doll's wig—a short, casual mop. What an ugly contrast! Mrs. Breede pitied the poor woman.

Her face, too, was to be pitied. Mrs. Breede wondered how old, or how young Mrs. Marsden might be? Impossible to tell, though that in itself is a sign. In that sun-darkened face you could scarcely distinguish anything except the eyes, which were light, small and twinkling—or was it something less friendly than a twinkle? Yet there was a look—a queer look, somehow—that warned you the woman was not so young as she wished to be. A queer sort of turned-up look in her face, as when you squint your eyes, your nose, all your features, against the sun. Why, she had an almost monkey-like, small face! Yes, decidedly ugly

Mrs. Breede felt brisker and better. She handed the small coffee cups, she was gay, she chattered. She felt quite sorry, quite friendly, toward this poor oldish-young, monkey-faced woman. And she was happy to observe that Roddie was not bored. What a sweet boy, so kind, so chivalrous!

The time passed very pleasantly, except for Aggie. Aggie was inclined to be captious. She said, when Roddie and Mrs. Marsden were dancing—she was a tall woman, her head came right up against Roddie's—Aggie said that she believed she knew who "this Mrs. Marsden" was.

"She's a Hungarian, I believe; married an Englishman the last time," said Agatha significantly. "What a hideous dress she has on. She dresses like a German"

"But what do you mean by 'the last time'?" asked Mrs. Breede anxiously.

"Oh, she's been married any number of times," declared Aggie, who was fond of exaggeration and never depended entirely on facts for her information.

"I don't think her dress is pretty," admitted Mrs. Breede, who always felt inclined to defend the people whom Aggie criticized, "but I suppose she's still in black for her husband?"

"Well, I don't know whether it's for her husband."

Continued on Page 58

"Would You Mind if I Join You?" Why! Mrs. Breede Just Stared, Her Breath Completely Taken Away

THE NEW BLACK GOLCONDAS

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WHEN the producer breaks into the petroleum reserve he usually taps the fountainhead of human interest as well. In no other industry, perhaps, runs such a strain of romance born of swift and sudden fortune. The poor wildcatter of today becomes the millionaire of tomorrow; semiarid cattle ranges develop into teeming areas and railway flag stations are transformed into bustling communities. Life and myriad activities rise with the derrick. The gold rushes to California and Alaska have had their parallels in many oil domains from Spindletop to Cushing.

The new flush fields that have helped to bring about the present crisis, with its attendant price slump, near demoralization and emphasis on the vital need of conservancy, maintain the familiar traditions of the business. In almost every instance they disclose vivid drama from inception to peak. The picturesque is always to be found in the oil effort.

The bonanzas do more than bestow the Midas touch on royalty owner and operator. They account for the recurrent overproductions which make for so much dislocation. Half our entire supply of oil comes from 4 per cent of the production—that is, the flush fields. This is all the more remarkable when you realize that at the moment 318,000 wells are producing oil.

Seminole in 1908—An Abandoned Railway Coach Was the Station

The Tale of Too Many Klondikes

IF ONLY one petroleum Klondike came in at a time there would be no tale of woe to unfold. It so happens that they break in groups. Hence the flood of oil which is usually disastrous to everybody involved except the land proprietor and the ultimate consumer.

What is going on just now is another evidence of how petroleum history repeats itself. In 1926 the industry was congratulating itself on the fact that something like equilibrium between demand and supply was being brought about.

The deluge of California and Arkansas had subsided, leaving considerable stocks above the ground. These could have been assimilated in a normal course of events. But petroleum is abnormal in its manifestations.

Before 1926 had passed into the category of the years trouble was once more afoot. Four new domains -Seminole, Panhandle, West Texas and the reborn Spindletop, to say nothing of Seal Beach and Ventura Avenue in California, were going strong. One of them, Seminole, in Oklahoma, which reached the maximum of 527,400 barrels a day last July, is the greatest collection of pools in one area that the world has ever known. This is why the business is in the dumps again, and why the acute situation may provoke some kind of Federal regulation. One thing is certain—the point has been reached where rational production must be achieved in some way and our reserves safeguarded. Otherwise the competitive drilling that has precipitated the present pass will continue to jeopardize our oil future.

In the preceding article I told the story of overproduction in its economic aspects, together with the advance in oil discovery and recovery. We can now go into the specific narrative of the fields that are largely responsible for the situation.

We will begin with Texas, which, with Oklahoma and California, comprises the backbone of our oil empire. Four years ago Oklahoma was believed to have the greatest petroleum potentialities of any commonwealth. Today the theory is disproved by the development of two vast belts in the Lone Star State. It shows how the element of uncertainty clings to oil.

In the Wild West

THOUGH Texas has had four distinct oil epochs, linking Corsicana, the first, with Powell by way of Spindletop, Electra, Ranger and Burkburnett, only the central, north central, southern and southeastern sections of the state were developed. Scant attention was paid to the extreme northwest and west. Stretching in a southeasterly direction from the New Mexico border is an area of roughly — and it is very rough—55,000,000 acres, including Pecos, Reagan, Crane, Winkler, Midland, Upton and Crockett counties. These counties constitute the new oil El Dorado.

For years this domain was the abode of the Indian and the buffalo. When the venturesome white man, first the Spaniard and later the Mexican, appeared, the territory became like that older Kentucky—"a dark and bloody ground." It is linked with the epic struggle for independence and is associated with the valor of Houston, Crockett, Lamar, Milam, Austin and the others who eventually brought Texas into the sisterhood of states.

Until the oil development it remained more or less remote. The vast and open spaces were spanned by only one railroad, and the land, fit in the main only for cattle grazing, was seldom worth more than twenty-five cents an acre. Ranches of 100,000 acres were not uncommon. It remained for that eternal revolutionizer, which is oil, to make it drip with wealth.

So much for what might be called one phase of the approach to the story to be unfolded. The second deals with the connection of the University of Texas with this area.

Seminole, Oklahoma, in 1927, After the Oil Strike—a Bustling Place of

You must know it in order to comprehend the astonishing caprice of fate that evolved there.

As far back as 1839, when Texas was still a republic, the authorities dreamed of an institution of higher learning that might be established sometime in the future. The government therefore set aside fifty leagues, equivalent to about 200,000 acres, as an endowment. The land was in part of the black belt of North and Central Texas. When bestowed, it had no value. Thirty years later it was sold for $600,000. This money became the nucleus of the university building fund.

In 1858 the legislature donated every tenth section of the public lands to the university. Eighteen years later, when the property began to increase in value, the act was repealed. Subsequently an outright donation of 1,000,000 acres in the western part of the state was made under a provision of the constitution. A legislative act of 1883 granted an additional 1,080,000 acres in the same locality.

Nobody attached any particular importance to these holdings, because, as I have indicated, they comprised an immense semiarid range. The best that the university could do was to lease it to cattlemen. By 1923 the entire revenue derived from the vast acreage from grazing amounted to $235,000 a year.

Main Street in Borger, a New Oil Town in the Texas Panhandle Field. At Left—The Heart of Borger Field, Showing the Unevenness of the Ground

A Miracle Story

IT FOLLOWED that the university was up against it financially. The legislature is prohibited by the constitution from appropriating any money for buildings. Its grants are restricted entirely to maintenance. The building fund consisted therefore of the proceeds from the sale of those fifty leagues and the income from grazing, augmented by contributions from public-spirited citizens.

Meanwhile the student body had increased to 5000 during the long session and 3000 for the summer session. Just at the time when the problem of new buildings was becoming acute the oil discoveries were made. From scant bounty the university passed to princely endowment. This sets the stage, so to speak, for a miracle story in real life.

A strange chain of circumstances led to the petroleum development, proving once more how chance makes a game of oil production. In 1923 the Texas Bureau of Economic Geology and Technology made a report on geological conditions in the western part of the state. In it the area now known as the Big Lake Field was indicated as having favorable oil formations. This fact was sandwiched with other information in a document that bristled with statistics and few people paid any attention to it.

One of the persons who saw it was Rupert Ricker, a graduate of the University of Texas. He had served as an officer in the American forces in France during the World War, returned to Texas and found himself at a loose end in 1923. He had never been in the oil business, but when he read about the formations on university land he decided to take a chance. At least it offered an opportunity to get into some kind of activity. Through his old connection with the institution he leased a considerable area in Reagan County, paying a bonus of ten cents an acre.

Ricker had the leases, but he was a long way from production, because Texas wells range in cost from $25,000 to $40,000. While walking along a street in Fort Worth soon after the lease deal was closed he met Frank Pickerell, who had been a sergeant in his company in France. Pickerell had been graduated from an El Paso candy shop into the Army when we entered the war. It was their first meeting since demobilization, and each asked the other what he was doing. It happened that both were disengaged.

Ricker said, "I've got some oil leases on university land in West Texas. You are a good salesman. Why don't you sell them for me?"

Pickerell took him up. Out of this accidental encounter came the opening up of the West Texas field, with its rich gleanings for Ricker's alma mater.

When Luck Held the Divining Rod

THE former candy man lived up to his reputation as a salesman. He organized the Texon Oil and Land Company and began to sell the stock broadcast. Soon he had more than enough money to put down a well. When he made no gesture in the direction of drilling, the stockholders began to protest. They had a perfect right to do so, because, under the present blue-sky laws in Texas, oil-stock sales must be backed up by some activity in the field.

Pickerell therefore engaged a geologist and selected a site near the right of way of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway, the only railroad that runs through Reagan County, and at a point twenty miles east of the town of Big Lake. The tools, timber and other equipment were dumped off the flat cars on the bare prairie.

When the time came to transport it to the site selected, the foreman in charge said, "There is no use in moving all this heavy stuff across the sagebrush. Let's drill here."

The well was put down within sight of the railroad tracks and brought in oil at 3000 feet. It was only a ninety-barrel daily production, but it proved the area. The striking fact is that had the site first selected been drilled, a dry hole would have resulted, as was afterward shown.

(Continued on Page 65)

Nearly 30,000 People. In 1926 the Population Was Not More Than 500

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XI

"WHAT made you want to come here?" asked Tappen.

"My thoughts were all broken, but it seems they were heading one way, after all. There wasn't the slightest doubt of its being John—not for an instant—but after that I saw the misery of that place. I fell back into the cab and I kept on seeing it. I knew, whatever happened, I couldn't leave him there. I thought of a lot of things, and then I found myself thinking of this apartment and it quieted me down. I thought if I could only get here and work hard for a while, cleaning things up, that would help a lot—and it did. I don't know what we're going to do, but we're going to do something."

"Yes, we'll do something," said Tappen. "I suppose in the back of your mind you saw him living here, perhaps with Abdul to look after him."

"Something like that, Corny. For a while anyway."

"Right at the start let me ask you something: Are you sorry we did what we did—you and I? Don't stop to think it out."

"No—oh, no, I'm not sorry. I'm so glad——" She broke off and began again. "I can't tell you what I'm feeling. Love, of course, but that's nothing. Gratitude—that's more like it; a huge gratefulness that you happened—that you're still here."

He sighed his relief. "Then it's clear sailing. It isn't knowing where you're going that matters; it's knowing where you are. If you've got that, there's never a night you can't sleep or a day you can't face."

"Corny!" She sank against him comfortably.

"Your plan is as good as any, but I wish ——"

"What do you wish?"

"That your people had gone."

"Why?"

"Because in the end we'll have to take him to the château."

"No!"

"You'll see it for yourself when the time comes, so don't let's worry. I'm going back to Berthe's in a little while."

"What for?"

"A lot of things. I've got to find out all there is to know. Then I've got to get acquainted with him—not with the man you knew but with the man he is. I can't place him without seeing him again. I've got to make him over in my mind. Do you want me to bring him here tonight?"

"Do whatever you think best when you've talked to him. I suppose I hurt that Berthe, and I'm sorry. I couldn't help what I did. She looked like such a good sort—a whole-hearted soul, and then she turned hard as rock. I don't blame her. I would have done the same."

"Don't worry. I'll fix all that."

"Do you think it would help if I went with you?"

"No, not tonight. It would make it harder. Perhaps tomorrow, if there's any doubt about who he is."

"When I Found Out He Was Blind I Couldn't Make Myself Force Him to Go"

"There's none, Corny, none whatever. He's thin—terribly thin—but his face hasn't changed at all. It hasn't even grown older—not a day. It seemed empty, even though he was looking straight at me. But I didn't know he was blind."

Tappen appeared to be his old self when he stepped into Berthe's and answered the greetings of a few of the habitués in his usual manner. She merely nodded to him, her mouth pursed in a moody smile and her slanted eyes throwing glances like darts at him from under half-closed lids. He paid no attention until the crowd grew boisterous, then he managed to isolate her at one end of the bar.

"Madame sent me back to beg your forgiveness for her rudeness. But she wasn't rude, Berthe; she was taken ill."

"I gave her a headache," jeered Berthe. "A fine lady like her, and Berthe la Fine could give her a headache! Jealous of me, who never so much as ——"

"It wasn't you. She got a shock from something else. Will you quit pouting?—and I'll open those fine eyes of yours. I'll put a wave in your lovely hair for nothing."

"Ah, but that!" cried Berthe gayly, her rancor quickly forgotten. "An economy, hein? Give me the treatment."

"Not so fast. Tell me about the blind man. What's his name?"

"You have said it—the Blind Man."

"You know no other?"

"If he never talks!"

"Where did you find him?"

"Nowhere. He found me. He came in one night without anybody seeing him and took his place in the corner. The others went, he stayed. When I found out he was blind I couldn't make myself force him to go. He stayed and stayed. He's stayed ever since. We tried to start him as a beggar, but it was no use. I gave him a stool beside the door and fixed the matter with the police. He would have nothing of it. He tore off his beautiful card and threw his cup in the street. Then he crept back to the seat in the corner."

"Why didn't you send him to the Hôtel Dieu or the Phare de France?"

"I did, but there was nothing to prove he was of the war. Then the children took a fancy to him, and soon everybody else. People would come in and say 'For the blind man' when they bought a drink. More people came. They had the good heart, as you know. They liked each other and they came again. He has brought me good luck. I do not grudge him his bench by day nor his corner by night. It is true he has a mouth to be fed, but he pays many times over for his soup. The barber shaves him, Ninette takes him to his bath, Monsieur Doudenou pays for it, and Monsieur Jacques gives him the clothes once a year. Thus we each do what we can. 'Who knows?' we say. 'He may be of the war'"

"He is," said Tappen.

"Hein?"

"He is of the war. There's no doubt about it. Madame recognized him. He is of her people."

"And she did not come in?" asked Berthe, her eyes round.

"I told you. It was a terrible shock. It was half an hour before she could tell me."

"Fine ladies, eh?" said Berthe in simple wonder. "They are like that." She nodded her head gravely as though she had learned something, then a shrewd look came into her face. "Perhaps since he is of her people, she would like to pay for all the soup he has had?"

Tappen laughed. "Perhaps, though you just told me —— But never mind. I'm going to talk to him for a while."

He sat down beside the blind man but did not speak to him at once. Instead he joked with Ninette, played with Charlot and jumped the still more youthful Berthe-Marie on his knee. He jumped her so high that she grew frightened, scrambled down and ran away, with Ninette at her heels and her brother tagging after.

Then he said conversationally in English, "You never drink, do you?"

The blind man's face underwent a faint convulsion. His mouth opened, closed, and then opened again. "Ah—ah—I ——"

It was a strange sound, like a baby learning to talk, only much louder. It evidently sounded oddest of all to the

man himself, even though it had startled the rest of the room into absolute silence. He closed his mouth tightly as all the men surged toward him, directing excited inquiries at Tappen.

"Did he talk?"

"Was it really him?"

"What did he say? It sounded as if you'd given him a pinch."

"Go ahead, old man," said Tappen in English. "Don't mind these chaps. Finish what you were going to say."

The blind man shook his head from side to side. There were explosive cries that he had understood. Berthe came from behind her bar.

"Get out, all of you," she said with good-natured gruffness. "Leave him alone with Monsieur Tappan for a while. In that way only we shall learn what we shall learn."

Some protested that they had not emptied their glasses, but the others went out in a body, to be followed at intervals by the laggards. The room grew strangely quiet for that hour of the evening.

"What about a whisky-and-soda?" asked Tappen.

The blind man opened his mouth again. It was almost a contortion. He spoke, but seemed to think a long time before each mouthed word. "Ah—ah—I—haven't—had ——" He stopped.

"You haven't had a drink in a long time," said Tappen quickly. "Is that it?"

"Yeh—yes-s."

"Do you want one now?"

"No. Ah—I want—I want to talk."

"That's fine," said Tappen, thinking to himself, "Thank God, Paula's not here to see this!" "I'd like to talk too. My name's Tappen—Cornell Tappen. What's yours?"

The blind man frowned. Presently he shook his head sadly from side to side. "I—I don't know. I couldn't remember."

"It isn't John, is it? John—John ——"

"Yes, that's it—John Tennant Oliver."

It was Tappen's turn to pause and think. After a while he took his resolution and said, "I've been with a friend of yours this evening. During the afternoon she looked in here and thought she recognized you." He paused again. "Her name was Paula Newcombe."

"Paula Newcombe," repeated Oliver quietly.

"You remember her, don't you?" asked Tappen, conscious of a sudden hope and an elation of which he was half ashamed.

"Oh, yes," said Oliver, "I remember her. I remember her better than anybody else." His blank face seemed to come slowly to life. "I'd like to see her again."

"You will," said Tappen, humoring the misstatement of the blind. "She wanted to come tonight, but I thought I'd better make sure you were you. She wishes you to have anything you want."

"She was always like that. She was a fine girl."

"Is there anything you'd like to have—anything at all?"

Oliver's face appeared to open to a smile as gradually as an unfolding flower. Moments passed before he spoke. "Anything?"

"Anything at all."

"I'd like to have nice clothes and a new stick with a rubber tip. I'd like to sleep in a big bed and have bacon and eggs or a grilled kidney for breakfast."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. I'm tired of the horse-hair cigarettes they give me. I'd like to have a pipe again. Perhaps it would make me sick, but I'd like to have it."

"There must be something more," said Tappen.

"I'd like to talk a lot."

"You can have all those things," said Tappen. "You won't mind leaving this place, will you?"

"No."

"I'll come for you tomorrow and take you to a decent place. You'll have somebody to look after you, and Paula will come to see you. How would you like that?"

"Very much."

"Good night then, until tomorrow."

"Good night."

Tappen went to the bar, where Berthe was dozing, and woke her. "Berthe!"

"Yes."

"He is the man I thought he was. I want to take him away tomorrow."

"Ah! But no!" She began to bluster.

"Wait a minute," said Tappen sharply. "What do you think I owe you for his board? Name the round sum."

Her eyes narrowed. "Ten thousand francs?"

"Ten *billes* is about right," said Tappen, "but if I say yes, you'll stay awake all night wondering how much more you might have asked. To put a stop to all that, and merely for the sake of your fine eyes and the children, I'll give you twenty thousand for yourself and five thousand more to pay the barber and Monsieur Doudenou and Monsieur Jacques and anybody else who ever did anything for him. You will give me a formal receipt with stamps on it. I'll pay for the stamps."

He stopped at the main post office on his way to the apartment and sent a wire instructing Abdul to hire a car, go to Dijon and come to town by the first train. Then he went on to pick up Paula. He found her sitting before the open window, almost as he had left her two hours before. She held up one hand and drew him down beside her.

"Was it hard on you, Corny?"

"No."

He told her everything that had happened, leaving out only the strain of those ghastly moments while Oliver was loosening his unaccustomed tongue. When he had finished they sat for a long time, saying nothing, their hands lightly joined. On the same impulse they got up and walked back to the Rue Singer.

"I'm frightfully hungry," said Paula.

"So am I."

They went into the kitchen and she found some eggs and scrambled them. They sat on the edge of the table munching crisp bread and eating the eggs off the same plate.

Before Tappen awoke in the morning Abdul had arrived by an early train. He looked bleary-eyed and disgusted.

"Plenty trouble, Abdul," said Tappen with characteristic directness, "and you've got to help me out. Look pleasant."

"All right," mumbled Abdul.

"Come on now. I've got enough to worry about without having to cheer you up. Look pleasant or I'll beat the lights out of you."

"All right." Abdul produced a sickly yellow grin.

"That's awful," said Tappen solemnly. "You needn't look pleasant any longer."

Continued on Page 38

"He's Not Only My Friend, John. We're—We're Married"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: $3.00 the Year (52 issues). Remit by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

To Canada—Single Copies, Five Cents; By Subscription, $3.00 the Year—Canadian or U. S. Funds

Prices to Other Countries quoted on request.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 31, 1927

Corporation Profits

WIDESPREAD use is being made of certain data in the Treasury reports for 1925, purporting to indicate that a large proportion of corporations in the United States are doing business without profit. Something like forty-one per cent of the reporting corporations were able to show no net earnings. Something like twenty-five per cent of the corporations earned less than $2000 during the year; twelve per cent earned more than $2000 and less than $5000; less than seven per cent of the corporations earned more than $10,000. The number of corporations reporting earnings in excess of $1,000,000 was about one-quarter of one per cent of the total, and their combined earnings represented nearly two-thirds of corporate income of the country. About forty per cent of companies manufacturing leather, rubber and chemicals reported net losses for the year. Of agricultural units reporting to the Treasury, about fifty-three per cent showed losses. The worst showing was made in mining and quarrying, where more than seventy per cent of the reported corporations indicated losses.

Does this all mean what the bare figures might indicate? Nothing of the sort. Disregarding the necessary qualification that the accountings in the different lines are not comparable, it is misleading to judge corporation business on the basis of percentage of incorporated units instead of on the basis of capital invested and outturn of goods. What proportions of capital invested in corporations reported net losses and net profits respectively for the year? What were the volumes of commodities produced by the corporations reporting profits and losses respectively?

If the situation were really as black as depicted in the percentage figures, profit-insurance companies for corporations would be as necessary as life-insurance companies for human beings. If more comprehensive surveys and analyses of corporation business could be assembled, we are convinced that they would give an entirely different picture.

To Tax or Not to Tax

TREASURY proposals that future issues of United States bonds be exempted from all Federal taxation deserve the most careful study on the part of Congress. Several reasons may be urged for such action. First comes the matter of equity involved. To promise to pay a given rate upon a Government obligation and then to diminish that rate by the imposition of a tax is obviously open to question on grounds of common fairness. The confidence we repose in our Federal Government lays peculiar obligations upon it; in all matters involving fairness, equity and business ethics it should be prepared to lean over backward.

At the present time money is cheap and interest rates rule low. This may not be the case when the time comes to refund outstanding Liberty Loans. It may very well prove to be of decided advantage to the Treasury Department to have the interest on new issues free of tax when it goes into the market for large sums in competition with states, counties and other political borrowing units. In the matter of tax exemption these units already enter the money market with a substantial advantage. In the opinion of many financial students, their borrowing is made too easy for them and they are yielding to the inevitable temptation to overborrow.

The cost of all forms of local government is growing by leaps and bounds. City, state and county taxation is steadily becoming heavier. The Census Bureau has lately issued some striking figures on the increasing cost of city government. In 250 cities the average per capita cost rose from $37.43 in 1925 to $39.18 in 1926. In New York City the per capita cost in 1917 was but $25.64. In 1925 it had mounted to $50.27, and in 1926 to $52.98. Similar ratios are to be observed in other sections of the country. Many states, counties and school districts show costs which are double those of a decade ago. Low interest rates and easy borrowing, which ought to work to the advantage of the taxpayer, cost him dear in such periods of free spending. There is small consolation in saving a dollar on interest charges, if it means spending twenty or thirty dollars on account of the principal of a debt which should not have been incurred.

No one can doubt the sincerity of the present Administration in its determination to conduct the Federal Government with the strictest economy; and no one who studies the figures can believe that a like spirit prevails in local affairs over the breadth and length of the country. It would, therefore, seem wise to make the best possible market for the thrifty borrower's securities, even though such action might have some small tendency to harden the rate on state and municipal loans.

Perhaps the best adjustment between these competitive borrowers would be to remove all taxes from the interest on Federal obligations and at the same time do away with the United States inheritance tax and thus leave unimpaired those resources upon which the states have peculiar claims.

In all the world the obligations of the United States Government have no superiors and few if any equals. They should be among the foundation stones of every American fortune, great or small. They should maintain their universal popularity in times of peace as well as in times of war. They should be the very symbol of material wealth. Their distribution should be universal. There should be no bar to their unlimited purchase except the moderate interest rate which is inseparable from securities of the highest grade. The removal of the tax upon the interest accruing to them would permanently assure the supremacy of their popularity.

Drinking at Home and Abroad

THE bootlegging in this country is bad enough, from every point of view. But when it is put into units of currency and contrasted with the drink bill of Great Britain, it makes a small showing. During 1926 the alcoholic beverages smuggled into this country were estimated by the Department of Commerce to have had a value of forty million dollars. Only a small part of the population constitutes the market. In the same year the expenditures for drink in Great Britain were around a billion and a quarter dollars, which would amount to a drink bill of three billion dollars for our population. Quite a difference!

The Economist, commenting on the maintenance of brewery prosperity during 1926 despite strikes and unemployment, observes that "It seems as though many households which were forced to economize in 1926 preferred to maintain their spending on drink and to reduce expenditure in other directions."

During 1926 we are supposed to have purchased goods under installment buying to the extent of some six billion dollars, half unpaid at the end of the year. Our population, of some one hundred and fifteen millions, at the end of the year owed three billion dollars on goods they still had in possession and use. In Great Britain a population of some forty-five millions had spent nearly half that much for drink. To our notion, the comparison is all to our advantage.

Bridges

THERE is a persistence today in overcoming distance and conquering mere physical obstacles that is a new expression of man's struggle with Nature. High standards of life, the all-pervading automobile, and beyond that the urge for commerce among all sections of the country—these have ushered in an era of bridge building that should command attention. Great natural obstacles, such as the larger rivers, bays and estuaries, are being overcome on a scale that has largely escaped public notice.

The completion last year of the bridge between Philadelphia and Camden helps to open the empty spaces of Southern New Jersey to the teeming population of the country's third largest city. There is no need of moralizing on the International Peace Bridge, which was opened last summer at Buffalo. The satisfaction which comes from any closer linking of Canada and the United States is obvious.

Less is known generally of the Carquinez Strait span or of that bearing the name Chowan in North Carolina. The former crosses the upper portion of the San Francisco Bay waters and greatly shortens the trip from Sacramento and inland regions to such East Bay cities as Oakland and Berkeley, and to San Francisco. The various portions of San Francisco Bay extend far inland, north, east and south, the only direct land approach to the city by the Golden Gate being along a narrow peninsula. It has been a city with a bottle neck, but the grip of what is to this extent an adverse geography is now partly broken.

The Chowan Bridge, which has been opened within the year, restores to North Carolina its six lost counties. Looking at a map of the state, one sees in the upper right-hand corner a group of counties cut off from the rest of the state by Albemarle Sound and the Chowan River on the south and west, with the Atlantic Ocean on the east and the Virginia line on the north.

A few months ago ground was broken for the great Hudson River Bridge, which will cross, it is hoped in five years' time, from Fort Washington to Fort Lee. There is also now the Bear Mountain Bridge in the mountainous section up the river, another is under way, and in time it may be necessary to link lower Manhattan with the Jersey shore.

Manhattan Island is far more closely riveted by bridges and tunnels to that portion of New York State which lies to its east than with equally distant sections of New Jersey to the west. More bridges across the Hudson will help to restore the balance of a somewhat lopsided development. The metropolis cannot continue to grow unless the rivers and channels which surround its heart are spanned in many places. Circulation is its imperative necessity.

Many of the newer bridges are owned and operated by private corporations, but with a limited or terminable franchise. In this way the immediate users pay for the construction, and at the end of, say, forty years the state or contiguous counties become the owners of the property. In the meantime tolls pay off the capital which has been invested and a sufficient income upon the same.

We see no reason why the building of great bridges should not go on, for there are many more physical obstacles to be overcome. New York needs several more spans, and San Francisco is not satisfied as yet. Private capital is willing to do much of the work, and can be induced to accept many a commission on a limited rather than a perpetual franchise. In this way the state secures a bridge in course of time without a penny's cost to the taxpayers. The taxpayers seem to have plenty of other uses for their money, and as long as private capital can and will provide facilities, it should be encouraged to do so.

The Restraint of Prosperity

By JAMES J. DAVIS
Secretary of the United States Department of Labor

WHEN the Sherman Antitrust bill was brought up in Congress in 1890, the chief source of its strength was the fear of the empty dinner pail. Although it did not originate and was not put through strictly as a labor measure, friends of the workingman and his representatives in many union organizations saw in it a powerful new weapon in his age-old struggle against the mastery of the employer. The hereditary hostility of these groups had been steadily increasing since the ending of the Civil War. On the one side this was manifest in a low-wage policy leading to the importation of foreign labor, and on the other by recurring strikes. Since these conflicts reached their greatest intensity among the employes of large corporations, it was perhaps only natural for the public as well as for labor to trace all industrial evils to mere size.

This background of social feeling probably had more to do with the passage of the bill than the specific commercial ills it was designed to correct. A great deal was said in sympathy for the little fellow in business who was being driven to the wall by the trusts, but in the echoes of four decades much of it sounds rather hollow. The tradition that business was essentially a form of piracy was still very much alive, and in the mass mind the reaction to the failure of a commercial enterprise was similar - except among those who thereby lost their jobs—to what the average man feels today when he reads of a battle between bandits in which lives are lost. It was deplorable, but a menace had been removed and men breathed more easily.

No doubt there was a wealth of commercial evidence to justify the antitrust law, yet in the light of present knowledge it is possible to marshal an equal array of facts to indicate that the fear of restraint was exaggerated, to say the least.

The ten years preceding the passage of the bill had been marked by the greatest industrial development in the history of the world up to that time. In that period we had added 70,000 miles to the length of our railroads, carrying them for the first time into every state in the Union. The shift from agriculture to industry had brought about an increase of 60 per cent in the number of manufacturing wage earners, as against a 26 per cent increase in population. Business in many lines was growing too rapidly to be handled by small units, to be sure; yet in spite of the huge combinations of capital being brought together, the country had actually added more than 100,000 factories and hand and neighborhood industries to its total during the 80's—an increase of 40 per cent.

In the light of these figures, one need not be an economist today to recognize that the country was suffering from too much competition rather than too little. We are now aware that the remedy of restraint was economically unsound, apart from any question of legality, because it was based on two false premises. One of these was that a wage is essentially a cost and that profits may be increased by reducing it. The other was that the public had no interest, moral or legal, in the affairs of corporate enterprise. But when this much is granted, it is still undeniable that many of the trust builders whose names became anathema saw farther ahead than their critics. By substituting regulation for restraint and agreement for compulsion, we have attained a stabilization of industry and a distribution of prosperity never approached before in the history of civilization. Moreover, the corner stone of this structure is the very size that terrorized our people forty years ago.

In passing, it might also be noted that the Sherman Act had another effect which, had it been foreseen or anticipated, might have prevented its passage. It has taken on the aspect of a Frankenstein to organized labor. Eighteen years after its adoption, the Supreme Court of the United States determined in the Danbury Hatters' case that the legislators had intended the act to include combinations of labor as well as of capital.

Since then there has been a growing list of decisions tending to bring the acts of labor unions more and more within the scope of the law. During October of the present year the Supreme Court affirmed two interpretations by lower courts, both against the United Mine Workers, which, in the opinion of one liberal journal, will result in "paralysis to the activities of a national union." For the first twenty years after the passage of the act most of the criticism of it came from capital. During that period labor's chief objection was that it had failed to work. Today the great volume of complaint is that it works too well in the curtailment of the activities of labor combinations. *Continued on Page 79*

THE ATTACK ON THE STAGE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Man Who Writes the Arithmetic Books Joins the Information Bureau

HOW far to Chicago? Well, now, if half the distance were two-sevenths of the distance from here to Cincinnati and the distance from here to Cincinnati were six times as long as the distance from here to Worcester, which is exactly forty-seven miles, it would be eight thousand miles. I hope that answers your question. Don't mention it. . . . The 5:18 to Scarsdale? John, after giving one-third of his tracks to Mary, one-ninth to David, and three-thirteenths to Alice, has twice the number of the track on which the 5:18 leaves. . . . You're welcome. . . . Pardon me, madam? . . . That gets you into Pittsburgh at—well, A can get to Pittsburgh in four hours while B can do the same traveling in two and a half hours. You will travel exactly one-half as fast as A plus one-third of the difference between A's and B's time, and your train leaves here at two P.M.

"Yes, sir. It will cost you, to go to San Francisco, twenty-five dollars more than seven times the cost of going from Topeka to Kansas City plus 6 per cent of the difference of $5000 compounded quarterly at 5 per cent and a thirty-day note for $10,000 at 7.5 per cent.

"Newport? Quick now! Five, add seven, subtract two, divide by two, subtract three, multiply by seven, add one, divide by five, add nine, multiply by three, divide by six and—oh come, come, you're slow! Try it again. Seven —— Officer! Help! Quick! Qu——"

—Parke Cummings.

"Bert, Would You Have Suspected a Cat of Possessing a Wallop Like That in Either Mitt?"

To a Noncooking Lady

I OUGHT to marry a girl who cooks,
Not one who looks
Like the fashion books.
But it's hard to look
At some who cook!

They have to cook.
That's the only bait
They own. No charm.
And I'd really hate
To have to look at one every day
I may like my eggs done a certain way,

But I'd rather hair with a bit of a curl
On the saucy head of a bit of a girl
With a happy heart and a jest about her,
I don't care much for the rest about her.
The girl who wins the heart of a man
Doesn't always win with a frying pan!

Mary
Carolyn Davies.

Some of Our College Graduates are Telling the Self-Made Millionaires Where to Get Off

Ennui

I'D LOVE to lilt a serenade
Beneath a massive hemlock tree,
To lure you along a fairy glade
And hear your laughter, light and free.
My dear, I'd do all this, and more,
If only it weren't such a beastly bore.

—James Gabelle.

Willie Learns What it's All About

"PAPA," said Willie, with the mingled feelings of one who has suffered a great loss and, at the same time, has made a substantial gain—"papa, I am throwing away my library."

"Great Scott, son," said the surprised father, "I thought your books were your most valued possessions!"

"They were once, but no more. I have suddenly come to realize that I am the victim of a lot of insidious propaganda. Without knowing it—that is, until now—I have been guided into certain lines of thought. My likes and dislikes, my reactions, my very prejudices have been made to order for me. Even now it may be too late to do anything about it, but I shall try."

"Surely," answered the father—"surely there is a mistake."

"No," stated the lad, "it is all too plain. I shall never hear the name of Frank Merriwell again without something

(Continued on Page 76)

New Year: "I Wonder What New Stunt I Can Play With This Year"

When you want the soup to be a big part of the meal

Someone asked us for our explanation of the remarkable popularity of Campbell's Vegetable Soup and why its use has increased with such leaps and bounds in the past few years.

Aside from the delicious quality of the soup, there are two important reasons. First, the growing preference for vegetables in the daily diet. Second, the heartiness of Campbell's Vegetable Soup—the fact that this substantial vegetable food can be made the principal dish of many a meal.

Here is a dish that is right in line with the latest dietetic teaching to eat more vegetables.

Fifteen different vegetables. Beef broth. Cereals. Herbs and seasoning. Thirty-two ingredients in all. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. So convenient!

A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.

12 cents a can

I like my books, but Campbell's cooks
Are "works" that I adore.
Such perfect taste—I always haste
To ask for more and more!

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

I HAD A HUNCH

By Arthur E. Stilwell and James R. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

IN RETROSPECTIVE self-analysis of the characteristics which, embodied in one human form, were Arthur E. Stilwell of forty years ago, and which, for that matter, are still the same individual, I pick confidence in myself as the outstanding and most prolific of all traits. My object in mentioning it here is my wish to put you in sympathy with it, that you may differentiate sharply, as I have always tried to do, between self-reliance and conceit. Conceit I not only abominate but look upon as just as much a detriment to the poor devil afflicted with it as confidence is an asset to the lucky person possessed of it. To my mind there is no pithier expression than "conceited ass."

My attitude in connection with the rather unusual events in finance and railroading I am about to describe I ask, therefore, that you charge up to this spirit of depending upon myself to go about the performance of certain tasks in defiance of accepted conventions and recognized methods. One phase of it I want to stress with particular emphasis. Though at times I was presumably acting entirely on my own initiative I never lost sight of the fact that standing back of me was the powerful group of business leaders whom I always assembled in the directorate of any enterprise with which I was connected. My acts, though perhaps self-suggested, had the sanction of these men and I was merely their emissary to go out and do what all of us had conceived as proper. In other words, I was the work horse.

The Fever of Expansion

ONCE my good friend and coworker, E. L. Martin, had caught the fever of expansion, his policies and mine regarding railroad building and operation harmonized splendidly. Martin for a long time had had an idea of extending a railroad south to Hume, Missouri, about eighty miles away, where there were fair coal fields which could supply Kansas City on short haul. We bought the fields at Hume, but knowing something about the quality of the coal they produced, I was fearful they would never amount to much. I also appreciated that if we started out on this venture and made a failure of it, it would be very hard to apologize and do the work some other way. Which also involves a general policy I have always adhered to.

"We will not stop at Hume," I said to Martin. "We will go down to Pittsburg, Kansas, where there are good coal fields, and then to Joplin, where the great lead and zinc business is, and if the Hume coal is no good we won't have all our eggs in one basket."

What I was really thinking more about all the time was building a railroad to the sea, but I was afraid that if I sprang it on Martin and the other people at this early stage, they might object. If we could get to Joplin I was sure I would have no trouble raising the money to go on still farther. Martin and my friends in Philadelphia thought my idea about not pinning our faith to Hume alone was sound and that we had better make Joplin our destination.

"But all this is going to involve a lot more money. Where are you going to get it?" Martin asked.

"I'm going to form a construction company with $2,500,000 capital. Philadelphia's been a good old town as far as we're concerned, so we'll call it the Philadelphia Construction Company."

"You'd better have some bankers help you; it's quite a job raising $2,500,000," Martin and the others said.

So I went around to the brokerage houses in New York and Philadelphia and they all wanted 20 per cent commission. I reported back to my associates what we were up against.

"If we give any such commission we cannot make the thing pay what we are expecting it will," I told them.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to place every share of the stock myself."

Since the Kansas City Suburban Belt Railroad had proved such a profitable investment to those who had taken a chance on what seemed to have been an uncertain quantity, I had excellent potential material with which to work. Doctor Woods, the Kansas City banker, was my first point of attack, and he took $100,000 in the projected railroad. Church White, cashier of the Bank of Commerce, bought $50,000; Richard Gentry, of Kansas City, $100,000; Mr. Drexel, $100,000; Mr. Stotesbury, $50,000. Other of the belt-line stockholders came in as fast as I could go to them and explain the project, and in about six months I had the entire $2,500,000 placed. The money raising had been entirely a one-man enterprise, but neither a burdensome nor a disagreeable task for me, as I got a keen relish out of convincing people of the soundness of the proposition and seeing them sign their checks.

Mr. Martin Steps Out

WE CALLED the road in those early days the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf, but since the name was changed to Kansas City Southern subsequently and since it is identified in the public mind solely as the Kansas City Southern, I shall avoid confusion by using the latter title only. Mr. Martin was elected president of it and Mr. Stotesbury and I vice presidents. Mr. Stotesbury's banking interests kept him in Philadelphia most of the time, but he would make frequent trips West to see how things were progressing, using on these journeys the private car he now had as the road's vice president. On one of these visits he and Mr. Martin got together for a long chat.

Mr. Stotesbury said, "Martin, you are up to your ears in commercial business—a banker. We all know that Stilwell built this railroad. He is the one who raised all the money and who is known among the moneyed interests in the East. Don't you think it would be the proper thing for you to resign as president and for us to put him in that office? It seems to me only right that he should have the presidency and you and myself the vice presidency."

Martin meditated for a few moments. "It's curious I hadn't seen it in just that light before, but now that you mention it, of course I think it's the only fitting thing to do."

So dear old unselfish Martin stepped out and I was elected president of the Kansas City Southern at thirty-two. I recall with a great deal of interest how the newspapers of the country the next day were more concerned with the youth of the company's new head than they were with the fact a change had been made. It was stated then, and I assume it was true, that I was the youngest railroad president the United States had ever known.

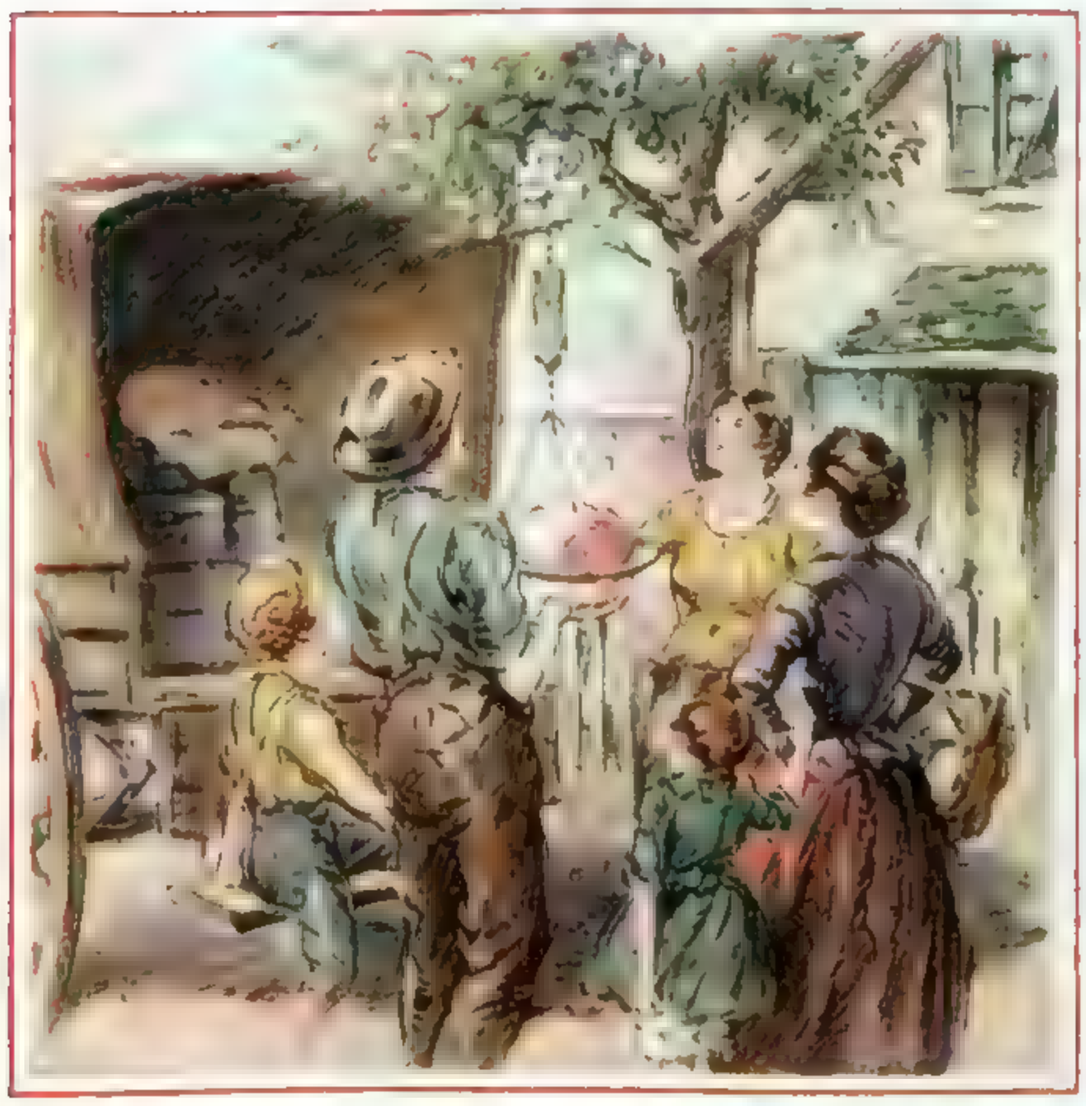
The output from the Hume fields was inferior, and by the time the road got to Joplin the only coal we were hauling into Kansas City was that from the Pittsburg mines. It was at this moment that I made my next move, which was a sally among my friends to gain permission to extend the line from Joplin to Shreveport, Louisiana, where we could connect with the Southern Pacific for New Orleans and with the Houston, East and West Texas for Houston and Galveston. If I could bring this about it would crystallize the transcending ambition of my life. I would have my railroad from Kansas City to the sea, a direct line and

(Continued on Page 28)

"I Want You to Come With Me as Holland Agent for the Guardian Trust Company on a Three-Year Contract at $5000 a Year"

SWIFT

50 YEARS OF FOOD SERVICE



1877 *It was in this manner that G. F. Swift carried out his first business venture more than 50 years ago, buying a heifer, dressing it himself, and selling the meat from a covered wagon. Long after that time meat was sold thus in thousands of small towns.*

1927 *Now the small-town meat dealer merely gives his order to a Swift salesman and the meat and other farm products are sent to him in spick-and-span refrigerator cars. After dropping off his order these cars pass on to other towns.*

Supplying the smaller towns

The local butcher provided fresh meat and often peddled it through the streets of the village from a covered wagon.

The quality was uncertain and the manner of marketing it hardly sanitary. Yet it was the best meat to be had in the smaller towns of 50 years ago.

Today Swift & Company supplies retail merchants in thousands of small towns with direct refrigerator car shipments of meat and other products.

There is hardly a railroad town in the United States that cannot have meats and other perishable products of a quality as fine and in variety as great as those enjoyed by consumers in the large cities.

By its direct car route system of delivery Swift & Company has made the whole nation the market for the livestock raiser's products and for other products of the farm—eggs, butter, cheese and poultry which are branded Brookfield.

The volume of small-town business added by this economical method of distribution has also tended to reduce overhead and narrow the spread between the price of livestock and meat.

Swift & Company

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

©S. & Co.

Our Trains Would Carry Them as Far as the Line Had Progressed, From Which Point They Would Continue the Journey Afoot or in Wagons Which Were Waiting in Anticipation of This New Business

(Continued from Page 24)

hundreds of miles shorter than those in operation. I would be in position to say to the farmers of the Middle West—upstanding, hard-working Americans: "Here is a railroad which will exact from you only a just tribute; here is a railroad which will work with you and not against you—which will charge you only 16 cents a hundred for your export grain and not the 26 cents you have been paying."

I must have imparted my enthusiasm to my associates, for they fell in readily with my plan for the formation of a new $3,500,000 construction company to carry on the work, which we called the Arkansas Construction Company.

There was a short line running from Texarkana north about forty miles, known as the Texarkana and Fort Smith and owned by a man named Whitaker, who lived in Texarkana. He had spanned the Red River with a pretty fair steel bridge, and that was about all he had which amounted to much. The rails were poor and the ties no good. I understood that George Gould was rather nervous when he heard that I was going to extend the line to Shreveport, as he feared it might interfere with his roads—the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern and the Texas and Pacific—and that he had been negotiating with Whitaker for the Texarkana property. At the time this information reached me I had barely begun to raise money for the Arkansas Construction Company and had just about incorporated it, but here was an emergency which had to be dealt with quickly. So I made a flying trip to my favorite haven when in need of funds—Philadelphia—got my crowd around me and told them I wanted $300,000 in jig time. They came through, as they always had, and in just one day I had the necessary amount, of which Mr. Waterall, as I remember, put in $40,000. I then hurried to Texarkana, and while Mr. Gould was looking over his engineers' report to decide whether or not he needed the road to block me, I closed with Whitaker for $210,000. As the road had a charter to build to Fort Smith, this effectually blocked Mr. Gould.

Antiques of the Railroad World

WITH the balance I had left above the purchase price of the Whitaker road, I started in to build a road south from Joplin to Siloam Springs, Arkansas, less than 200 miles from Kansas City. The buying of town sites, laying them out, naming the principal streets after the directors of the road or my friends, and booming these newly found communities as desirable places for people to locate, constituted no small part of my work. I was anxious, too, to make our road a sort of model for economical railroad building, which would furnish a striking contrast to the way these things were often done in the West at that time.

To overcome the looseness of prevailing methods, I let out our work in small sections to small contractors, and the price, as far as we could learn, was about 25 per cent less than that paid by other roads. We bought 100 miles of our steel rails from Charles M. Schwab, who then represented the Carnegie Steel Company, at $16 a ton. Our ties cost 35 to 40 cents apiece. Our earth work cost us 14 cents a yard, our loose rock 35 cents a yard and our solid rock 70 cents a yard. I offer these figures as interesting antiques of the railroad world. Anybody now building railroads will look at them in amazement that such prices could ever have existed. And to carry our rule of economy to its nth power, the financing was done at a cost of 6 per cent, which we paid the trust company as fiscal agents, and which was about one-third the cost of the financing of any other Western road. My salary as president was $5000 a year.

It took us about two and a half years to build thus far, and we were operating trains over a line which had no grade greater than 1 per cent, and very little as high as that, when the panic of 1893 came. The Wabash and the Union Pacific went into the hands of receivers and half a dozen other railroads followed suit. Business was in the grip of one of the most violent paroxysms it had ever known. Money seemed to wither up and vanish into thin air. People took a tight hold on their pocketbooks and fled in fear when anybody suggested investment to them. It was out of the question to raise money in the United States for railroads.

A dread that something like this panic might happen had made me so conservative that I never went ahead of my money. Neither were there any bonds on which to pay interest, and we were meeting expenses. So, owing no money and having no interest to pay, we could afford to sit back and wait until the panic rolled by. But inaction was the last thing in the world I contemplated.

A hunch came to me. It was that I could go to Holland and raise the $3,000,000 we needed to build the road from Siloam Springs to Shreveport. The idea became an obsession. I had never been in Holland except for a fleeting visit of three days. That had been some years before, when I was working for the Travelers Insurance Company, and I had become so fagged from incessant toil that Mr. Batterson, the president, had recommended that I take a four weeks' trip to Europe. The incidents of that voyage came parading back to view as this new hunch rapidly assumed the magnitude of a conviction.

On the Trail of Another Hunch

I REMEMBERED that Mrs. Stilwell and I had gone first to England and then to the Continent and that the assiduity with which we had visited cathedrals from early morning until late at night had so cured us of the cathedral habit that we had resolved never to visit another cathedral, which we never have. Our ship was the Amsterdam, a 5000-ton vessel, considered fairly big for that day, with a candle in each room for lighting purposes. We had made both crossings on the Amsterdam, our tour of Europe taking place in the interim while she was unloading and loading. On the way back home we had become acquainted with a young man who had told us he was a Dutch coffee merchant of Holland and who had a tongue-twisting name for an American to pronounce. Mark this latter circumstance; it is important.

I talked with my friends in Kansas City and told them I was going to Holland to raise $3,000,000. They asked me if I knew anyone there. I told them no, I did not; that I had only been there two days in my life. From which they concluded I was probably not all there and advised me to go to Philadelphia and talk it over with my friends in that city. It is quite possible they also had it in mind that a change of scene might be good for my mental condition. So dear old Philadelphia saw me again.

Continued on Page 77

Body by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS

The Automobile Shows of 1928 will emphasize more forcefully than ever the fact that those *cars which lead their fields in beauty and in value* are equipped with Body by Fisher. Look for the monogram plate "Body by Fisher", not alone because it is the symbol of a better body—but also because it is the unfailing sign of a better automobile

CADILLAC • LASALLE • BUICK • OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

SAND—AND GRAVEL

(Continued from Page 13)

the company was about to be presented with another contract, and no power yet devised by man could have driven him from the scene of possible disclosures. Herd was a calm, methodically minded individual who could be depended on to find the straight line between two given points; and having found this straight line by mathematical processes, on this line he would proceed without regard to rock ledges, refractory property owners, bad whisky, heavy rainfall or the meanderings of Uncle Pete. As he proceeded, he would gather momentum like a landslide. Brother Herd was indispensable to the company.

Maryanna was a stockholder, so Maryanna came to the meeting. She sat to the right of her father, and her red hair was a flame of warmth in the cold air that is always on tap when mere males congregate for the transaction of business or the improvement of mankind. Uncle Pete whacked on the table vigorously and arose. He explained in an aggressive voice the why and the wherefore of this most unusual assembly.

"Now, fellow stockholders," he said, after the details had been duly explained, "this meeting was called because tomorrow morning I've got to leave here for New York to square up the details on the trusteeship on our dump cars—got to leave in the morning, and if I can't get you to go in with me on this, I'm going to try to get financed in New York and go it alone. Because I believe we can clean this potato patch, and I'll tell you how. A new washing plant, a commercial screen, tracks up to the washing plant and a thousand feet of storage tracks will cost us about sixty thousand dollars. And for one hundred and forty thousand dollars we can build the sweetest twenty-four-inch dredge that ever struck these parts, and we can knock out more gravel than six railroads can use.

"I've got the dope here; we can take this contract and we can mop up. We've made money at Laguna and we've delivered the ballast, but we never have opened up on the commercial stuff. The way we're fixed there now, we can't take any outside business; it's all we can do to fill our ballast contracts; but if we had a twenty-four-inch dredge free to work on commercial stuff ten days out of each month, we'd mop up. We sure would! If we had that dredge there, that's what we'd do! Twenty days on double shift and a big dredge like I'm talking about would fill this railroad contract, and that's allowing a big margin. There won't be any repairs, any shutdowns for repairs, on the new plant or the new dredge for better than a year—and at the end of eighteen months we own the original investment.

"We can renew the agreement with the railroad if we want to. If I'd had the two hundred thousand I'd have put in this dredge long ago"—here Walter Eldridge Chidson, the banker, permitted himself an amused smile—"but I haven't got it, and the company hasn't got it; but the railroad has it, and the railroad wants to put it up. I told them this afternoon that I'd do it, and I'm going to. If you won't go in with me, I'll go it alone. I'll pump out of the north section of Laguna and I'll pay you a royalty on every yard I get. But I don't want to go in this for myself; I want the company to go in with me. We've got a chance to double our production and get in the commercial and road gravel business down there—there's big money in it—and we won't have to spend a dime. I'd like to hear from some of you."

Mr. Pendleton sat down. Mr. Chidson, the banker, spoke up. As regards the bond, said he, of course that could be arranged. He wouldn't presume to annoy any of them with the details; they had arranged for larger bonds than the one required at present; they could consider the matter of the bond as presenting no difficulties. But he wished to touch lightly on other phases of this proposed contract; he hoped his remarks would be accepted attentively and that no one would get embarrassed.

He had seen many contracts accepted, said Mr. Chidson, and the machinery for these contracts was always decided upon in advance, and the cost of the machinery was always carefully estimated, as no doubt it would be in this case. Never in the history of the company, declared Mr. Chidson, had they come within the cost decided upon. When they built a plant in the stockholders' meeting for forty thousand dollars, it cost them sixty thousand dollars before a wheel turned. He knew that this proposed two-hundred-thousand-dollar plant at Laguna would cost in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars if the estimated cost was two hundred thousand dollars.

Where did they think they were going to get the extra one hundred thousand dollars? Hadn't past experience taught them that a railroad always took from sixty to one hundred and twenty days to pay off? Where was the money coming from that would pay for the operation of this mammoth plant before the railroad approved and finally paid the rendered invoices? Where did the fuel bill, the pay roll, the maintenance costs for one hundred and twenty days come in?

Did money grow on trees? demanded Mr. Chidson. It would cost in the immediate vicinity of a cool hundred additional thousand to operate for four months—judging from past experience. Where did this money come from? Would Mr. Pendleton object to giving them a tentative outline of how he expected to finance the proposed plant? Also, any humorous remarks about the company not expending a dime were most distinctly out of place. Would Mr. Pendleton please refrain from any reference to dimes?

"Thank you," said Mr. Chidson.

Mr. Pendleton replied that on the first of the coming month they had two drag lines and a steam shovel free from financial encumbrance that could be used as collateral; also, that they had a locomotive or so that might be used for some such purpose. Mr. Chidson inquired as to what value might be put on the machines, adding that he thought it inadvisable to try to peddle a locomotive—that the market on locomotives was far from prosperous.

Mr. Pendleton answered that the value of the two drag lines and the shovel, figuring in depreciation, came close to one hundred and ten thousand dollars; that any one of several of their locomotives ought to be worth at least ten thousand dollars to any secondhand dealer, but that if one locomotive wasn't enough, they could throw in an extra one.

"We've got sixteen rod engines and four Shays," declared Mr. Pendleton; "we oughtta raise whatever extra we need from them. We won't need much; we'll stick to the estimate this time. We'll just make up our minds we got to do it."

They discussed the contract for better than an hour. Mr. Chidson explained to Mr. Pendleton that in event of the company's failure to live up to the terms as laid down, they might have to seek additional capital, and that should this happen, the terms under which the new capital came in would no doubt be painful to the present stockholders.

Brother Herd said little; he listened to Mr. Pendleton; he listened to Mr. Chidson; he listened to Mr. Lawrence; he listened to the other stockholders; he asked Maryanna what she thought about it. Maryanna remarked in modern fashion that it looked to her as though someone ought to follow her esteemed parent around carrying a pail of cold water and at intervals of thirty minutes cool him off; from what Mr. Chidson said, that the new contract was risky, but that since they would probably make money on it, they might as well assume it; that she would vote to assume the contract.

In the end they accepted the contract, and even Mr. Chidson finally confessed that there was a faint possibility that they might come out on top. He even went so far as to agree to try to raise money on the gravel holdings at Laguna.

"But I wish to make clear to you, gentlemen," declared the banker, "that this is a most unusual procedure. I shall undoubtedly be severely criticized for such unsound practice."

Uncle Pete arose. In the rookie-squad voice of a first sergeant he thanked them all resoundingly; he prophesied a golden age for Laguna Leon; he waxed enthusiastic over more and better gravel. As a finishing touch, he made the following suggestion: That in as much as this new dredge was to be more or less of an epoch in the business life of Pendleton, Herd & Co., they should distinguish it in some way from the other dredges. Instead of numbering the new dredge, as had been their practice, why not dignify it with a name—and what name more appropriate than Maryanna? And because of a certain well-known physical characteristic of a certain well-known female stockholder, would it not also be appropriate to have the Maryanna painted a flaming red color? The stockholders made a motion of the suggestion and passed it unanimously and loudly.

The dredge was built, the washing plant was completed, the tracks had been laid and graded. In ten days more they would fill the first car under the terms of the new contract.

Uncle Pete had put a young man, Eli Sloane, in charge of the new dredge and the washing plant. There was a superintendent at Laguna Leon—a mahogany-hard old-timer named Louis Johnson—who was responsible for all the dredges and equipment; but the local responsibility for the dredge Maryanna and the new washing plant was to rest on the rather youthful shoulders of the young Mr. Sloane.

Mr. Pendleton was always putting young men in charge of work that they had to grow up to; it was one of the reasons why Mr. Pendleton was what he was. At sixteen Sloane had fired a drag line on one of the biggest levee jobs that Uncle Pete had ever tied into. At twenty he was one of the best drag-line skinners—operators—in the company; his machine was clean from a housewife's standpoint and perfect from all known mechanical angles. Superintendents asked that he be assigned to their contracts.

The youthful Mr. Sloane was the holder of a reputation that he had earned by moving many yards of dirt with a minimum of breakdowns. At the age of twenty-six he went to a business school and took bookkeeping, because he had noted on several occasions that bookkeepers, and also timekeepers, had given superintendents not only sleepless nights but also shortages. Mr. Sloane thought that the day might come when he would have a pencil pusher recording his accomplishments, and when that day did come, Mr. Sloane decided it would be best for all concerned if more than one man knew how to put marks in the books. He learned slowly, but he finished what he started out to do, and when he left the school they told him that he was a bookkeeper—and he was. When twenty-seven, he took the money he had saved and went to Mr. Pendleton with a proposition.

"Here," said he, "are three thousand good iron men. You take it as the first payment on that yard-and-a-half machine at Okedee Spur, that T-36 from the job on the joint track. I'll give you paper for seventeen thousand dollars for that machine and the bucket that's on her, if you'll give me the subcontract to move your dirt at Fillmore. You put the machine down there and pay me sixteen cents a yard. I'll unload her and walk her out to the job. You handle my pay roll from your office, you pay my fuel bill from the dirt that I move for you."

"I didn't want that job at Fillmore," warned Uncle Pete. "I bid it high because I didn't want it - it's a bad job. We got it, but I don't think you'd better try it. I'm glad to see you go it alone, but I think you'd better wait."

"Sixteen cents is big money," replied Sloane; "it'll pay for the drag line and leave me a wad to stick in my pocket. Will you pay sixteen cents?"

"It's a big job for a young squirt, and a hell of a country," said Uncle Pete gravely. "When you're busted, come and tell me, and I'll give you a job again. . . . Yeah, I'll pay sixteen cents."

So Sloane went down to Fillmore and tied into the job. He was operating on a shoestring, doing the work of three men to hold his pay roll down. Thirty days after they started digging, the rainy season hit them. Uncle Pete was right in what he said about the country.

Every time they moved the machine they bogged down. It was not unusual to take an entire day to move once. The scene of their all but impossible labors became not a place fit for humans to eat and work and sleep in, but a prehistoric, untracked swamp. They were four young fools, Sloane and his three waterlogged, overworked men, and Sloane was the most unreasonable, stubborn fool of them all. He would move his dirt, he swore, if the flood came again.

The only way to stop a man like Sloane from doing his job is to knock him completely out of the picture. That's what happened. They were working high ground; it looked like safe, well drained ground, but, underneath, it was rotten from the rains. They were making better progress than they had since the downpour started. The cut was below them, sixty feet below them, fourteen feet deep in muddy water. Sloane was at the operating levers when it happened.

The fireman screamed at him, the ground under the drag line broke away and slid toward the cut. There wasn't one chance in ten thousand of saving the machine; an aeroplane might have gotten away, but a drag line never. Now Sloane knew his machine, knew to the inch how far he could move it in so many minutes, and he knew, also, that he had no minutes in which to move, but only seconds. So what he did was utterly senseless, entirely idiotic. It was simply the courageous gesture of a fighter. He threw the cams in gear and stayed at the levers, tried to walk the machine away from the lip of the bank. She went over the side rolling, with the fifty-foot boom thrashing mud and air and water, and she took Sloane along with her. He bobbed up out of the wreckage like a cork, and his men threw a rope to him and pulled him out.

Did Mr. Sloane, upon reaching the safety of the shore, thank his Maker for his almost miraculous escape from death? No, Mr. Sloane did not. Mr. Sloane sat upon the bank with a bruised body and a very much busted nose, and he filled the air with prime and poisonous language. He reviewed the predecessors of the T-36 that lay in the ditch before him, with relish and with rage; at no time since Watt first toyed with the famous teakettle has a mechanical contrivance been the recipient of such an epidemic of foul language. He paused to spit out a couple of spare teeth and to wipe the blood out of his face, and he began all over again. After he had exhausted the English language and a mule skinner's vocabulary of all known epithets, he reviewed the calamity with some degree of sanity. He didn't need a prophet to tell him that all the king's horses and all the Army's mules wouldn't be able to get the drag line out before spring. So he and his

(Continued on Page 30)

-a Successful Six

now *bids for Even Greater Success*. . . .with Smart New Style and Sweeping Engineering Advancements-*including* Four-Wheel Brakes

Watch for announcement next week

(Continued from Page 28

hired hands cranked up the flivver and swam it back to the railroad. And Sloane got on a train and eventually arrived at Uncle Pete's office, acknowledged himself indebted to the tune of seventeen thousand dollars, and asked for a job. And was promptly put to work.

A few months later, when they started to build the new plant at Laguna, Mr. Pendleton bethought himself of the young Mr. Sloane, and he brought him to Laguna as a foreman. Uncle Pete had heard what the young man had been through at Fillmore; he had gone in person to Fillmore, and what he had seen there convinced him that Mr. Sloane would do to take along.

When they were practically through with the building of the dredge, Uncle Pete dropped down to Laguna—the dredge was about ready for the paint job.

"Ever see my daughter?" questioned Mr. Pendleton in his first-sergeant voice.

"No, I never have," answered young Sloane.

"Got red hair," said Uncle Pete grimly. "We'll paint this barge red—named it after her—it oughtta be painted red."

"Good idea," said Eli Sloane. "What kinda red?"

"What kinda red?" bawled Uncle Pete. "What kinda red? Why, you fool, red! She's got red hair! Don't you know anything?"

"There's all kinds o' red—different shades, Mr. Pendleton," protested Sloane. "We got a lot of good box-car red over in the store room, some car repairer left it here. I was figuring on using it; it's real good paint."

Uncle Pete was speechless for a moment.

"You young jackass," he finally bellowed, "do you think my girl's hair looks like a box car? I want a job done on that boat, understand? I want it painted red, see? Red! If I come down here and find that boat looking like a box car, I'll chase you clear to China."

Mr. Pendleton stalked off, muttering and mumbling about box cars. Mr. Sloane thought numerous things—mainly that if this daughter of the boss was only half as ugly as her father, it would be no more than proper and fitting not to paint the dredge at all. He made inquiries of Louis Johnson, the superintendent, and developed the fact that the hair of Maryanna Pendleton was, indeed, red. Mr. Johnson was not sure what shade of red it was, but he was quite sure it was red. The foreman and the superintendent went to the nearest hardware store and from a great array of samples Johnson selected a brilliant carmine. He was not positive, he declared, but he thought he had come close. The foreman hoped so—he had no desire to see China.

They painted the boat carefully, and the man who could stand before it and say that it wasn't red had never seen a fire. The day of the christening arrived and Laguna Leon swarmed with brass hats and pressed pants and female giggles and annoyance for the hired hands. Maryanna had been brought from school in order that she might crack a bottle on the prow of the great dredge, and also so that Uncle Pete could have something to compare the paint job with. Everybody of any importance within a radius of a thousand miles gathered round and cluttered up the place, and there were more silly questions asked than there are graveled highways in hell.

At about three in the afternoon the congestion about the boat reached its maximum, and Maryanna said clearly: "I christen you Maryanna!"—under her breath she said, "Dig lots of stuff for mamma!"—and she smacked the bottle lustily and broke it, and the Maryanna was ready to go to work.

They warped her out in the middle of her nice new pond, they started up the twelve-lunged Diesel that ran her pumps and her agitator, and she started to throw the gravel out. Maryanna was on board with her father and met the young Mr. Sloane.

"You'd better not be snooty with him," bawled Uncle Pete when he made his left-handed introduction. "He's the king-pin on this raft and he might throw you overboard."

Uncle Pete was going out with Mr. Chidson and with Mr. Lawrence to look over the new leases; he wouldn't be able to take her back to Johnson's house. Mr. Sloane could leave the dredge for an hour or so—she could go with him. Maryanna looked at the man in overalls standing beside her, decided mentally that he certainly looked capable, and said aloud that it was agreeable with her. They went ashore over the pontoons that carried the jointed pipe, and from the shore to their destination was more than a mile. Sloane said he had a flivver—would she mind riding in it? Maryanna said she didn't mind riding in a flivver, that she liked them fine, but that if Mr. Sloane didn't mind, she'd like to walk. Mr. Sloane didn't mind in the least, and they started walking. Maryanna stole glances at the man walking beside her—he interested her. She had heard her father mention him—heard him say that Sloane was the kind he wished he had more of.

"You're in charge of the dredge, aren't you?" she asked.

"I'm the foreman," he answered.

"You know a lot depends on that dredge, don't you?" she asked.

"How's that?" said Sloane, taking the forty-ninth look at her hair within the last five minutes.

"Oh, ever so much!" declared Maryanna. "Gosh, to hear them talk, I bet you I'd have to wear cotton stockings if anything went wrong with that dredge!" She looked down at her straight and slender legs in sheer and costly silk. Sloane looked too. He tried to visualize such a catastrophe. "Cotton stockings are tacky," said the girl. "You better take good care of that boat. Gosh, I'd hate to have to wear them!"

Mr. Sloane made a supreme vow. He looked at her hair again. Maryanna noticed him do it. She had noticed forty-nine out of the last fifty looks he had taken.

"Is there something the matter with my hair?" she demanded, although she knew perfectly well that it had never looked better.

"Uh-uh!" said Mr. Sloane—meaning, "Hell, no!"

They walked on in silence.

"The boat looked fine," said Maryanna.

"We painted it the wrong color," said the man sadly.

"No, you didn't," said she; "it was supposed to be red." Sloane didn't say anything, but looked at her hair. "Now don't be silly," said Maryanna.

Mr. Sloane wrinkled his brow.

"The superintendent did it," he declared.

"Did what?"

"We got a whole bunch of samples," said he, "and he said he'd seen you a lot of times and he knew. So I let him pick it out—and it's wrong."

"What's wrong?" asked the girl.

"Why, the boat," said Sloane, as though surprised that she should ask. "You see, we got a whole bunch of samples and he picked out the one he thought was right—Mr. Johnson, the superintendent. We got twenty-five gallons and we still got about five gallons left. We won't use it now."

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," declared the girl.

"The boat," quoth Mr. Sloane.

"Well, what's the matter with the boat?"

"Mr. Johnson ——" began the man.

"For goodness' sake," cried Maryanna, "did he saw a hole in the bottom?"

"Oh, no," was the answer; "he picked out the color."

"Well, what's wrong with the color?" demanded the girl impatiently.

"We were supposed to paint the boat," said Mr. Sloane wearily, "the same color as your hair. Your father, he says I better paint that boat the right color. So I went to Johnson and I told him about it, and he said he knew, and we got a lot of samples ——"

"Are you trying to be funny?" came a cold voice from Maryanna.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" denied the young man.

There was no doubting his sincerity. They walked in silence for a space.

"I liked the way it was painted," she finally said. "It was a first-class job."

"It would have been better," said Sloane sincerely, looking at her hair, "if we had painted it right."

"I'm glad you—it's nice of you to say that," said Maryanna, completely put out.

They came to the house where Johnson lived.

"It was awfully nice of you to come all this way," she said. "Won't you come in for a while?" The foreman said he couldn't; he must get back to his dredge. "Thank you so much," she said, "and I'm glad to know you. I hope we'll see each other again. Don't you forget that a whole lot depends on you and the dredge. You know what I told you about cotton stockings."

"I know," smiled Sloane.

Maryanna laughed. "Perhaps the next time we see each other I'll have on a pair," she cried.

The man in overalls was suddenly bold.

"Not if you depend on either me or the dredge," he said with gravity.

Maryanna considered this. She finally managed to say, "That's nice." Suddenly she said, "Good-by, Mr. Sloane; thank you so much." And before Sloane realized it, she was gone.

The foreman walked back to his dredge toward the setting sun, with plans for the refurbishing of the superstructure in the proper color scheme racing through his mind. Who would ever have thought that such an ugly old battler as Uncle Pete could have such a radiant daughter? Cotton stockings on a girl like that? They would be as much out of place as a set of boiler tubes in a Diesel engine. He could more easily imagine the Queen of Sheba in an army uniform than Maryanna with her straight and slender legs swathed in cotton.

In the weeks that followed, the twenty-four-inch dredge spewed gravel and sand in a steady, uninterrupted stream into the washing plant, and from the washing plant the specified ballast dropped by the hundreds of yards into the spotted gondola and dump cars below. The Maryanna was living up to expectations; she had produced the monthly minimum in a little less than twenty days' time.

Pendleton-Herd planned to get a lead of a month before they tried their hand at commercial rock. It was at the end of forty days of operation that the news began to seep in—rumors began to come to Laguna Leon that the Weather Bureau had prophesied the greatest flood in the entire history of the Mississippi Valley; that to the north the levees had already gone; that the Basin and the Bayou of Laguna Leon were doomed.

To give the rumor strength, box cars were spotted on the spur at Washing Plant Number 1—first three box cars and later five more. These box cars were loaded with sacks—empty cement sacks in bales—and extra gangs were hired and armed with bright new shovels, and they filled these sacks with sand and pea gravel and loaded them by hand. And Johnson called his foremen together and told them that for every extra yard they pumped and washed they were that much surer of having their jobs on a corresponding date the following month. The foremen told their men that a little lost sleep and a little hard work wouldn't hurt any of them; that it would be better to lose a little sleep and do a little sweating than to lose their jobs. Anyone having different ideas on the subject could get his time from the paymaster without difficulty. The net result was that Laguna Leon went under forced draft and hit the ball.

In the main office of Pendleton, Herd & Co., Uncle Pete passed the cigars to the president and the vice president and the engineer of the maintenance of way. The shoe was on the other foot now. If Uncle Pete cared to, he could easily make it pinch and cause blisters. The railroad wanted every yard of gravel that Pendleton-Herd could produce, and every yard of sand. The flood was on them; they were the shock troops; they were the first line of defense. If the levees went, so did the tracks, so did the farms and the towns along the tracks.

"This is no time to talk of economy," said the railroads; "this is the time when we must consider not only our existence but the existence of our people. We want your sand, we want your gravel, we want all we can get of it sacked. What do you want for it?"

Now Uncle Pete was a month ahead of his contract; he was free to produce and sell to the commercial trade; he could get a price that would make gravel comparable to iron ore if he wanted to. If there was ever a time when he could have carved a fat hog and cured it with sugar, now was the time.

"It's my existence, too," replied Uncle Pete; "they are my people as much as they are yours. You can have the sand and the gravel at the contract price: you can have it sacked for what it costs to sack it. Give me the cars," said he, "and you can have the material."

The railroad officials thanked him.

"Whatever you want," said they, "you holler for. If we've got it, it's yours."

They ran temporary storage tracks into Laguna Leon and they filled them from end of rail to main-line switch with gondolas and flat cars and gravel dump cars. They put an extra switch engine on to facilitate the movement before and after loading. They deadheaded the two drag lines down from Dolphin, and the train crews forgot about the agreement to do nothing but run trains, and pitched in and helped unload and skid them out to location. Brother Herd dropped in, drew his mathematical and methodical straight lines and followed them to increased production.

Uncle Pete came to Laguna. He told them all that the present emergency was not a matter of sand and gravel produced for a profit, but a matter of humanity; that if they could keep the big river out, they would save thousands of homes and thousands of people from privation and suffering; that every yard they produced went either to the levees or to the railroads, and that the material that went to the railroads was used so that the levees might be held.

They set the governors up on the two smaller dredges three hundred revolutions; they set up the main engine on the Maryanna four hundred revolutions. They ran loading tracks out to the two drag lines and dug and loaded in a most uneconomical fashion. They couldn't sack the production of the Maryanna fast enough, so they brought in another big bucket and made a stock pile for future reference. They doubled their production. What they wanted was sand and gravel—and they got it.

Brother Herd put Sloane on one of the big drag lines as operator; his shift was twelve long hours, and he ate on the job. After his shift he would go back to the Maryanna. His men wondered if he ever slept. They sopped every moving part in oil or cup grease, and once every twenty-four hours they shut down for fifteen minutes to look her over. Sloane was always there when they shut down; he watched and nursed and cursed the dredge every hour he was off duty from his shift on the drag line. Tired as he must have been, nevertheless the yardage from his drag line was a mark for the rest of them to shoot at, and his presence on the dredge seemed to lift more gravel into the washing plant.

"I wish I had a couple more like that guy," said Brother Herd.

It was eight days after they had set up the governor on the twelve-cylinder giant that ran the dredge that Sloane found the crack in the crank shaft. He sent one of the men for the superintendent, and when Johnson arrived on the gallop he brought Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Herd with him. They looked her over. The shaft came out of the back end of the engine and was supported by a wide bearing. Outside of this bearing were three inches of shiny

(Continued on Page 33)

FRESH silk
24 DAYS
from YOKOHAMA to YOU

© 1927 R. S. H. M.

New beauty of texture — new perfection of fit and a totally new standard of

WEAR

THERE is nothing lovelier than pure, FRESH silk. It has a deep, shimmering glow; it is soft and pliable, yet full of life. It has the vibrant charm of youth . . . that vigor and strength and animation which inevitably disappear with age.

It is from FRESH silk such as this that all Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery is made, whether it be sheerest chiffons or sturdy service weights.

And best of all, because you deal direct with our Mills when you purchase Realsilk Hosiery, you are always sure that the silk is still FRESH when the hosiery reaches you. For under Realsilk's direct method of importing, manufacturing, selling and delivering, seldom more than 24 days elapse from the time the raw silk first leaves Yokohama until the finished hosiery, fashioned from it, is in your hands ready for wear.

Knitted to the finest textures of unusually uniform weave, and fashioned to perfect contours from toe to top, these wondrous stockings encase the limb without wrinkle or flaw. And they keep their shape indefinitely because of the elasticity of FRESH silk.

Women everywhere are commenting on the marvelous beauty of texture and unparalleled perfection of fit of Realsilk stockings. But these are not the only features which are attracting wide-spread attention.

The wearing qualities of Realsilk Hosiery are a source of constant wonder. The DURA-foot in the full-fashioned styles (so cleverly constructed as not to be visible even with the lowest slippers) and the improved form-fitting Super-Service foot of Realsilk "Regulars," establish absolutely new standards of wear. These are exclusive Realsilk innovations, giving to the *unseen* points of wear durability akin to that which FRESH silk assures where the stockings are revealed.

If you have not seen the comprehensive new line of Realsilk Hosiery, a pleasant surprise awaits you. Our Representative—the Realsilk Gold Button Man—will be glad to show you these new creations next time he calls. Or if you prefer, just 'phone our local Branch Office or drop a line to the Mills and we will have him call by appointment any time you say.

REALSILK
Gold Button Brand
HOSIERY
and SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

This Gold Button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U. S. A
World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie
250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

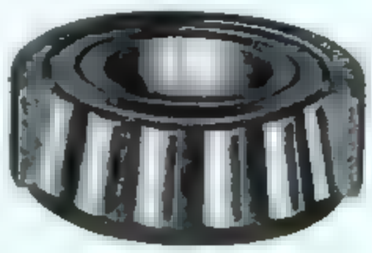
The Test . . . . of Greatest Car Value

He performs one of the many tests on the Timken electric furnace steel which helps to make Timken Bearings virtually wear-proof. *You* test a motor car salesman's claims of endurance and economy when you insist on knowing whether the car is Timken-equipped.

Only the presence of Timken Bearings tells you positively that there is the most complete protection against friction, side-thrust, shock and speed. To overcome every one of these wearing tendencies you need the exclusive combination of Timken electric steel, Timken tapered construction and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS.*

Timken Bearings mean lasting smoothness and freedom from attention in the transmission, differential, pinion or worm drive, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fan.

You can have the widest choice of makes without accepting anything but a Timken-equipped car or truck. The great majority of manufacturers provide the extra value of Timken Bearings.



THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 30)

metal and then came the flywheel, eighteen feet in diameter, tons and tons of metal to balance the great engine. You've seen an automobile engine with the flywheel attached? Imagine an automobile engine with a flywheel eighteen feet in diameter, with twelve great cylinders in line, with the height of the motor equal to or exceeding the length of a double-tired truck. Imagine what it would mean if there was a crack in the crank shaft of this motor, between the flywheel and the end cylinder. Would you care to hang around and watch it run?

The crack did not run lengthwise of the great shaft; it ran square with the end. How long it would hold together was problematical; it might snap within the hour, it might not break for months. But when it did break, with the engine running and the flywheel a blur of tons and tons of metal, a blur of controlled force, a force great enough to rock a mountain—if the flywheel snapped off the shaft and went wild it would go through the bottom of the Maryanna as a swung sledge would smash through a packing box. Everybody realized that.

"Could we weld it?" asked Uncle Pete. Nobody answered. "I asked a question!" bawled the first sergeant.

Sloane finally spoke up.

"We'd have to take the whole shaft out to weld it," he said. "It's a chrome-nickel shaft—have to heat-treat it."

"Well, what the hell we going to do?" demanded Uncle Pete.

"I'll run her till she breaks," said Sloane.

They dropped the governor back two hundred revolutions and started up again. All they could do was to order a new shaft and hope that the old one would hold until the emergency was over; it would take two weeks to apply a new shaft; they would almost have to tear the boat apart to get it in. Herd supervised the rigging of a mammoth net of seven-eighths steel cable in front of the flywheel to break its momentum should the shaft snap. They built a framework of old rails at an angle from the floor and braced it from behind with telegraph poles sawed in short sections and with eight-by-eight square timbers, and on the face of this framework they laid a double row of one-inch planks.

This extended from the deck to the tin roof that topped the boat. It lay before the flywheel exactly as you would lay a board against a wall or a ladder against a barn. They built it at this angle so as to break the force of the blow by shoving the flywheel upward, and when it fell—the wheel—the net at the bottom would catch it. The net lay under the flywheel and clear of the deck, for the deck was lower where the flywheel hung than at any other point on the dredge, for clearance. Rigged as it was, the net and the framework looked strong enough to hold a tornado.

"Let the damn thing break!" said Sloane.

It was decided that it would be best to keep the boat clear of everyone except the operator and the oiler, and that the oiler should be on the boat only when oiling. Herd took Sloane off the drag line and told him that he was to try for one thing, to keep one thing in mind—they must get every cubic inch of gravel and sand through the pipes that would go through before the shaft broke. Sloane was to take the day shift and run the dredge, the regular day operator was to take the night shift; and at night, because of the greater hazard, the boat was to run at only half speed. Sloane offered to take the night shift and run her wide open, but Pendleton and Herd vetoed this.

Uncle Pete came down on the boat the fourth day that Sloane ran it. He had been down on the bank every day, of course, but he had stayed off the boat. Not because he was afraid of being hurt, for Mr. Pendleton was the long-sought scientific vacuum so far as fear was concerned, but because he felt that the operators, particularly Sloane, had enough on their minds without being bothered by visitors. But on the fourth day he couldn't stand the inaction any longer and climbed aboard. He thought he'd cheer Mr. Sloane up a bit.

"Stay with 'em, son!" he yelled so as to be heard above the crack of exhaust and the rumble of machinery.

Sloane half turned his head to see who it was. He scowled, did Mr. Sloane, and muttered words most uncomplimentary.

"She's swamping the washing plant," shouted Uncle Pete. "We got a stock pile that looks like Pike's Peak. Great stuff, old son! Stay with 'em!"

The foreman had rings under his eyes from lack of sleep and from strain. The drag line and the dredge had been bad enough, but since the shaft cracked it was doubtful if he had closed an eye—at least, for not more than an hour or so at a time. And for four days and nights, even in the short snatches called sleep, he had heard the hum of the spinning flywheel three short feet behind his back, like being strapped in an electric chair and waiting for the juice to be turned on. It was a constant mental struggle not to turn and look at the thrice-damned wheel. The strain and the work and the worry were not conducive to parlor talk.

"I wish you'd get the hell out of here!" he shouted angrily.

The top kick stared. He could hardly credit his ears.

"What was that?" he cried.

It was too much for Sloane. "What was that?" he mimicked. "You long-legged dummy, that was an invitation to get off this boat! G'wan, get off!"

"You damn puppy," shouted the top kick, "this is my boat! I don't see anybody big enough to put me off!"

"You either get off," snarled the young man, "or I get off! And if I get off I'll take you with me. And after I get through with you, you can come back and run your own damn boat!"

Uncle Pete thought it over. The desire to smack Mr. Sloane in one of his bloodshot eyes was almost overpowering. But a fight under the present conditions would be bad medicine. Mr. Pendleton controlled himself by a superhuman effort and got off the boat. Before he got off, however, he informed the unlicked pup in the operator's seat, shaking a fist under his nose, that when this flood was over he intended to take a certain foreman apart and see what made him work.

Sloane continued to swamp the washing plant and build up the stock pile—and to hear the low murmur of destruction three short feet behind his back.

Three days later it happened—it happened so suddenly that although the men on the bank and the two men in the rowboat alongside saw it all, no one witness ever agreed with another as to just what did happen. It was only a few minutes until time to shut down and inspect the shaft again, and Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Herd had just put off from shore in a skiff so as to have a look-see. Sloane, of course, had his back turned. All he was able to say was that he didn't have time to think of anything. This was weeks later, when he was in the hospital. The following is an explanation, taking all the evidence into consideration, of what happened:

The shaft broke. The whirling mass of iron struck the framework that had been built to check its mad career; it was moving away from the operator, toward the back of the boat. It was moving at the rate of some thousand revolutions, tons of driving metal, and it bounced off the angled obstruction straight up into the air. It climbed the framework in the flicker of an eyelash; it burst through the tin roof like an eruption. Even Herd, methodical and mathematical, had not dreamed that it could climb the framework. For one-ten-thousandth of a second it balanced itself on the roof beams; the net lay forward of the roof beams. Behind the roof beams there was nothing but the unprotected deck, twenty feet below. The flywheel spun like a gyroscope and the beams bent under the weight. Then it shot over and down—down on the unprotected deck below, and, like a battering ram through a cracker box, it smashed through the heart of the dredge. She seemed to fill and sink within the space of one echoing shout.

The wheel smashed well behind Sloane, about fifteen feet behind him, but the lead cable that raised or lowered the rack that the agitator worked on ran beneath and a little to the right of where he sat, and on through the center of the boat well into the stern. It was three-quarter-inch cable and it carried a capacity load, for the stress was the leverage of a fifty-foot boom at work. This cable was cut by the falling flywheel as a lineman clips copper wire, and it whipped loose like a snake.

You've seen the statue, or pictures of the statue, called Laocoön—three naked men caught and being squeezed by great serpents? These serpents were angleworms or garter snakes compared to what caught Sloane in a steel knot, playfully broke both legs and dragged him out to drown in the muddy water. When a cable breaks under stress, it whips and snarls like an elastic band; it is all over in the snap of a finger; but a maimed body or death sometimes comes within that space. And the boom, released and falling, made the end of that snarling, slapping cable the end of a catapult—and Sloane was knotted on the end of that catapult! His body came over the prow of the dredge in a short but awing arc; he smacked the water a resounding smack and was wrenched under. He said afterward that he didn't feel any pain—that there wasn't time to feel anything. He didn't even know that his legs were broken until they told him on the way to the hospital in Uncle Pete's car.

As has been said, Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Herd were in a boat, rowing out to the dredge, when the accident occurred. It is doubtful if Brother Herd drew any mathematical and methodical straight lines—very doubtful. The second time they dived they found him, and deep in the muddy water they fought to free him from the cable. When they brought him to the surface, the two mainsprings of Pendleton-Herd were almost as thoroughly drowned as the foreman of the Maryanna. They got Sloane into the rowboat somehow, and Uncle Pete bent his back to the oars while Brother Herd applied the principles of first aid, with the patient face down and grotesque over a seat.

At the bank, others carried Sloane ashore and Brother Herd applied the principles again.

"He'll come out of it," said Herd as he worked over the unconscious form. "He's too ornery to die."

"Don't lose him, brother," said Uncle Pete. "We can't afford to lose him!"

Mr. Herd proved correct in his diagnosis—Mr. Sloane was too ornery to die. He was conscious all the way to the hospital, and when they set his legs he had his eyes open. When they set the ribs that had been broken when he was pulled through the operating levers he also had his eyes open. After they got through mauling him he developed fever.

He was sick for a long while; he was delirious most of the time. Uncle Pete or Brother Herd or some one of the company men came to see him every day. Uncle Pete was the only one that ever got into the sick room. There just weren't enough orderlies or internes to keep him out. The top kick would often wonder at the things Sloane raved about.

The sick man would shout: "Cotton stockings! Hell, no! On that girl? Get your nose down, you loafer, and get the stuff out!" Then again: "She was made for silk. . . . Get your nose down, get your nose down!"

It embarrassed Mr. Pendleton to hear him go on about these cotton stockings, a two-fisted guy like Sloane carrying on like that—a man with a piston-rod complex talking like some sixteen-year-old kid in the throes of puppy love! Mr. Pendleton felt as though a door had been accidentally opened and that he had looked in and seen secrets, and that he had no right to know these secrets.

Then one day when he was sitting beside the bed the sick man began cursing the dredge, then he shouted about red hair and he yelled something about brown eyes, and he dragged in the cotton stockings versus the silk ones; then he cursed the dredge in a frightful manner and declared that the only good thing about it was its name. Then Uncle Pete knew.

When Sloane was able to sit up and could stand to have people come to see him, he had a constant stream of visitors. They told him about the flood—incidents of heroism and sacrifice, although they were not told as such. Uncle Pete told him that most of the main levees had held; that where they had not held they had been able to get relief trains out in time to save most of the people. And he told him in a gruff voice and with a seasoning of profanity that there had been a bridge over one of the big tributaries; that this bridge was the gate to safety for two Louisiana parishes, and that because of sacked sand and pea gravel from a certain stock pile the railroad had held this gate open, even though the water came up over the rails flush to the ash pans of the locomotives; that the bridge was gone now, and that although the people had lost their stock and their crops, they could still go back to their land. If it hadn't been for the stock pile, though, said the top kick, they'd still be on their land, with the cattle and the crops. He told him that the railroads had accomplished more in the past two months toward gaining the faith and the good will of the people along their tracks than they had in all the years of their existence.

"They put their track men on the levees and kept them there; they kept men on their pay roll and had them out doing rescue work with launches and tugs; they ran relief trains—free trains, old son—provided free food, a place to sleep; they were the anchor that everybody tied to. I don't see how they did some of the things that they pulled off. I'm not knocking the Red Cross or the Government—they did their stuff too—but the railroads were the backbone of the works. And the people won't forget it."

How were things at Laguna? asked the young man. Uncle Pete told him. The railroad shot square about the big dredge. The railroad had paid to raise her and repair her. It had been the sacked stuff from the Maryanna that had thrown the balance in their favor; they knew it. That one bridge alone was worth three dredges to them. Uncle Pete acted rather strangely at this point. The railroad had heard of his accident, said the top kick; they wanted Mr. Sloane to realize that they appreciated what he had done. Mr. Pendleton glanced at the time; he rose and opened the door.

There were half a dozen men outside the door. They all stepped aside and let Maryanna come in first. Maryanna held a small box in her hand and she came and stood near the head of the bed. The men grouped themselves around her. Among them were Herd and Johnson and the superintendent of the railroad. Maryanna gave him the box, opening it for him, telling him that it was a token from the railroad for what he had done; that with it came the thanks of the people who had crossed the bridge at Milan. It was a very fine watch, and on its back, inside the lid, was engraved: Sand—and Gravel. False River Bridge, Milan, Louisiana, 1927. In Appreciation of a Splendid Effort.

After the others had gone, Uncle Pete and his daughter remained. Maryanna suggested to her parent that he run along also. So the top kick gave a wise grin and ran along. In spite of his two badly broken legs, Mr. Sloane wanted to get up and bound about. She told him how wonderful everybody thought he had been, how wonderful she thought he was—not in so many words.

"Have they painted the dredge?" he asked.

Maryanna laughed and blushed.

"Papa said we would wait till you were well," she said; "that you would have to see that it was done right."

They both smiled and sat awhile in silence.

"I'll paint it right this time," he promised.

"I liked the way it was painted," answered the red-haired girl.

"Johnson must have been blind," said Sloane sourly.

Maryanna put her hands up to her hair.

"And would you care for a sample, Mr. Painter?" she asked prettily.

Eli Sloane very nearly got out of bed and walked. He wanted to go after the scissors. She prevailed on him to remain in bed, but she couldn't prevent him from yelling for the nurse. The nurse had scissors with her and very obligingly snipped off enough of Maryanna's hair to serve for sixteen samples. Sloane started to put it in a pill box, wrapped in cotton.

She made him let her have a few strands back. She knotted them together and opened the back of his watch. Sloane didn't know the meaning of this until long afterward. He had put in most of his time working and he was terribly dumb about some things. But until he had use for a pair of pants and the customary watch pocket, he kept that watch on a cord knotted around his neck—and he didn't do it because a railroad had given it to him.

Just before Maryanna left she gave him wings to use in place of his broken bones. Very seriously she said:

"I really want to thank you." She pointed down at her straight and slender legs. "You see," said Maryanna, "they're still silk!"

The newspapers carried long write-ups in their social columns about the clothing that the bride wore. Her gown came from Paris and was as white as her hair was red. She wore lace, she wore silver slippers made for Cinderella. She was very beautiful, was Maryanna, as she came down the aisle on the arm of her hard-bitten father. She was the proudest bride of all the ages. Her eyes saw beyond the stars, her hair was the flame of an altar.

To the waiting bridegroom whatever touched her was beautiful, and she herself divine. Yet to him, that which was most glorious was the white cotton stockings that she wore.

Many wondered why she wore them, but Uncle Pete and Eli Sloane knew. Sloane knew, too, that in his grip were six pairs of the finest sheer silken stockings that money could buy—his first gift to his girl. That is, he thought they were his first gift. Maryanna corrected him on their honeymoon.

"You gave them to me long ago," she whispered.

THE X IN EXPLORATION

(Continued from Page 5)

But the last straw has come in the past few years with the terrific financial complexities which have changed exploration from a species of research to something resembling a stock-market manipulation. If he does not administer the business affairs of his expedition economically, he is likely to go on the rocks a bankrupt. History proves this point only too poignantly. Columbus died penniless. Scott, perishing on the Antarctic ice, penned a message to the English nation pleading that his family be cared for. Shackleton, dying in harness, left an estate too slight to keep his wife and child. Amundsen, Rasmussen, Wilkins, Stefansson, Capt. Bob Bartlett and a dozen others who have devoted their lives to the spread of human knowledge through the medium of exploration are all poor men.

The paradox of the whole thing is that the true explorer usually has ideals enough not to want to commercialize his work.

There are several legitimate ways to raise funds that cannot logically be condemned. Lectures are a medium through which many conservative people may be reached who otherwise would have some difficulty in following first-hand an explorer's work. Films, magazine articles and still pictures are of more or less value, depending on the skill and perfection with which they are produced and distributed. The expedition leader's newspaper stories, when properly handled, bring good prices and give the public well-directed information of an expedition's progress in the field. Such stories cannot be given away. They must be exclusive to be of any value.

Contingent Profits

The radio has introduced another consideration—the spot news; that is, the day-by-day news of the expedition. Formerly the Arctic explorer could not give the daily happenings of his expedition to the world. When I go to the Antarctic I shall have my base 2000 miles from the nearest human dwelling. No newspaper reporter can get to us. I could readily make our spot news exclusive by sending my radio messages back in code. But due to the extraordinarily unselfish way the newspapers of our country have helped and fathered aviation—I don't know what aviation would have done without this aid—the airplane explorer should not, it seems to me, sell his spot news unless his financial straits make it necessary.

These legitimate fund-raising methods are by no means assured profits. A newspaper story worth $30,000 if an expedition is dramatically successful, may be worth less than $3000 in case of unavoidable failures. Contracts are drawn in advance, making price contingent on results. The same applies to lectures. If there be no story to tell or no film to portray the story, a tour of thirty lectures at an average of $400 each net to the explorer may well shrink to half a dozen friendly engagements given with little or no profit.

It is clear then that the modern explorer cannot force his burden of debt on other shoulders by simply discounting his news, film and lecture success. Were he able to do so, the wilderness would be populous with fantastic expeditions. Little does the public realize the widespread craze to explore today. What holds most amateurs in check is purely the problem of where to get the money.

Almost the only way to finance a modern expedition is to get subscriptions from private citizens, institutions and associations altruistically interested in pure science. It is easy to picture Mr. Millionaire giving a big sum to applied science. In such an investment he always has a chance of making a killing if the research be a success. But contributions to Arctic exploration are generally made unselfishly, without any chance of dividends.

Economy in Words

But before the leader can approach a prospective contributor he must have established on one hand his ability to do the job and on the other the authenticity of his plans.

In my own case I struggled through a maze of red tape in 1925 before finally emerging with Secretary Wilbur's approval. Officialdom was kind enough individually, but for complexity, the mills of the gods that grind so slowly give a modern printing press a puerile simplicity. What I wanted to do was to command the naval aviation unit of the National Geographic Society's expedition, then bound for North Greenland.

"I will go to the President," the secretary told me, signifying I had reached the last barrier.

But I was none too sanguine. President Coolidge's ideas of economy and his natural reluctance to let his military personnel take undue risks made me feel that my chances of getting away were none too bright.

When the secretary took the matter to him the critical moment had been reached, the moment of which I had been dreaming for years. If only I could go on this one expedition, I knew I might have a chance in the following year to realize my cherished hope of some day flying to the North Pole.

The secretary told me later about his interview with his chief. He went thoroughly into detail.

"There is still a great deal of blank space on our polar map, Mr. President. Don't you think we ought to let Byrd go?" he concluded. In complete silence the President had listened, yet with attentiveness.

After a moment of thought the President nodded to his cabinet officer and said "Why not?"

No discussion, no questions. Just that pair of words which for prodigious consequences in my life compare favorably with the well-known other couple: "I do."

The President's tacit approval of my plan enabled me to get prompt orders to go north. Between these orders and the press announcements I had something sound on which to base my collection of equipment. Luckily I needed no money, since the Navy was going to let me have my men, equipment and planes. We got away in the early summer and, due to the magnificent work of the navy mechanics, managed to fly with the three machines more than 5000 miles—the first extensive Arctic aviation up to that time.

I might mention here that, like wars, expeditions into polar regions are won by preparations, though it is of course natural that the zero hour—the final dash—gets the spotlight. Yet behind the scenes there is frequently the more interesting drama, and even zero hours unwritten and unknown may be found there. It is not in order to go into the infinite detail connected with a polar expedition, but I will touch briefly on some of my business experiences.

The year after our 1925 expedition Bennett and I launched our plan to conquer the North Pole by air. The first man I tackled was Edsel Ford. He was near my own age, a big man with ideals, and son of a father who thought in terms of America's tomorrow.

It was the big moment. Should he deny a subscription, there would be no 1926 expedition for me. There were then four or five North Pole expeditions under way. I laid my cards on the table.

I told him frankly the plane I wanted to use, knowing that this was a machine in competition with the new Ford design. My reason for using that plane was that the particular plane I had in mind had been flown 15,000 miles—long enough to get the usual kinks out of it. It was a ticklish moment, asking a rich man to finance a scheme that would be an advertisement for his competitor. He nodded gravely, but did not reply.

"And if we crack up on taking off our great plane with ski," I confessed, "that's the end of the party."

It is significant of the man's tolerant, broad character that when I finished he said simply:

"Certainly I will help you. I believe your expedition will do a lot to increase popular interest in aviation in America."

A Strain on Credit

Not only did Mr. Ford promptly give me the generous sum I asked for but he wrote a friend, urging him also to come in.

I was now in a position to condition the ship which the United States Shipping Board had so kindly put at my disposal and to order the provisions we had to have aboard in case we were forced to winter. But though I figured as carefully as I could, I soon found myself again in financial straits. Well I knew that almost regardless of expense my equipment must be of the very highest order. A tainted can of pemmican, a poorly sewed ice boot, a mitten without a lanyard, an oversize screw thread on some insignificant airplane part, might well spike my guns long after I had left the nearest civilized base of supplies.

More money had to be got. I had gone ahead too far to turn back; yet my credit was strained to its breaking point. Putting my pride in my pocket, I called on the president of one of our great corporations, a Crœsian cliff dweller on Broadway. In my pocket I fondled a warm letter of introduction from an old friend of the great man.

From nine A.M. until after noon I cooled my heels in the magnate's plush-lined outer office. Painful waiting it was, too, with a thousand details of preparation clamoring for my attention. And there was none of the consolation that my men could sympathize with my apprehension as they could when later we faced the hazards of field work. I scarcely dared tell my best friend how thin my funds were for fear an adverse publicity might leak into the papers, which for years had been captious about the undue risks of Arctic work.

A Business of Giving

By a side door my quarry slipped out to luncheon, leaving word that he would see me in the afternoon. I waited. As the sun was sinking over the Hudson I got my final word—of dismissal. A colored messenger came out and told me that Mr. Blank had decided he couldn't see me at all.

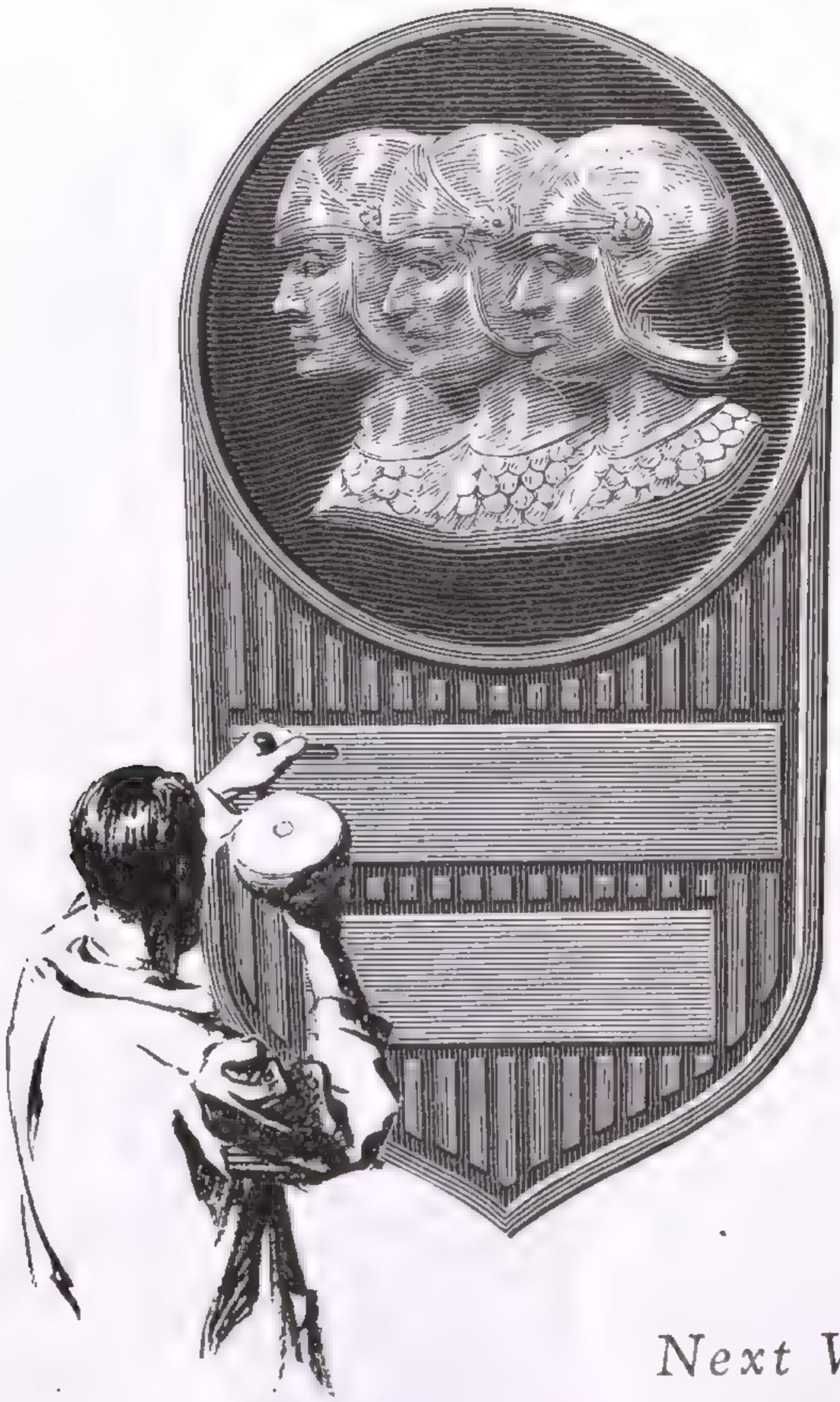
How different were my relations with John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The sequestration of great wealth in this country may infuriate demagogues; but whatever be its defects, the social system that makes rich men possible also makes possible the promotion of scientific endeavor that would scarce be thought of under a more general diffusion of wealth.

I soon found that Mr. Rockefeller had made just as much a business of giving as the modern explorer must make of collecting. I believe that to give in such a way that progress will be helped instead of hindered is one of the most difficult and elusive things to accomplish. Being of a scientific turn of mind, Mr. Rockefeller has developed into a past master in the art of giving. But he is broad enough to value and heed advice from specialists, so he has hired some of the best brains in the country to help him decide what enterprises promise results and human profit, and what do not. Mr. Rockefeller came to my rescue by matching Mr. Ford's contribution.

The thing that astonished me about these men, as well as others of their class with whom I have come in contact, is the wide disparity between the public's picture of them and the men themselves. Take the young Mr. Rockefeller. Even fiction writers are chary about giving their heroes such a fortune as the Rockefeller estate. To the average man this wealth suggests a sort of Sybaritic solitude, full of gilded joys made sweet by a quintessence of ease. In contrast, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., slaves away daily just about like any other business man. He isn't working at making money, but at the far more difficult task of supervising its spending. He is an excellent speaker. And his athletic prowess, on which any man can build a sane philosophy, he probably prizes higher than his fortune.

As the day of my departure north approached once more, I saw my liabilities outdistancing my assets. Perhaps there is

(Continued on Page 36)



Next Week—

An advertisement of more than ordinary interest to the public and the automobile trade will appear in this and other publications.

Detroit, Michigan
December 31, 1927

(Continued from Page 34)

something in telepathy, for about this time Vincent Astor sent for me and wanted to know how I was coming along.

"I'm worried about your finances," he said, throwing down the guard that all rich men must wear.

He offered to go on my note for any amount that I needed, asking no more than my signature. It was a strong temptation to accept. If things broke right in the north I should have no difficulty repaying the loan. But I admitted that my name had nothing back of it now that the expedition was already in debt. As with Edsel Ford, I further explained that a crash on our take-off in Spitzbergen would likely precipitate bankruptcy proceedings when we came back.

"What difference does that make?" he asked. "I'm simply betting on you, am I not?"

Again I saw how quickly and completely a big man can make up his mind on occasion.

Nine men and one woman subscribed for my polar flight. I know that all gave for unselfish reasons; but some went so far as to refuse to let me even publish their names in connection with the enterprise.

I remember paying a call of pure courtesy on a rich citizen of Virginian descent two months before we sailed north. As I got up to leave he said quite unexpectedly:

"Byrd, I want to donate something to your expedition. But I will do it only on the condition that you do not mention me."

It pleases me, now that I am free from my promise, to reveal this public-spirited man as Peter Winchester Rouss, of New York.

Another gentleman exclaimed: "I will not give you one cent to help you go to the North Pole and break your neck!" Then, after letting these words sink in for a few moments, he added, with a twinkle in his eye: "But if there happens to be a deficit when you get back just let me know and maybe I can help."

That was my friend Van Lear Black, of Baltimore, who, after worrying about the perils I should face, has since flown more than 50,000 miles, including his well-known air jaunt of 20,000 miles from Holland to Batavia and back.

Debts Before and After

I recall one night lecturing in Washington before the Massachusetts Society of the District of Columbia. To my surprise Congressman Louis Frothingham, of Massachusetts, hurried up and insisted that I let him give something toward my new adventure, as he put it.

There is more than altruism in that sort of enthusiasm. I think it reveals a little of the love of romance lurking in the hearts of most people, far beneath the sleek enamel of civilization.

This fund raising goes on generally until the day of departure, for the explorer nearly always leaves with a deficit facing him. When I left on our North Pole expedition I had a deficit of nearly $30,000, which, before our expedition was disorganized, swelled to nearly $40,000. The Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile expedition had a much larger deficit after the flight of the Norge. Wilkins is writing and lecturing to make good the debts incurred on his last Arctic expedition.

Peary returned from his first expedition with a deficit. To pay off his debts he went on a lecture tour, giving 168 lectures in 96 days, and had enough funds left over to help finance his next expedition. Peary told some of his friends that he had never made a trip that was harder on him than this one.

When sailing day finally came the expedition was only partially built by the dollars that had passed through my bank account from the hands of generous friends. For instance, we had procured the 3500-ton steamer Chantier for the charter price of one dollar a year so long as we should need her. Armour & Co. gave us meat. The Pioneer Instrument Co. gave us instruments and experts. The Weather Bureau sent along William Haines, one of its most experienced meteorologists. Johns Hopkins University loaned us Dr. Daniel O'Brien, as agreeable as he was able. The Wright Aeronautical Company donated Doc Kincaid, noted last summer for having nursed the engines of all three planes that succeeded in flying the Atlantic. Of the fifty-one men on the ship, I paid only five their accustomed salaries. This shows in some measure the untrammeled eagerness behind such a venture.

Indeed, the success of my North Pole expedition was due far more to the patriotism, unselfishness and loyalty of a great many people than to any peculiar competence on the part of Bennett and me, who simply had the divine privilege of riding the winning horse. A dozen times the half hundred volunteers with me, by super-human effort up in the bitter weather of the Arctic, saved the day for Bennett and me. I believe this wide diffusion of indispensable support is one of the chief peculiarities of a modern exp- tion.

In the Public Service

I am now preparing for my forthcoming voyage to the Antarctic. I propose to leave New York in September, 1928, and, if possible, fly across the South Pole in the season of '28-'29 or '29-'30.

Few people seem to realize that one in my position has to support his family in between times. His mail is mountainous, yet he must bear the secretarial expense of handling it. And he is considered high-hat if he does not answer promptly and satisfactorily everything from a demand for an autograph to an application for membership in his next expedition, both of which come in daily by the hundred. Telegrams become a prodigious item of expense as time passes.

Then there is the so-called public service which the hard-working explorer is called upon to shoulder. This includes being present at innumerable ceremonies, many of which have not the remotest connection with him or his work; charities, conventions, civic drives, political shindigs and scores of other kinds of logrolling.

At all times he is being called upon to use his nicest judgment about accepting business offers. One offer would have given me $5000 a week to talk at a string of moving-picture theaters for fifteen minutes every time my polar picture was shown. Some of my enterprising friends urged me to send our North Pole plane around the country, taking up passengers at ten dollars a head. Since we could have held ten at a time, that meant a profit of almost $100 every ten minutes, or close to $10,000 a day. That was most tempting, but had we done that we would have been commercializing our expedition in such a way that we would have defeated one of our main purposes, which was to help aviation. Instead, we chose to arrange with the Department of Commerce and the Guggenheim Fund for a tour around the country on behalf of aviation. Bennett piloted the plane to forty-four cities in the same way Lindbergh so successfully did last summer. Bennett's batting average was high, not missing a single engagement on his list. I talked on aviation in more than fifty cities. Had we commercialized the expedition instead of doing this, we would not have been worthy of support.

I find it a toss-up as to whether the explorer has a harder time with his complications before or after an expedition. It is a heavy strain to get ready; but the aftermath of a successful trip is in some ways worse. Crossing the Polar Sea and the Atlantic were fatiguing flights. Yet both times I had to get busy the moment I landed and write long articles for syndicates that had bought my story of the flights. When civilization is reached there springs up an unavoidable round of social engagements. At such periods only the hours between midnight and three A.M are available for answering wires and cables, drafting instructions to personnel, making important decisions of policy, considering invitations and attending to innumerable other items of business. I have averaged only three or four hours of sleep a night after both my polar and Atlantic flights, despite the fact that I have never felt so much the need of rest as I did at those times.

The legacy of troubles bred in days like these is a long one. I am still receiving bills which came out of the confusion of our North Pole flight.

"Of course a reporter wrote your story, didn't he?" so many people say to me.

Frankly I don't believe in having someone else write one's statements to the newspapers. Occasionally it can't be helped. After our landing at Ver-sur-Mer, when I had had a total of only about two hours sleep over three days and three nights, I found myself under contract to produce copy for the papers. Pure physical exhaustion and an official delegation from Paris led me to dictate my first installment to a journalist. I did not see his version until I returned on the Leviathan. It was well done and, in the main, true. But had I written it myself I should not have repeatedly declared, as the reporter did, during my flight that I was completely lost. We weren't. While over the ocean, three hours before we reached France, we knew our position and course very exactly. When we found Paris smothered in fog we were able to navigate back to the coast, the only place we could make a safe landing and save our lives. A small point in the layman's mind, but a vital one in the aeronautical record.

Yet an explorer must live up to his press contracts or forfeit his profit, the lifeblood of his expedition.

Lecturing is a vastly overrated way of raising money for explorations. It is the most trying work I know. With its one-night stands, receptions, banquets, irregular hours, disordered régime, long periods of standing and general nervous strain, it can well break the strongest man in a few months. In addition to all this, the active explorer is generally carrying on much correspondence in connection with the preparation for his next expedition.

The Goal for Girls

The order of the lecturer's day is fairly similar in each city. Usually he is met by a delegation of friendly citizens. Luncheon that is really a daylight banquet follows. There are speeches of welcome, culminating in an address by the distinguished visitor. Sights of the city come next—a vague method of pseudo entertainment that may mean anything from a series of cocktail parties to a hundred-mile motor trip over the local parkways. Often there is an afternoon reception, engineered by the ladies. Then the big banquet and lecture of the evening. The explorer is lucky if he gets back to his hotel by midnight and is free to plunge into the pile of telegrams, letters and long-distance telephone calls awaiting him.

My attitude may seem captious and ungrateful. But I am only trying to give a dispassionate picture of what men in my position go through. In fact I find that, when fully aroused, the generosity and hospitality, the civic pride and the innate kindness of the average American city transcend those of any race or nation in the world. I have felt humble and grateful for the wonderful kindness and hospitality I have received.

Another thing, I do not by any means accept the warm applause that so often greets me and my men as a personal tribute to ourselves and our exploits. I believe that intrinsically the cheering is for America's young manhood and her splendid greatness, and that for the moment only we merely symbolize that youth and greatness just as does the flag.

Just when the explorer is trying his best to be a hard-boiled business man and get the threads of his mountainous debts unraveled, he often finds himself tangled up in an altogether new set of complications which I believe the average business man is rarely called upon to face. I mean personalities—personalities of men and of women; of men and women who write letters; of men and women who want to give money; of men and women who compose audiences, and so on.

For example, each audience has its own personality. One of the warmest I ever faced was that collected by the Junior League in conservative Boston. One of my coldest was in New Orleans; I am a Southerner too. One audience will have little sense of humor, another a lot. Some are serious and detached, others are gay and responsive. The speaker must guard against succumbing to the mass mood of those who face him.

School children are irresistibly enthusiastic. Thousands of my letters are from boys and girls in their teens. Yesterday came a letter from a young African boy, fifteen years old, who had just learned to write English.

"I will be ever grateful," he said, "to you if you will take me out of the darkness."

I suppose he meant help educate him—one in hundreds of such requests.

In this connection it is significant that girls outnumbered the boys ten to one in asking to go on my Atlantic flight, whereas applications for the South Pole come in now at a rate of twenty boys to one girl. Looks as if the girls want to keep warm—or else get to Paris—doesn't it?

The Eternal Question

Probably the most personal, surely the most insistent thing that keeps cropping up through all the explorer's business, through all his lecturing and writing, amid all his money gathering and on all his travels, is a question. Strange to say, this question is unanswerable. No, let me modify that: it is not satisfactorily answerable to the average person. This question is:

What is the sense of Arctic exploration anyway?

And the more the questioner knows about this question, the harder it is to answer. But let me frame my own reply:

The Antarctic continent, my next destination, is roughly the size of Australia and Europe combined. It is a huge high plateau, most of which appears to be covered by a vast ice sheet. Save on a tiny fringe at one or two spots where seals and penguins abound, this white wilderness is, so far as we know, lifeless as space and nearly as cold.

It does at first sight seem unreasonable to spend large sums of money and face great hazards in order to know more about so uninviting a part of the world. The only thing its exploration can promise is a tithe of abstract scientific information, though our expedition will be purely a scientific one.

What then is the good of adding to man's store of abstract knowledge?

The answer to this must come ultimately in material results, if at all. For example, as a result of centuries of apparently aimless research we now have the telephone, the telegraph, radio, airplanes, anæsthesia, antitoxin, illuminating gas, electric lights, X rays, automobiles and a thousand other devices that make life safer and happier. Every one came suddenly and seemed to be the work of an inspired inventor. But that was not true. Each was the culmination of generations of plodding abstract inquiry into the unknown, and more often than not the inquirer was jeered or feared for being a necromancer.

Arctic exploration is just such inquiry after abstract knowledge. We anticipate no immediate gain, unless it is from our meteorological investigations, no application of our discoveries to commerce. The expedition's scientists can perhaps only unfold something of the past. Our justifiable incentive is that we shall add to man's store of knowledge in the abstract if only by gazing upon and mapping a portion of the 4,000,000 square miles of Antarctic territory as yet unseen by human eye.

Soap *and* Water *can't harm these new* Low-priced rugs

Armstrong's
Quaker-Felt Rug No. 4562
Room sizes 6 x 9-ft. to 9 x 12-ft.

"Accolac" a special lacquer finish protects the beautiful designs from the wear and tear of daily use . . . It defies soap and water . . . . . .

NO more heavy sweeping. No more rug beating. Just a quick going-over with a damp mop and . . . presto! your rugs are bright again, new-looking. That's just a hint of the housekeeping advantages Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs now offer to every home.

Dirt can't grind down into the surface of these new rugs. For "Accolac," a special rug lacquer, covers every square inch, protects the design with a wear-resisting film. This "Accolac" surface even defies soap and water.

The body material, too, of every Quaker-Felt Rug has been specially treated to withstand hard wear. It is made of heavy waterproof felt. Over this the design is printed in clear-toned, enduring oil colors. Even the back of the rug is protected with waterproof paint.

The designs themselves are new and colorful. In fact, when you see them at good department and furniture stores you may think they cost more than you can afford. Yet . . . even the large 9 x 12-ft. size costs no more than you pay for a good pair of shoes.

"Rich Beauty at Low Cost," a new booklet, brings you the whole thrift story. It's free. Just address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pa.

Quaker-Felt, with the "Accolac" surface, also comes by-the-yard in 6-ft. and 9-ft. widths —20 new, attractive designs to choose from.

A brand-new rug free if the one you buy proves unsatisfactory. This is the guarantee you will find on the face of Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs. Look for it.

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF (A) ARMSTRONGS LINOLEUM

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

Continued from Page 19

He picked out a couple of pairs of his nicest silk pajamas, some of his finest linen and socks and a suit of clothes. He knew the suit would not fit Oliver, but it would do for a time. Abdul could take him in it to be measured at the tailor's and to get shoes and a hat. When the things were packed he told Abdul to take the bag to the apartment, but to do his marketing on the way.

"You go back live there?" asked Abdul sadly.

"No. I tell you plenty trouble and you might as well make up your mind you've got to go through with it. I have a friend, a blind man. You're going to look after him for a while."

Once Abdul laid eyes on Oliver his whole manner changed. He did not become gay, but he saw that here was a man, a white man and a gentleman, who needed serious attention. He became absorbed in giving Oliver a bath, shaving him, rubbing down his emaciated body and dressing him as smartly as possible. Tappen's linen served excellently, but the trousers of the suit were six inches too short and the coat hung loosely, almost in folds.

"Do you know a good tailor around here, Abdul?" asked Tappen.

"Yes, master. Tailor around corner. Plenty good man."

"You can take him there the first time he goes out and have him measured for a couple of suits. Let him feel the stuff and pick out what he wants, but don't show him anything but grays and browns. Get him some good shoes, very comfortable, and a hat. Here's the money."

Abdul's face glowed with satisfaction. Next to having clothes made for himself, he knew no greater pleasure than ordering them for somebody else.

Already his master's guest was transformed, but Abdul looked forward to producing those finishing touches which would make him reflect still greater honor on his attendant.

"You told me your name," said Oliver to Tappen, "but I've forgotten it."

"Tappen—Cornell Tappen, and this boy who is going to look after you is a Swahili named Abdul. He doesn't talk much, but he'll understand everything you say to him."

"That's very nice," said Oliver, frowning. "But who's paying for all this?"

"Come over here and I'll tell you," said Tappen, taking him by the arm and leading him to the small couch which still stood before the open window. He went on to explain exactly where they were. "You're three stories up and sitting in front of a window with an iron balcony."

"I know. The window is wide open. I can feel the air, and the sun on my feet and knees."

"There's a tremendous view," continued Tappen. "Tree tops right under you, hiding the river, and on the other side miles and miles of roofs, all the way to the horizon."

"That's great. I'm glad you told me, but ——"

"I'm coming to that," interrupted Tappen. "You're paying for everything yourself. There's a lot of bonus, compensation and back allowances due you. There's no reason for you to worry from now on."

Oliver's brow cleared at once and a look of profound peace settled in his face. "It was certainly a bit of luck, your finding me," he said with a contented sigh.

"It wasn't I who found you," corrected Tappen. "I had seen you dozens of times without ever dreaming you were English. It was Paula."

"Ah, yes—Paula Newcombe."

"She isn't Paula Newcombe any more," said Tappen, after a long pause. "She's my wife."

"Who was that came into the room?" asked Oliver.

Tappen turned and saw Paula standing in the door. She was very erect, but her face, always pale, seemed abnormally white. It made her eyes look enormous.

"It's Paula," said Tappen, rising. "I'll go out for a while and let you have a good talk with her."

She stood aside to let him pass and then walked forward steadily, took his place on the couch and laid her hand on Oliver's. Her lips parted, but she found she had nothing to say. A look of fright was creeping into her eyes, but it retreated as soon as Oliver spoke, he was so completely at ease.

"Well, Paula, this is certainly a bit of all right."

"I'm so glad, John, for—for you."

"A sort of glorious dream," he continued. "Never thought I'd feel like this again."

"You've been living in a nightmare, haven't you?"

"No; oh, no. Very comfortable, but nothing like this. Everybody was frightfully kind, of course, but not at all like this. What a tub that blighter Abdul gave me! Boiled me. Scrubbed till it hurt. Feel my hand. Pretty clean, eh?"

"Yes, it's very clean."

"I'm that way all over. And the breakfast on the way here with that friend of yours! What's his name? Tappen—Cornell Tappen. Fine chap, Tappen."

"He's not only my friend, John. We're—we're married."

"So he told me. Asked for bacon and eggs and he got 'em. Tea, too. The tea wasn't so awfully good, but it was tea. Then there was marmalade and toast—long slivers of toast. Made a hog of myself, but he didn't seem to mind. I feel bloated—as if I'd stretched the old tum-tum."

"You need a lot of food. You're terribly thin."

"Food, air and talk. Lots of air. Haven't had much air for years, and no talk—none whatever. Noise, of course. Plenty of noise at Berthe la Fine's. Jabber, jabber every night, but no talk. Played with the children. Fine kiddies, but not very clean. All in one room, you know. Very awkward at times—positively nasty. But Berthe's all right. Always kind to me."

"How did you come to go there?"

He had been talking rapidly, but now he seemed at a loss and the placid look passed out of his face. "That's strange," he muttered, frowning. "I don't know. I actually can't remember."

"You'd been wandering around for a long time, hadn't you?"

"Yes; ever since I left you. Didn't play the game with you, old dear. Knew it all the time. Knew I should have waited until we could have had a pucka marriage. My fault—all my fault."

She caught her breath. "But, John, after that, where did you go? What happened?" He shook his head slowly from side to side. "You—you weren't blind then, you know."

"That's so." His frown deepened. "I don't believe I was."

"How did it happen?"

"Can't say. All I know, I was thinking I hadn't quite played the game, and then I was blind and miserable and I've been that way ever since. I tell you nothing has happened from the time I left you—nothing at all. Lots of jabbering, first one sort and then another."

"German?"

"Perhaps. Couldn't say, really."

"Were you a prisoner?"

"No; I don't remember ever being locked up exactly. Always could get up and go, and I always did. Always moving about, you know, but nothing ever happened. I say it served me jolly well right. Dirty trick I played you, Paula. Everybody was doing it, but it was a dirty trick just the same."

His forehead was knotted so tightly that it changed the entire aspect of his face. The drawn skin and salient bones would have suggested a death's head if it had not been for a film of glistening sweat.

"Stop thinking about it," said Paula, tightening her hold on his hand.

"May I?"

"Of course. Forget it absolutely, or just remember that you never did anything unkind to me in your life—never. You see, I'm happy, John—deeply happy."

"You always were a plucked one," he said. A smile twitched the corners of his lips, but slipped back, too weak to gain a foothold. His forehead smoothed out, but his skin retained its unhealthy pallor. "You must have come a purler, but they couldn't keep you down. . . . Nice chap, Tappen."

"He's fine, John. You'll find it out more and more."

"Tell him?"

"Yes, I told him."

"Good girl." He closed his sightless eyes. "You're tired. I've tired you out."

"What wouldn't I give for a bed—a big bed!"

She called Abdul, and Tappen came in with him. They took Oliver into the next room and put him to bed. He fingered the cool sheets with a look of wonder, rubbed his cheek caressingly against the smooth pillow slip, spread his long legs wide, and worked his toes like a man in deep water trying to touch bottom. Suddenly all his body relaxed.

"This is a bit off the crisp," he murmured, and fell asleep.

He slept for twenty-four hours. Several times during the following morning Paula came in, and finally, frightened by the abnormal stillness of the sleeper, she went in search of Tappen.

He reassured her as soon as he laid eyes on Oliver.

"He's all right. It's the best thing could happen to him. Haven't you ever seen a baby asleep? Well, this is the same thing. I'll bet I could roll him all the way over without waking him."

"Don't talk so loud," whispered Paula. "Don't touch him. He used to be good-looking, but now he's different. He's beautiful."

"It's that head," said Tappen. "You wouldn't know he has a body."

"Yes. I don't think he knows it himself." She turned to leave the room, but as she reached the door she swayed and put out her hand to save herself. He caught up with her and started to help her. "Don't touch me, please."

"Paula, what's the matter, dear?"

She steadied herself on the back of a chair and gradually straightened. "Corny, am I doing the right thing?"

"Of course."

"Don't answer so quickly!" she cried, exasperated. "Can't you think with me for a moment, and not of me? Can't you try to see where I stand? Do you know what I've been going through for hours—ever since ——"

She choked on her words.

"I'm not altogether a fool," said Tappen. "At first you were panic-stricken. Then you jumped into feverish action, doing things with your hands, sweeping, dusting, trying to steady your brain. Then you appeared quite calm, matter-of-fact, apparently taking the thing as it came. But now —— Do you want me to tell you what's happening to you now?"

"No, I'll tell you," she said, abandoning the chair and facing him. "I'm beyond weighing things for myself. If you ask me to do it, I put John where he'll have every comfort, every attention, where I can visit him as one may always visit the sick, but where he'll be beyond touching our life together—yours and mine. I'll do it if you ask me—if you say it's right."

"If we could arrive at that easy solution," said Tappen, eying her steadily, "how you and I would despise each other!"

"I might have trusted you!" said Paula, her lips smiling and two spots of color showing in her cheeks. "I think, Corny, perhaps you and I have stepped back a few years together. We're—we're not only remembering the war."

XII

A RATHER pitiful letter from Joan awoke Paula with a start to the necessity of ordering her life anew. At the first flush the easiest solution seemed to be to send for her parents and the child, but the house in the Rue Singer could not accommodate such a large family with any degree of comfort. Besides, Joan had been spoiled; she was clamoring for Abdul.

"Aren't there some interesting events about due in the millinery world?" asked Tappen.

"Yes," said Paula, rather bewildered. "There are the autumn showings. Why?"

"Write a note about them to your mother. You'll want the car, so I'll go up by train tomorrow and send her down with your father. You can't have Joan around."

"You wouldn't mind, Corny?"

"I'd like it. Joan and I will have a great time together. I'll warrant you she'll forget to miss Abdul before the week is out."

"I would like to go too," said Paula slowly, "but you realize I can't, don't you?"

"I realize that both of us can't leave him at the same time. It would be brutal. Don't forget to invent a class in something or other that will give you a couple of hours a day to yourself—a couple of hours you can spend on him, I mean."

"Yes, I'll have to do something like that. But be sure you get father to come. I couldn't leave mother if she were all alone."

The next afternoon found him back at Nuits-St.-Georges, and he was glad to be there. The reappearance of John Oliver had dealt him a shrewd blow. He felt no jealous envy of a man who was all head and no body, but he had a sense of sudden loss. There are more ways than one by which a man may be robbed of his wife. The return of the soldier who had been missing for nine years had seemed so improbable that it was the one eventuality for which he had not planned and Paula had not been prepared. It was the chance they had both declared they were willing to take, and having come to that decision, they had felt as if the risk had been disposed of in some definite manner. Now he saw how totally it had been ignored and that they stood in the shadow of impending complications.

It was an easy matter to persuade Paula's mother to exchange the château for Paris, but Mr. Newcombe had to be pried loose from the tendrils he had already managed to fasten on the life about him. Never before had he had the sense of being part and fiber of an integral community. Here was a town, not much more than an overgrown village. Yet if you could roll it up carefully and unroll it on some other world, it would not know it had been moved. That was independence, and Mr. Newcombe had the intelligence to see it. Chivalry in its mildest but most persistent form forced him to leave his researches and escort his wife to the city. It was enough that Tappen seemed horror-stricken at the thought of her going alone.

As a great treat, Joan was allowed to go to see them off at Dijon, where they could take the express. On the way back she cuddled up against Tappen and he thought she was about to wheedle him into promising the speedy return of her mother, or Abdul, or both.

How he misjudged her! How far he fell short of measuring her quality, capacity and stature! She had been born to decent breeding, and on that stock had been grafted the charming flower of the French intention to please your man. "Oh, Corny," she whispered, "isn't it wonderful to be alone for a while—just the two of us?"

He gasped, which only made his assertion, "It's great, Joan," all the more impressive. "Look," he cried, as they drew

(Continued on Page 43)

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Don't be lulled into *false* security *by* the weather

Science proves cold weather no protection for baby's food. Without safe refrigeration food spoils and health is menaced in winter as in summer

U.S. *Weather Bureau Survey shows vital need of Frigidaire throughout the year*

Cold weather, all too often, lulls us into false security. And we are led to depend on outdoor temperature to keep foods properly from fall till spring. Thus, in some homes, even baby's food is intrusted to the vagaries of winter weather! But a recent U. S. Weather Survey proves the folly of this method. Out of the average year, this survey shows, there are but 19 days when the weather is suitable for safe refrigeration. During the remaining 346 days, food spoilage is a constant menace unless proper safeguards are provided.

Thus old, makeshift methods of refrigeration—the window box, the cellar store-room, "outdoor" refrigerators—are all frowned upon. Health authorities urge that food be *safely* kept in a constant cold-storage temperature, as with Frigidaire. In Frigidaire's clean, dry atmosphere, food stays fresh and wholesome 4 to 5 times longer. The dangers of contamination are avoided.

Protects the Purse Strings, Too!

Aside from all-important health protection, Frigidaire saves money far beyond its cost. Also, it costs far less than ice refrigeration. To verify this fact we sought the verdicts of some 10,000 users. In many cases, savings were far above the average mark—sometimes, it is true, they were less. But from carefully tabulated records, the average yearly saving reached the amazing sum of $105.36, *over and above all operating costs!* There's no ice to buy with Frigidaire. No waste of food. No spoilage. Hence, these savings. One day, a pint of cream. Another day, a grapefruit or an orange. Left-over meats, etc. These savings, in the aggregate, reach astounding totals.

Leads the Field. Yet Undersells It

Yet, size for size, Frigidaire costs less than any other electric refrigerator nationally distributed. We combine General Motors' purchasing power with huge production. The savings thus achieved are passed along to you in the form of lower prices. And today there are more Frigidaires in use than all other makes.

Small Deposit. Terms to Suit

Call at the nearest Frigidaire Display Room. Choose the Frigidaire that suits you best. A small deposit puts it in your home. The balance? Easy terms arranged to suit your purse as well as Frigidaire will suit your kitchen. So don't delay.

FREE BOOKS. Write Today

Two books are offered free. One tells easy ways to make frozen salads and desserts. The other reproduces interesting letters from Frigidaire owners. Both books are well worth reading. Write for them today.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
Dept. B-1023, Dayton, Ohio
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation

Only $180 *f. o. b. Dayton*

A complete Frigidaire, all ready to plug into any convenient electric outlet, at the lowest price in Frigidaire history. Larger models correspondingly inexpensive.

SIZE FOR SIZE, FRIGIDAIRE COSTS LESS THAN ANY OTHER ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR NATIONALLY DISTRIBUTED

The Favorite

Personal Car

with thousands of big car owners

You would be astonished to know how many owners of two or more cars leave their larger cars at home, to drive the Essex; for they sacrifice no comfort or performance their larger cars can give, and they enjoy definite advantages in driving ease and handling.

And these same advantages appeal to every owner, no matter what his previous car experience. Essex ownership is a progressive discovery of satisfactions and enjoyments that grow with possession and of which performance is but an item.

Essex is engineered and balanced to a riding ease that seems to erase the ruts and ripples of the road, and operation ease is so simple and effortless that the lightest gesture controls it.

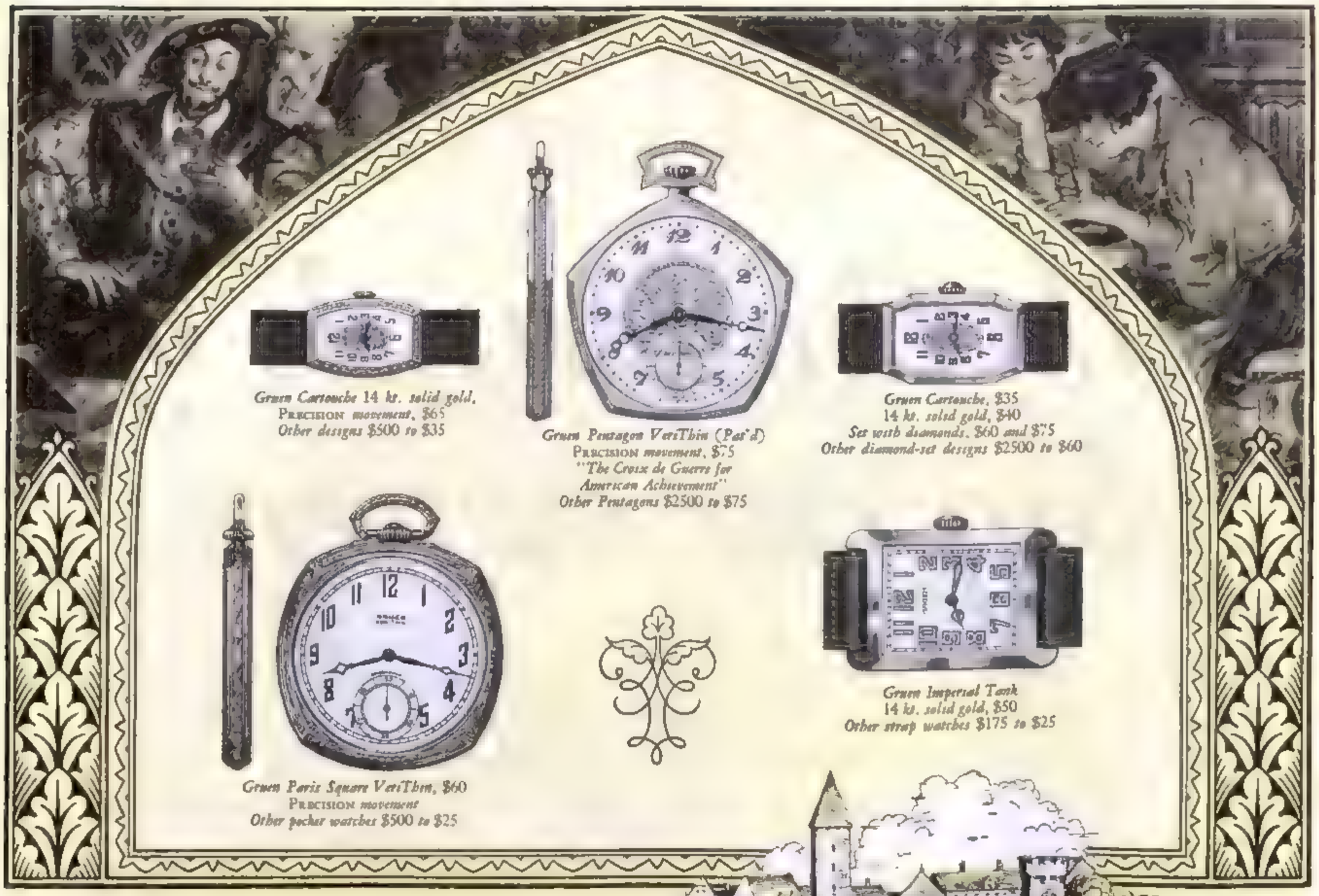
The Essex Super-Six high-compression motor converts waste heat to power, developing more than 2½ times the power its size ordinarily rates it.

In performance brilliancy it achieves a new high mark even for Essex.

2-passenger Speedabout, $700 • 4-passenger Speedster, $835 • Coach, $735 • Coupe, $735 • Sedan, $835

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

ESSEX SuperSix



Gruen Cartouche 14 *kt. solid gold,*
PRECISION *movement,* $65
Other designs $500 *to* $35

Gruen Pentagon VeriThin (Pat'd)
PRECISION *movement,* $75
"The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement"
Other Pentagons $2500 *to* $75

Gruen Cartouche, $35
14 *kt. solid gold,* $40
Set with diamonds, $60 *and* $75
Other diamond-set designs $2500 *to* $60

Gruen Imperial Tank
14 *kt. solid gold,* $50
Other strap watches $175 *to* $25

Gruen Paris Square VeriThin, $60
PRECISION *movement*
Other pocket watches $500 *to* $25

From the windows of the Gruen Guild's European workshops in Biel, Switzerland, the modern craftsman looks down upon many a relic of the Middle Ages. Here is shown part of the original wall that once fortified the town

What better use *for the money you got at Christmas?*

How do you look upon that check you received from some beloved person this Christmas?

Is it to become so much currency, to be spent here and there, as accident may dictate?

Or is it to be devoted to the purchase of one particular thing, hereafter to serve as a definite token of the giver's affection and good wishes?

Surely, the latter is the more worthy use! And properly to fulfill its purpose, the article you select should have two qualities above all.

First, it should be something that will last and be useful for many years. Second, it should be something that will be shown with pride wherever you go.

A Gruen Guild Watch! Meeting a genuine daily need. Yet far removed from the ordinary. To be worn everywhere, because it can not be dispensed with. And everywhere to be shown with pride!

For every Gruen Guild Watch is the product of an art that is centuries old, carefully fashioned by a modern watchmakers' guild—workmen who have been brought together for the express purpose of upholding the traditions of that art in their purest form.

These men, with their inherited skill, and with the most advanced of modern methods and machinery at their disposal, are producing timekeepers that have long enjoyed an enviable prestige in America.

Above are pictured a few exquisite examples of Gruen Guild art. To see them, visit the Gruen jeweler nearest you, always one of the very best in your community. His store is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

He has many other Gruen Guild Watch creations to show you, in great variety and at a wide range of prices. You will surely find among them the timekeeper exactly suited to your needs—and one of which you will be proud to say to the giver of money, "This is your gift to me!"

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
Branches in various parts of the world
Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

* * *

Look for the mark PRECISION *on the dial*

Gruen Guild Watches

(Continued from Page 38)

near Nuits-St.-Georges, "they've begun to harvest the grapes."

He slowed down the station car, which he was driving himself, and brought it to a stop at the side of the road. Here, there and everywhere stretched the corrugated patches of the vineyards. Long lines of stunted stumpy grape standards in full summer leaf, waist high to a man. Clots of women in gray fustian, barred by varied aprons and with handkerchiefs of every color on their heads, bent over the vines. The topknots of busy children barely appeared. Huge horses, hitched to small-wheeled wagons with hogsheads on the low-swung bed, waited patiently. Men staggered under loaded panniers. Vines, earth, beast and man were drenched in that far-famed sunlight of the Côte d'Or which no synthesis of chemistry has ever been able to approach.

"Oh, I knew the vintage was coming," said Joan. She chuckled. "I've been stealing grapes for days."

"That's wrong," murmured Tappen indifferently; "very wrong indeed. I'm sure they would give you all you want."

"Of course they would," said Joan. "There are loads on the sideboard. Let them rot."

That woke him and he laughed aloud. "You're a precious child, Joan."

She was all animation to meet his mood. She twisted around and locked her hands on his arms, her head thrown back. "Let's get out and help them. Shall we? Come on, Corny!"

"Great!"

He jumped out, caught her under the elbows and swung her across the ditch. They raced along parallel ruts to the nearest group of harvesters, demanded a pannier between them and got it. Children trilled a welcome to Joan, but were shyly subdued at the sight of Tappen. A woman, a friend of Tine's, broke into voluble protestations and uttered a cry as the first stain showed on Joan's frock. She tore off her apron, folded it, and still covered Joan's front from neck to ankles.

The peasants were shocked, jolted out of the stride of immemorial custom. Those who lived in the great house as masters had certain duties of benevolence, but also certain restrictions of dignity. They were supposed, for instance, never to be seen walking outside their own extensive grounds. Who knows where that prejudice originated? Perhaps from the implication that an estate was small and mean if its pleasances could not meet the requirements of its owners.

Of course these same peasants had been shocked before. Things had changed. The chatelaine had been queer enough, but here was m'sieur, ready to bend his back under a laden pannier! Rumor had it that he had worked with plasterer, mason and plumber, but that had been within the limits of the château and could be put down as a hobby along with the king who had fancied himself as a blacksmith. This genuine democracy of the heart did not appeal to them at all. They disliked it profoundly, but showed no sign beyond an acid touch to their laughter. Happily it was imperceptible to Tappen and Joan, who were enjoying themselves tremendously.

Gay hours, wet with the honey of the grapes, sweet with their fragrance. Tappen worked fast, but never failed to compliment Joan on her speed. As soon as the pannier was filled he would shoulder it, carry it to the nearest cart, dump it and start back. It was here that he would pause, arrested by the subtle beauty of an old and settled world. Memories of Africa rolled up like billows, as if to shake this inconspicuous peace. He tried to shed them with a quivering shrug of his shoulders, a movement like the ineffectual quivering of the withers of a horse under a swarm of flies. Was he really here—and happy? Where was he going? Where was Paula? She was sitting in their window, giving comfort and eyes to a beautiful head and no body. She was translating the street calls, wafted up from below. "China mended, porcelains made as new." Or now it would be that deeper, more authoritative cry: "Casks, wine casks, casks for sale."

"Corny! Do come!"

He hurried back to Joan. But with another basket filled and dumped, he would forget, and stand again and dream. Banished the troubling vision of Paula and Oliver, gone the vague threat of Paula's parents, hanging like twin clouds above a misty horizon. He was alive. He breathed a perfumed air. He beheld the sheer beauty of the naked world. Just the physical world itself, stripped of all the excrescences of emotion, secure behind the play of jealousy, hatred, bigotry and human grief. Why suffer? Why be a fool? Twin questions those two, like the far-away clouds above the veiled edge of the visible earth.

This time it was no impatient cry but silence that startled him into action. Where was Joan? Nowhere in sight. He hastened back, to find her sound asleep, curled up on an apron in the shade between two tufted vines, another apron rolled up and placed for a pillow beneath her amber head. He gathered her in his arms without waking her, murmured his farewells and carried her toward the car. She was like lead from exhaustion, but a smile was on her lips, dotted with tiny glistering globules of perspiration. Her eyes were only half closed and gave him a fright as he glanced down at her. Was she really awake? Then she opened them and he perceived the vast difference. But she did not speak; she was still too sleepy. He propped her in the seat against his shoulder, drove home and delivered her to a wordless though outraged Tine.

Busy days, followed by soundless nights. The drowsy air, rising hot from the humid earth, but broken and cooled by a lazy, vagrant breeze. The wide distances of the rolling sward against the crowded intimacy of cottage, lodge, sheds, byre and stable. The creaking of the high-wheeled wains, the rattle of the low-wheeled carts. Laughter, far away, rising like a bird to the sky, and falling.

"Some woman getting kissed," remarked Joan with distaste.

"Why, what do you mean?" demanded Tappen severely.

She looked up at him, surprised. "You don't know? When a woman or a girl leaves a bunch of grapes on a picked vine the man who finds it has the right to kiss her. She runs, but he always catches her, and then they all laugh. Really, Corny, didn't you know that?"

"No, I didn't. You've taught me something."

"I know a lot of things."

"Tell me some more."

"The white wine goes straight through the presses, and no matter how red the grapes are, it's always white."

"Not really!"

"Yes."

"Then what makes red wine?"

"That's when they put the grapes in the big vat and let them stay for seven days before they press."

"I should think they'd spoil."

"Of course they do, silly. The big vat is in the *cave* and little girls aren't allowed to go there, nor big women either."

"Why not?"

"Because when the grapes are dumped two of the men get naked and walk round and round to mash them down. They do it twice a day."

"I hope they take a bath before they begin."

"Not before, Corny. What would be the use of that? They wash their legs after they come out, of course."

"Look here, are you trying to spoil my wine for me?"

"Now you are silly. You don't even know that the wine cleans itself. It sends up every bit of dirt, even the teeny-weeny little bits you can't even see, and they take the dirt away. That's why wine is cleaner than water. Water is full of bugs."

"You certainly know a lot," said Tappen admiringly. "Who taught you?"

"Tine. She knows everything, but she won't always tell."

"No?"

"No. She says every cow must keep some milk for its own calf."

"That seems only fair," said Tappen judicially. "What shall we do now? Go for a ride?"

With the aid of the pony she could run his legs off, but his eyes never tired of watching her, nor his ears of listening to the careful diction of her quaintly sophisticated speech. He had told her grandfather she was like champagne, and now, after days of her sole companionship, he could not better the phrase. She bubbled, shone and flashed in the sunlight, glowed in shadow, and would some day go to a man's head.

It was in the evenings, after she had gone to bed, that he had to fight off a host of blue demons, unrecognizable at first because they were of a species new to his experience. In the low veldt he had felt lonely for years at a time, but this was not loneliness. It was something essentially different and yet the same. It was decidedly puzzling to feel that your life was particularly full and you yourself distressingly empty. It was like drinking from a brimming goblet and having the wine stop short of your parched throat. Then he discovered it was Paula alone whom he missed. He missed her like the devil.

But what could he do about it? He could not even whine, for he had the château and Joan and billowing fields, the rustle of leaves about his feet when he walked, the pungent odor of the forest in his nostrils, the harvest sun of the Côte d'Or, a whopping appetite and Tine to cook his dinner.

Hang that against nine years of Africa! Or even against Paula in Paris, harassed by her parents on one side and John Oliver on the other, bending her mind once more to keeping her left hand from knowing what her right was doing.

He could see Mr. Newcombe, nervously at a loss in the midst of so many things he would not permit himself to do, pottering about after a needlessly early breakfast, reading the paper, going to the window and coming back, getting his hat, going halfway to the door and coming back. He could hear him say despairingly, "Paula dear, what do you suggest for today?"

But what he could not hear, being a man, was Mrs. Newcombe's voice cutting in, modulated, gentle, well-bred, but indescribably tenacious: "Do you know, Paula, I think I'll take the *voile noir*, after all. I was lying awake thinking about it. It does hang rather close, but it's black, and you said it wouldn't look a bit too young. Would it be a lot of trouble just to telephone and have them change?"

"Not at all, mother. I'll see to it at once."

"I could go down this afternoon for another fitting." Pause. "Of course it would be nice if you could give up your—your lesson for this once."

There was the thrust, deadly by reason of its utter unexpectedness after so suave an opening. In such a juncture Tappen had called for aid on his quick wit, and it had helped him out. But Paula's defense was of another caliber. She had learned a better way than to waste time in measuring wits with any woman. Her lips set but twisted presently into a smile which was for herself alone. She knew her mother through and through. She smiled, because she knew what Tappen could by no possibility have guessed, and that was that Mrs. Newcombe was without conscious guile. Like many another, she was a prey to her own vice of curiosity without knowing she had a vice.

Negation was Paula's weapon—a smooth, blank wall of negation.

"I shall be occupied as usual this afternoon," she said, without particular emphasis. "I'll arrange for a fitting tomorrow morning."

She did not spend all of her hard-earned free moments with Oliver, for the habit of solitude is as hard to shake as any other. With the passage of time, fears had dwindled and the Allée des Cygnes had come back into its own. But now it was solace more than refuge. She would go slithering down the Rue Berton at a dangerous pace, and walk rapidly out on the bridge, along the full length of the promenade, and then back to the apartment through the stair which debouched so close to its door. Once she had entered, Abdul was free to go out to stroll where fancy led him.

Her hours with Oliver were not awkward, for they had developed a flavor all their own. She was happier here than with her parents, but it was a happiness altogether different from that she had experienced in this same setting with Tappen. It was a strange conjunction of sensations from which he was not altogether excluded. In fact, the moments when she was most at ease were exactly those which brought her the keenest sense of his lingering presence. She even caught herself trying to pass on to Oliver some of the gayety which was Tappen, some of his vital youth, of his philosophy of living hitched to a shrewd wit.

"You're very fond of him, aren't you?" said Oliver without envy.

He sat slumped in one end of the couch, his legs sprawled, his arms gangling, but his head incongruously erect. His blue eyes, beneath a high smooth forehead and thick waving hair, tossed back like a mane, stared unblinkingly at the sunlight. The pallor of his skin was startling, so startling that even custom could not dull the edge of its recurring surprise. It was a pallor that held and charmed the eye with its suggestion of a supreme withdrawal from the ordinary evidences of pulsing blood and bolstering flesh. His hands were fine, long fingered, thin and nervous.

"Yes, John, I love him. I don't know whether it makes you unhappy to know it, but I couldn't be here without telling you."

"Of course not." His brows knitted, but immediately smoothed out. He had a way of frowning after a thought, and looking all the more peaceful the moment he had caught up with it. "You know, Paula, old dear, I don't think that sort of thing worries me a lot. It certainly doesn't make me unhappy. I was just trying to think what would make me unhappy. Being dirty again, perhaps, or hungry." He smiled with his mouth only, and yet gave a faint impression of mischief. "Or having anything happen to this new suit of clothes."

"Oh, John," she protested, "you can always have another. You can have a dozen."

"It wouldn't be the same. That's the way with you women. You can't understand that a man can love an old hat, or a stick, or a suit of clothes, almost the way he loves a dog. Here—feel." He groped for her hand, caught it with her help and rubbed it along his thigh. "Isn't that jolly stuff?"

"Yes. It's rough and very handsome."

"I picked it out myself. Abdul took me around and gave me a heap of samples to choose from, but I picked it by the feel. I said 'This is what I want,' and the tailor told Abdul I'd chosen the finest bit of goods in the shop."

"Isn't there anything else you want, John?"

"Try to think of something I haven't got."

"You pass so many hours all by yourself. I thought perhaps I could hire some English girl, or some boy who is here studying and a bit hard up, to come and read to you."

"Oh, no; I don't think I'd care about books at all. I've got Abdul, you know. I can talk to him, and once in a while he comes back with an answer. He's got some surprising views, I can assure you—some that give me a good laugh, but would probably make you shirty."

"I hate that expression," said Paula.

"It means getting your goat in American," he explained placidly. "Then I sit here for hours waiting for you to come. The longer I have to wait, the bigger the thrill

(Continued on Page 46)

AUTOMOB
SHOW

When Buick *improves* upon Buick the standard for the year is set

MILLIONS will attend the great national Automobile Shows of 1928. And millions will leave them with two definite conclusions—

First—this year's cars mark a brilliant forward step in automotive manufacture. And second—rising head and shoulders above the crowd is Buick for 1928, with its smart, low-swung bodies by Fisher.

Nowhere in the Buick field will the millions find comparable luxury—because nowhere are there cars possessing such dashing lines, vivid color harmonies and magnificent upholsteries and appointments.

Nowhere will the millions find comparable engineering—because nowhere are there cars providing the advantages of Buick's famous Valve-in-Head six-cylinder engine, new and exclusive double-drop frame and built-in Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

Nowhere will the millions find comparable value—because nowhere is there a manufacturer combining the skill, facilities and money-saving volume production to achieve a similar blending of quality and economy.

This is the secret of Buick leadership. This is why more people buy Buicks than any other car having a base price above $525. This is why it is everlastingly true that when Buick improves upon Buick the standard for the year is set.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

BUICK *for* 1928

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick

(Continued from Page 43)

when you arrive. But it wouldn't work unless I were sure of you every day."

"That's something I wanted to talk to you about," said Paula, troubled. "I don't live in Paris all the time, John."

He thought the statement over. "You don't, eh? How far out?"

"A long way. About four hours by train."

"Yes, that's a long journey."

His face saddened by imperceptible degrees, like the slow fading of a northern twilight. She felt a sudden compunction, a stirring of the sources of remorse and compassion. She took one of his hands and leaned toward him. "You mustn't look like that. What if I sent Corny to take my place? Would it help?"

"Tappen?" asked Oliver, and she was startled at the abruptness with which his features became illumined.

"Yes; his name is Cornell and we call him Corny."

"That would be top hole," said Oliver, his lips curved in a wavering smile. "You see, he's a man," he continued apologetically, as if through his fingers he had sensed the tensing of her nerves. "I'd just as lief have you, old girl. You know that without telling, don't you?"

"Of course."

"But Tappen's a man, and that is different. He's just the sort of chap who talks my language. The lucky blighter's been in Africa. Did you know that? Years in Africa, and I only found it out through Abdul. Just wait till I get at him again!"

"I could go tomorrow," said Paula rather faintly, "and send him down the next day."

"Oh, no," said Oliver, feeling her hands nervously. "Don't let's rush things. I didn't mean he could take your place, old dear. I only meant it would be a change, and I could think of that and it would keep me from missing you too awfully much."

"I understand," she said truthfully.

They sat for a long time, talking of nothing in particular, but always talking, for Oliver had had his fill of silence. The plaintive horns of the taxicabs passing below called up at them interminably "Wah-ha-hoo! Wah-ha-hoo!" without distracting their attention; but when a street crier came along, Oliver would ask, "What's that one now? The chap that ends up with the funny tune on a fife?"

"'Rush worker, cane worker,' translated Paula; "'rush-bottom chairs!' And then the little tune. He mends chairs." Or it would be the man with a bell. "'Knives, scissors! Sharpen your knives! Scissors, knives!' Do you like that one?"

Oliver did not answer. He had fallen asleep.

She walked slowly back through the Rue Singer, laying her plans, wondering how Tappen would take to spending in town the time when she was at Nuits-St.-Georges. It would be awkward at best. She looked up as she drew near the house and saw her father standing in one of the windows, his hat on his head. He snatched it off as he caught sight of her, smiling rather foolishly. Poor man! What a bore the gayest of cities must be to him!

"Well, father," she asked, forcing herself to cheerfulness as she entered the cool drawing-room, "did Bazire take you and mother for your ride?"

"Yes, the usual thing, my dear. We did the Bois."

"Oh! I should have thought you would have had time to get out to St.-Germain at least. The natural forest is so lovely and so huge."

"It's too flat," said Mr. Newcombe in a tone that might have been taken to describe life in general. "Beautiful oaks," he added, as if deprecating his own lassitude. "Nothing finer in that line. But we just stayed in the Bois."

"Where's mother?"

"She's lying down for a bit."

Paula went to her mother's room and entered quietly for fear she might waken her, but Mrs. Newcombe was not asleep. Her eyes shone in the half light with unusual brilliance.

"Tired out, mother?"

"Not particularly. I couldn't think of anything else to do."

"I wish you and father would let me take you to the theater tonight."

"Hardly, my dear. Not again."

Paula did not press the point even to the extent of smiling. She knew to what her mother referred. The memory of her eloquent rigidity as she walked up the aisle away from the spectacle she had come to see, with her daughter and husband trailing after in flushed confusion, was a story Paula had been saving to tell Tappen. But already it had lost its edge of humor. Of no avail had it been to explain that every musical show in town, the only *genre* that her parents could hope to understand at all, was spiced with a certain degree of nudity. Mrs. Newcombe remained convinced that she had been initiated into the most ribald of the orgies of the pandering underworld.

"But, my dear," Mr. Newcombe had protested, "all you had to do was to close your eyes on that part of it."

She had stared at him in bewildered amazement. It had not occurred to her to come back with an obvious retort, far less to suspect him of having slipped from the standards he and she had shared together for thirty years, and before that with their parents and their parents' parents. What confused her was his suggestion that the ends of morality could be satisfied short of some visible profession of faith, however embarrassing to themselves or ridiculous to others.

It was this adamant conviction of a militant duty, veiled behind so pliable and mild an exterior, that had robbed the incident of all humor to Paula. She stood tapping the carpet with her foot, her eyes staring at the floor in helpless indecision.

"By the way, Paula, is Cornell in town?"

"Not that I know of," said Paula, looking up quickly. "Why?"

"I thought perhaps we were crowding him out of the house."

"What makes you think he's in the city, mother?"

"Oh, nothing, except that I thought I caught a glimpse of Abdul. But of course it could have been somebody else with a fez."

The decision Paula had been vaguely seeking rushed to meet her. "No, it was probably Abdul. He's here looking after a friend of Corny's and mine—a blind man."

She went to her room and wrote the letter which Tappen was to read and reread on the morning following the evening when he had visualized her as battered about between the devil and the deep blue sea. He had been right, she wrote—there was nothing else for it. She could not play a lone hand any longer. She missed him and the château. She needed Joan. She was coming as soon as she could prepare her parents and his friend—Cornell's friend—John Oliver for the change. It would be best to persuade Joan to move and put John on the ground floor, but she left that absolutely to Cornell's judgment.

Altogether an incoherent letter, but it was clear enough to Tappen. He could read behind it and see each step of the hard stair by which she had arrived at the point of his prediction. His feelings were mixed, but exultation predominated. She was coming back, and that was clear gain. On the other hand, the situation was rather piling up on itself. But at least it was no longer going to be scattered all over the map. It would be under their noses, where they could regard the whole heap at once with measuring eyes. That also was gain.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CORAL

(Continued from Page 4)

needed, more than anything else, to escape from herself. It would almost be a relief to have Zinc Bent knock her unconscious—Zinc or a quart of gin. Anyhow, she had tried the gin, but it merely increased her restlessness. It magnified her discontent. Coral examined herself realistically; she detested what she called emotion. Was this just another kind of nerves? A mood? "Am I really useless? Do I make sense?" A very fleeting humility touched her. Perhaps there was nothing in her to justify—well, marriage. She knew vaguely what the word inheritance meant, and it might well be that hers was incurably bad. It might be that nothing could save her from an entire life of restless excitement. "I may be poisonous," she reflected, more sunk than ever.

She didn't actually think so. She was, really, quite nice; in fact, her present realization showed that she was as nice as possible. Coral's arrogance slowly returned. She was getting older, that was all. She required more than an existence of eternal noise. The people who knew her best repeatedly said that she was a hard bargainer. She wanted to get everything that was possible from life—and give no more than was absolutely necessary in return. Men had been very decided, and often nasty, about that. It didn't, however, disturb her—she instinctively disapproved of generous women. She barred them as much as practicable from her familiar life. She could be extremely prudish, particularly with people in circumstances less socially impressive than her own; she dismissed affairs intimate to her with the hasty and unscrutinized term love. It was her bargaining spirit, Coral reflected, which had saved her from threatened disaster. As she thought of what, without it, she might have surrendered to, what with great ease could have happened, her painted mouth was pinched.

Martha Lenning was very late indeed; eight o'clock had definitely gone before she appeared.

"I'm bad," she told Coral, "but you're no better than insane. You haven't been anywhere and yet you're not dressed. It would be splendid if I had a cocktail."

Coral replied that anyone could see she didn't need one. "You've had enough. Sit down and be calm. We're not going out." Martha sat down, but there was an impatient protest in her voice. "Well, of course—you're just drunk. Have you forgotten about the Bents' and the dance at the Fallons'? You might come home after the Bents'; it wouldn't matter about the dance, but you have to go to dinner or you'll upset the tables afterward." Coral demanded, "What will happen if I do? Would you like me to tell you? Nothing. They'll be upset. I've ordered milk toast and chops—the chops are for you—here. And I'm not drunk." Martha Lenning interrupted her:

"If you're not, it's worse. It really is. I am sick of it and I might as well tell you. Coral, you simply can't run the world the exact way you want to. You just can't. It's all very well that you have so much character, and that you are Coral Mery, but it isn't everything. It clearly isn't. You can't keep on like this. I want to go to the Bents'. I promised Fisher I'd be at the Fallons'. I came over just to go there; and now, without paying a particle of attention to me, you decide, just because you don't want to go, that we are not going. I realize that if you make up your mind to stay away you will stay away. But I am going. The truth is—and I have to tell you, Coral—you are getting more selfish all the time. You seem to think everyone exists only to do what you want. Well, they don't. I don't. Nobody is fonder of you than I am, and I know you do an enormous lot for me. I have to say this or I'd be crushed flat. You crush everyone flat."

"I think milk toast is marvelous," Coral told her, "but I wasn't sure about you, so there are chops. There isn't any broccoli. I hope you won't mind. I couldn't bear it. You think I'm drunk, but the truth is I've stopped drinking." Martha put in, "Until we get to the Bents'." Coral Mery merely repeated that she had stopped drinking. "I've decided it's a nuisance," she explained; "I don't really like it. I drank because everything was so frightful sober. Now I am going to get married and I'll be too busy to bother." Martha gazed at her incredulously. "You are going to marry Pierce Fallon—after all you said?" Coral was impatient. "Don't be ridiculous. Of course I'm not. I don't know who I'm going to marry. I haven't the faintest idea. The man isn't important. Marriage is. If you'll let me I'll explain it all."

Martha Lenning wished to God that she would.

"I'm not having a good time," Coral proceeded. "Not really. I spend all night every night trying to with no success. I'm not like that. I am very different. I thought perhaps I wasn't—I mean that I was, but I'm not. Or I am, if you see what I do mean. My life isn't successful like this, and I hate things that are not successful. I'm not amused and I'm going to stop it."

Martha surveyed her curiously. Then she rang firmly for Angot. "You may have stopped drinking," she told Coral; "I haven't. Not tonight anyhow. I need cocktails and I need them at once. Not soon, but at once. You have always been a little queer, but now you're gone. Do you mind if I say you're mad? Well, you are. Quite mad! You want to get married and the man doesn't matter. You intend to get married, only it doesn't matter who to. Practically anybody, if he will marry you, will do perfectly.

"Your life isn't successful and so—— I don't believe you. You have made an idiot out of yourself and this is how you have decided to tell me. You are married to the man who runs the elevator." Coral shook her head negatively. "You always try to get more out of things than they have in them. You are like that. I've told you all I know about myself. Even if you don't understand it, you must be polite enough to believe me." Her voice became cold, disagreeable; there was a light of gathering ill temper in her eyes. She crumpled up a paper cigarette holder and found another. "You must admit," Martha said defensively, "you have been a little sudden. It's a compliment that I believe—about the drinking. You are absolutely capable of it if you don't want to. You have always been a little queer, Coral. Everyone knows that. You are so—so absorbed that you never find out what other people really are like—what they think—about you."

Coral didn't care what people thought about her and she said so with a great deal of emphasis. "I don't mean you, Martha, but people. I have to be myself with you and I hope you'll understand it. I have to be—I suppose the word is honest. I suppose my bargaining spirit is coming out. I want more than I'm getting for what I have to give. You see, I have to give my life. At bottom, that is what we are all giving. I don't know about you, of course; but I'm being cheated. I am cheating myself. It can't keep on, that's all. I've got to get more. The point is, if I do I'll give more. I will, Martha. I understand the general opinion of me better than you think. You showed me that pretty clearly a little while ago. I'm supposed to be ferociously selfish and cold. Of course I'm selfish. I'd be a

(Continued on Page 51)

Any woman who turns a wringer is doing what a motor can do for 2½ cents an hour

Your electrical company or dealer will show you a hundred other ways in which a few cents' worth of electricity can lessen your work and increase the comfort of your home.

Let this monogram guide you in the selection of electric household appliances. You can find it, if you look, on nearly every type of labor-saver that electrical dealers sell. It is a guarantee of quality and a symbol of service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

A Great *for You*

100th
GRAND RAPIDS
FURNITURE
MARKET
JANUARY 3RD to 21ST
1928

100th Grand Rapids
IN COMMEMORATION OF A HALF CENTURY

Furniture Event *and Your Home*

New Furniture of Surpassing Beauty by America's Designers and Craftsmen

Coming to You through Your Furniture Dealer

IN the interest of your home, your dealer will attend at Grand Rapids next month the most brilliant exhibition in the history of American furniture. The occasion is the celebration of the 100th Grand Rapids Market—a half century of service to the homes of the nation.

Because of its far-reaching influence on national taste and home environment, Grand Rapids has long been accorded recognition as the Furniture Capital of America.

Here, semi-annually, the principal manufacturers of the United States come to exhibit their new styles, and here gather thousands of furniture merchants to select for their communities the best in modern design. Here the very flower of furniture genius finds expression. Here styles originate, and influences for better homes spread across the land. Here are born those standards of taste and beauty that have made the American home the most charming and the most comfortable in all the world.

It is fitting then that artists and craftsmen should commemorate this great event with new furniture of surpassing grace and distinction. Months of creative effort have brought forth exquisite productions in wood and color that are destined to become the nation's heirlooms of tomorrow and bring pride and happiness to home lovers everywhere.

This beautiful commemorative furniture of the 100th Grand Rapids Market will be brought to you by your furniture merchant. Regularly he visits Grand Rapids that he may obtain for his patrons all that is new and best for their homes.

Through his stocks of Grand Rapids Market Furniture you command the talents of America's great designers and craftsmen. Your dealer's contact with this great center of arts and crafts gives him accurate knowledge of style tendencies. You can rely on his taste and judgment. Ask him to tell you about the special 100th Grand Rapids Market Furniture.

GRAND RAPIDS MARKET ASSOCIATION

Grand Rapids—The Furniture Capital of America

Send for this Booklet

"For You and Your Home" is a booklet about the 100th Grand Rapids Market and the beautiful new furniture which has been designed to commemorate the occasion. Write for this booklet to the Grand Rapids Market Association, 516 Michigan Trust Bldg., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Furniture Market-*dedicated to the American Woman*

OF SERVICE TO THE HOMES OF THE NATION

Why the Elephant doesn't need a Toothbrush

HE cleans his teeth — daily — fighting nature and tearing his food from tree and bush. No wonder he has strong teeth and tusks of such fine ivory!

Lucky elephant!—for he could not use a tooth brush, which is the only weapon we have to fight the effects of the soft, steam-cooked, artificial foods of man — foods that bring to our teeth decay and ruin.

The Elephant's Brushing — and Ours

We can't use the elephant's plan, so science now says this: "Brush each tooth thoroughly at least twice a day. Brush the gums as well. A tooth brush of correct shape is the best aid you can employ to keep gums and teeth wholesome and free from trouble. Take at least three minutes before you lay the tooth brush down."

And science gives this warning about the brush you use: "Be sure it is correctly shaped. Only a brush of correct shape can reach *all* the surfaces of *all* your teeth."

Your dentist will tell you this is true. He probably will recommend the Fuller Correct-Shape Tooth Brush which you can get only from the Fuller Man.

Use a Correct-Shape Brush

The Fuller Man will point out how this brush meets *all* modern dental requirements of what a good tooth brush should be. He will show you how the tufted bristles are correctly shaped to clean every tooth, front and back . . . and to clean in between the teeth.

He will illustrate how the correct shape of the handle permits it to be held comfortably and easily in any correct brushing position . . . how bristles are anchor-gript and cannot pull out . . . how handles come in different colors for easy identification.

Fuller Junior Tooth Brush

Children like to brush their teeth regularly, just as mother wants, when they have this correct-shape Fuller Junior. It's exactly the right size, and easy for small hands to hold. It comes in the cutest little carton, all dressed up with picture Brownies.

Dentists Endorse This
DENTAL PLATE BRUSH

Both dental profession and public hold this brush in high regard. Its popularity has caused it to become quickly one of the fastest-selling brushes for its particular purpose on the market. With this brush every part of the dental plate can quickly be made scrupulously clean without damage to delicate and costly work. Stiff white bristles are set in an ivory Fullerex handle.

Today is none too soon to commence protecting teeth and health with the Fuller Correct-Shape Tooth Brush. To secure any phase of Fuller Service before the next regular call of the Fuller Man, phone the Fuller Brush Company Branch Office in your city, or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 1058 Windsor Avenue, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.) Also ask for new booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of The Home."

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both!

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 46)

fool if I weren't. Everybody who can be, who has a chance to be, is selfish. If they're not, something is the matter with them. They're wrong. I haven't any Christian virtues and I don't want them. If heaven is like that I am out of luck. They'll never in the world let me in. I have a ticket for another show. The thing is, Martha, that I won't humiliate myself. I can't. I'm going to be what I am."

"Wait," Martha Lenning begged her, "the gin is weak."

"Now – the part about being cold—what the devil does it mean? If it's only being careful, I'm cold. If it's being close, really bargaining, I'm not. The thing with me is that I haven't much temptation—inside of me—to be the opposite. I actually haven't. Perhaps I ought to be sorry. It's all very well about you and Fisher, but it doesn't happen to me. At least it hasn't. I never have wild emotions—feelings I can't think about when they are happening. I've kissed a lot more men than you have, and I like it, well enough. It doesn't make me dizzy. If I open my eyes I can always see what the neckties are like. It's all a little tiresome. I don't mind, Martha; I'm not prejudiced about it. Nothing happens."

"You have simply proved that you are cold," Martha replied. "It's thought to be a defect. But, as you admit, you can't help it. What you say about marriage seems indecent to me, but perhaps it will turn out better than the way I feel. At least you'll never be terribly unhappy." Coral begged Martha not to say that she hadn't yet met the right man. "I wouldn't think of it," Martha reassured her. "If you haven't met the right man he doesn't exist. You've had them all take a shot at you—at you or the money. That must complicate things, Coral; make it dreadfully hard to find out what men are trying to prove. George Garret stopped in at Mary Smith's this afternoon. He's managed to leave Paris for a month. You might take him on. At least he wouldn't be after your gold. He has so much. You'd have to practice your French."

Coral Mery's sudden energy of determination didn't, it turned out, affect her dislike of going to bed. She sat up, as usual, long past midnight. Tony Boyd appeared, Alice Mintern followed, and Coral telephoned for Willing Yonge. "Willing," she said into the transmitter, "it doesn't matter what you are doing, I have to see you. It is frightfully important." Willing said he couldn't possibly come; he was designing a new theater—but aside from that, he'd arrive shortly after one. Then Martha Lenning, with a great deal of trouble and a great many calls, found Fisher Alles. He was at the Brook Club, she announced –he said on his way to the Fallons', but he would come here. "I don't believe him—about the Fallons'." "Don't let him see you don't," Coral told her. "I've noticed a lot of silly things like that since you have been in love."

"How do you know they're silly?" Martha demanded. "You admitted tonight you were never in love. It's different from everything else. What is fatal at other times is perfectly right then." Coral picked up a glass of whisky-and-soda from the table beside her and then hastily put it down. "Thank you," she said, "I have stopped. If you mean love is quite idiotic you are right," she told Martha. "Don't bother. You're idiotic enough. You want to marry Fisher if he can get divorced, and that is different from love." She dragged the word love out satirically. "You will have to manage it with your head. Fisher has had enough passion. He wants to be amused. If you amuse him the chances are it will all be all right. Don't kiss him so much." Fisher Alles came in while she was talking.

"Why aren't you at the Fallons'?" he asked everyone. "Certainly, it's splendid you are not. But I can't imagine how you grew so sensible in a minute. It was Coral's idea." Martha ignored that. "I really didn't want to go," she told him. "It seemed so endless. It didn't amuse me to think about it. Things like that never do." Coral Mery glanced at her with exclamatory eyebrows. "Do they, Coral?" Martha demanded "I mean, I think our life is dreadfully dull. We don't really get enough out of it. And we give our lives, Fisher." He looked at her, astonished. "I've never heard any of that before. I thought I knew you. What chance have you got to know a woman?" Coral supported him. "None. You are lucky." She turned away to greet Willing Yonge.

"Come over here with me. I have to talk to you." Coral led him to a corner. He was definitely older than anyone else present, a man with wholly gray hair and a brown spare face. "Your fingers are black," Coral said critically. "I have been grinding India ink," he replied. "I can't seem to be modern and buy it in a bottle. It's the thin smell of camphor and the gold and vermilion on the sticks that get me." "I want to be married," Coral said abruptly. She told him her reasons, her conclusions, at length. "Really married," she insisted. "Children. It's no good any other way."

He studied her curiously. "Thomas Mery," he said, "Thomas Mery. I've seen him in you a hundred times. It skipped your father, but it's strong in you. Coral, in reality you are a Presbyterian at heart. You are not gay. Americans almost never are; you're just in a fever."

That, she informed him, was exactly her word. "I've watched you," he went on. "I know you. That's why I don't ask you to marry me. Aside from the fact I am too old. I've been in Europe too long, from the Beaux Arts when I was young, when it really counted, do you see, to —— But did you know George Garret was back—for a few minutes? There was another estate. He has so much money it's getting preposterous." Martha Lenning had met him, Coral replied indifferently. "I have never seen George. I don't know why. It's just happened like that. I don't like American frogs. Besides, we weren't talking about him."

"We were talking about me, if you will remember," Willing Yonge informed her. "I was explaining why I would not be a good husband for you. The same thing, in a different way, may affect you. I'm no good for ordinary American life and you may be spoiled for it. You have had so much too much freedom. You haven't an idea of discipline. There is some Thomas Mery in you, but is it enough? With money. Money makes what you have been talking about very hard. It is so easy to avoid trouble." She couldn't discover any of that until she had tried, Coral pointed out. "How could I? If you mean I have no determination you are wrong. If I did marry you it would be fatal, and so I won't, thanks." Willing begged her not to be more disagreeable than usual. "It happens I've never asked you, but only because I knew it would be no good. Then you wouldn't. You see, Coral, I am too shrewd to make a mistake. I'd only approach you with a single diamond I believe it is called a solitaire in a ring." "You make me absolutely shudder," she replied. She almost did shudder. "A solitaire! I can't imagine what gets such things in your mind." There, he told her, she was inconsistent.

Coral merely stared at him.

Martha couldn't understand, she went on. "She thought I had married the elevator man. I haven't the faintest idea, of course, who I will marry, what he'll be like. I don't mind if he hasn't got much money. He doesn't have to be frightfully intelligent. I'd rather not. It would interfere with our simple existence. We'll live in the country outside Philadelphia. He's got to be rather faithful, Willing. You understand, there is no question about me. I intend to do it right. And not much humor, I think. Humor is as bad as intelligence. Nice-looking." Willing Yonge commented, "Everything but the age and name. I must say you're not unreasonable, Coral. Such men undoubtedly exist; the trouble is that just the idea of you frightens them to death. You must remember your reputation. It's not for being domestic. You are always in the papers. For some reason I can't make out, you are supposed to be news. You are not better than good-looking; you have some money, but there are girls with lots more; your family is fair."

"It's my amazing personality. I can make a really beautiful creature look like—but you know what I can make her look like. You haven't been much good to me."

"You never let me," he complained. "You never let anyone. I can't very well answer a string of announcements. What do you want me to say?" She was silent. "Didn't I tell you about Thomas Mery and the engagement ring? Have I ever really annoyed you? Do I leave an important projection at a critical moment, when I am grinding India ink, to come to see you? You are an ungrateful girl." "I hate people who need to be be sympathized with and thanked," she informed him. "You practically want me to cry on your shoulder. Well, I won't. I can't. I simply had to talk to you. I wanted to hear how I sounded. I didn't think you could help me. I never ask anyone for advice. You have had years of experience and you are a good listener, that is all. Then you have known me forever. You knew Thomas Mery and father, and I suspect you are the only person alive who knows my mother." He gazed at her hardly. "You can't frighten me by glaring," she added. "And I'm not impressed when you talk about marrying me. I don't care what goes on. Not anywhere in the world." Her voice was low, but it held the elements of a cry. "I think you had better go, Willing. Everyone is polite to you. It will end by getting gloomy." She turned definitely to Tony Boyd. "Call up Manuel, at the Paso Doble, and see if he can bring up the strings. They will be done playing there at two o'clock."

Martha Lenning left the following morning, and it was noon before Coral rang for her coffee; it was two or worse before she was dressed. She didn't, she told Angot, want any lunch. "I'll be back by five, and I'll have rather more tea than less." She had, the truth was, a great deal of tea, alone. That, too, was an innovation; usually Coral refused to do anything alone. She answered the telephone and found that it was Willing Yonge. "You will admit I have a perfect disposition," he proceeded; "here I am telephoning just after you practically threw me out. I thought you might come up here and have dinner with me. No one else. It would be harmonious with your new solemn frame of mind. Are you married yet?" She ignored that. "I might," she replied. "About eight." At eight she ordered a taxicab and drove to Yonge's apartment; it was just east of Fifth Avenue on Nineteth Street a floor where Willing Yonge not only lived but where, as well he did his work. For that reason it presented a pleasant confusion of drawing tables, drawings, large architectural fragments in plaster, and all the things Willing Yonge had found and cared about the world, things only possible to an aesthetic discrimination and knowledge joined to large resources. "Coral," he said, "I don't think you know Howard Cushman. He is my assistant." Coral Mery saw a very nice-looking youth with intent dark eyes and nervous hands.

"I've heard Mr. Yonge speak about you" he told Coral. Then he left them. "I thought you wouldn't mind if Howard had dinner with us," Yonge proceeded. "He is a very serious boy and you will do him good. I ought to say you would have done him good. You don't mind if I drink, do you? I hate cocktails and specially I hate champagne—a wine for disreputable uses—but the red wine of Gevrey!" Howard Cushman drank and ate sparingly. He said very little. Coral glanced at him at carefully concealed intervals. He interested her profoundly. Thinking about him, about his appearance, she frowned. "I suppose you've lived in Europe too," she said. "Naturally," he answered.

"Then," she went on, "you'll be shocked to hear I hope I never have to go to Europe again. Just the idea sinks me. It's so uncomfortable. I have to do without clothes, but I don't mind that. I can get along." Howard Cushman, she saw, repressed a quick flicker of impatience. "I suppose we have seen different Europes," he replied. "I might find yours as bad as you find mine. I don't travel. I live. I like it." "I can't help it," Coral added, "if you think I am simply ignorant. I am. I don't mind telling you I think art is sobbing. Pictures and cathedrals!" "Why," Willing Yonge complained, "must you make yourself out so impossible? You live completely surrounded by a European atmosphere. Practically everything in Elena's apartment came from Italy or England or France. You wouldn't stay there for a minute if it hadn't." "I like to be comfortable," Coral explained. "I am getting old." After dinner Willing returned, for a little, to a drawing, and she studied his assistant.

"How long have you been back in America?" she asked. "About a year," he told her. "Of course, I haven't been with Mr. Yonge all that time. I'm more or less new with him. Isn't it a splendid thing for me? I am poor," he announced. "Poor but ambitious," she echoed him. "Well, there are worse things, even if I can't think of any just now. Willing wouldn't have you if you weren't good. Doesn't being with him mean your future is certain? Where do you live?" "On Fourteenth Street," he admitted. "It's very respectable, really. If I had any money at all I'd be in the country." She asked, "Outside Paris or New York?" "If it were simply a question of being happy," he explained, "I'd say Paris like a shot; with a living to make, I have to say New York."

"That's silly," Coral asserted. "What do you mean by a living? Do you want to fly to work? You can live very well in France on almost nothing. Everyone admits that who lives in Paris. That is why most of them are there. If you don't care for it here ——" Her voice was growing sharper. "I didn't say that," he pointed out. "If I had more money I suppose I'd like it here well enough. The country is all pretty much the country, isn't it? You see, I don't happen to like horses and I hate sport and I won't play bridge. What is left for me to do? I like to talk and I love architecture. I am trained for it." "You might be political," Coral suggested. "If I were an American man, I'd be political. It would be marvelous. I understand that kind of power. It's—well, it's power." "If you are right," he said, "I don't care for power. Not a particle. I don't care what people do or how they act or what sort of government they get. They get the kind they deserve. I mean people generally. I'm not what you would call patriotic. I'd be sorry if you insist. I'm interested in the world of art, exactly what you call sobbing. Beauty seems to wear you down." "Oh, absolutely," she declared. "What you'd call beauty. I'm practical and simple-minded. I like jazz and automobiles and the new buildings in New York. I love musical comedies and chicken potpie and bourbon whisky. I don't drink it any more; I've stopped, but I still love it." Howard Cushman asked why she had stopped drinking. "It's so different from the impression people have of you."

"I explained so often yesterday and today that, if you don't mind, I won't again now. I've stopped. You will simply have to accept it. Where do you hear what impression I make on people?" He couldn't precisely remember. "It's in the air of New York. Or the way you look. I'm certain I'd stop, too, if I lived in America." "You sound as if you'd make your living rather quickly," Coral commented. "It's so expensive to drink here," he explained.

(Continued on Page 54

A bird's-eye view of the 1245-acre Proving Ground maintained by General Motors to assure the quality and value of its cars and trucks.

GENERAL

Getting the FACTS

On a 1245-acre tract near Milford, Michigan, convenient to all its car and truck divisions, General Motors has the first and largest proving ground for automobiles.

Here tests are made and facts determined to a degree impossible when cars and trucks are tested on the public highways. Here, under identical conditions of test, each new model of General Motors must prove itself against the best that America and Europe produce in the same price class.

Altogether more than 135 different tests are applied to each automobile tested at the Proving Ground. They involve every phase of construction and performance: power, speed, endurance, acceleration, braking, steering, handling, riding comfort, fuel economy and so on. In three months a car or truck covers more miles than you would drive it in three years.

The Proving Ground is another example of how a group of companies, united in a family, can better serve the public. It is also your assurance that when you buy a General Motors car or truck you are getting all possible quality and value at its price.

1. Entrance to the Proving Ground. The group of buildings includes complete experimental and service shops, engineering offices and comfortable living quarters for resident and visiting engineers and for the driving crews. The Proving Ground personnel numbers more than 200 men.

2. The 4-mile high-speed loop. The largest in America, made of concrete, with turns banked to permit continuous high-speed operation. In addition, there are two concrete straightaways 1⅜ miles long, as level as a billiard table, and miles of brick, tar, gravel and dirt roads which reproduce every driving and weather condition.

3. The hill-test road. Test hill grades at the Proving Ground range from 7.26 per cent to 24 per cent. The average grades on public highways seldom exceed 7 per cent.

4. The "bath-tub." A depressed concrete roadway which is filled with water at varying depths to reproduce flooded roadway conditions.

An interesting, illustrated little book describing the Proving Ground and its tests may be had free by writing to Advertising Department, General Motors, Detroit. Its title is *"Where Motor Car Facts are Established."*

FOR SCHOOLS, CLUBS, etc.—A 4-reel or 2-reel motion picture, showing the Proving Ground in actual operation, will be lent free of all charges except that of transportation. Write to Advertising Department, General Motors, Detroit.

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND • BUICK • LaSALLE • CADILLAC
FISHER BODIES • GMC TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS & COACHES • *FRIGIDAIRE The Electric Refrigerator*
"A car for every purse and purpose"

MOTORS

(Continued from Page 51)

"Then I agree with Mr. Yonge about cocktails. You hate art and I don't care for gin." Coral said she thought gin was simply miraculous. "You must have a poisonous time here," she continued. It wasn't as bad as that, he replied; it wasn't so bad, because he practically did nothing. "I don't go out to dinners. I don't dance. I am a total loss. Perhaps if I were married it would be different."

"Do you want to get married?" Coral Mery demanded. "Most men don't. What kind of a girl attracts you?" "How can I tell?" he answered. "I mean, I don't care what she looks like—not especially. She might be precisely like me or totally different. Either way might be good. I want children, of course." Coral said, "You are wise for a young man. Your only trouble is that you can't have anything now; you are too poor; and when you are older you'll change. You will marry a giddy horror." He agreed where the poverty was concerned. "But there are the prospects. I believe a reasonable girl would be contented with them. You don't need so very much money when you're young. A little work, domestic work, doesn't hurt a girl. She's happier then. She learns something about money. Most women are totally ignorant about money."

Willing Yonge reappeared. "What nonsense, Howard!" he exclaimed. "Only women do understand it. Money isn't a fact and they turn it at once into realities—slippers and pearls. They know it is more important to look well on a bright day than be comfortable in the rain. Nobody really cares what happens when it is raining, or when they are old. The old, as a matter of fact, only need a coffin. I think I heard Howard say the exact opposite. He's an idealist. He only wants to work and read and exist by noble acts. But then, Coral, you rather sound like that yourself now. Howard and you have the elements of a duet."

In the days that immediately followed, Coral grew increasingly thoughtful. The people who knew her best complained bitterly—she saw Martha Lenning in Philadelphia, and it was Martha's opinion that she had become sobbing. "You were much better when you were drinking," she proceeded; "before you found out life was a failure. It was, of course, as soon as you thought it was. You've made it simply ghastly." Coral gazed at her with a frown; she started to speak and then changed her mind. "At least," she said instead, "I didn't let my hair grow." Once more in New York, in her Aunt Elena's apartment, Coral Mery sat in the drawing-room and heard the door to the elevator close. Her expression of thoughtfulness was sharply troubled. "I really don't know," she said to herself; "I don't at all. Probably I am being a fool. It would serve everybody right." She couldn't even decide about Willing Yonge—did he think she was no better than a fool, or was he, with his wide accumulated knowledge of the world, a fool himself?

She began to be annoyed at Willing, and as her annoyance increased, what, intrinsically, she was overpowered her new determination; she grew arbitrary, bad-tempered; and at that inauspicious moment Willing appeared. Coral rang for Angot and whisky, and then she sat regarding him unfavorably. "Willing," she finally said, "I have been wondering. Do you think I am a fool, or are you simply feeble-minded? I'd like to know."

It was plain he was uneasy. "You are not, certainly, but perhaps I am."

She said, "Howard Cushman was just here. He has been here a very great deal. This time he asked me to marry him. He explained in detail just what his prospects were—for the next few years, anyhow. He wanted me to realize everything. Well, he hadn't, he said, money enough to take a house, a half decent house, now; we could have two or three nice rooms, on Fourteenth Street. We would have one servant, for the present. There wasn't a question of my having a maid. That might come very much later. He couldn't be completely sure. Next summer he'd like to go abroad, to France, some little quiet place in the north. Not smart, of course. It was just possible he could get a small car—secondhand—and we would drive about looking at old Norman farm buildings. It would be best not to think of children at once.

"He had no brothers or sisters, he explained; his father was dead; but he'd like his mother with us for a while each year, when we were in America. He told me they were from Ohio." Coral elaborately fitted a cigarette into a paper holder. Then she lighted it. "Now, Willing, which of us is idiotic?" "Which of which?" he asked. "Are you including Howard Cushman? And what did you tell him?" "I told him ——" She stopped. "The point is," she went on differently, "what made you think I wouldn't remember that George Garret, with all his estates, was your cousin? Whose idea was it, Willing?"

"Coral," he acknowledged, "I don't know. I really don't. He had dinner with me and I told him all you had said to me. He thought it was marvelous, but didn't believe it for a minute. If it did happen to be true, he decided, he'd hate to miss it. You. The rest—the Howard Cushman part—followed. We thought of that together. I don't think it was a bad idea. Not really. And it ought to have worked. It would with anyone but you. Coral, you're a nuisance. You're frightful. What did you tell him? You haven't answered that yet. And does he know you know?" "He doesn't," she replied. "I told him—well, I thanked him and declined. I refused the Cushman part and sacrificed the Garret power."

"You are the fool!" he cried at her.

"Perhaps," answered the girl wearily. "When the moment came I couldn't have borne it. It was so damn dumb. You both were—God, I don't know what—so totally wrong. It was all planned, do you see, to find out if I was really a worthy young woman, if I deserved such enormous good luck. Well, I am not a worthy young woman. I don't have to be. You might have been offering me a place in the kitchen. Apparently that was what George Garret wanted—a kitchen maid allowed to come in with the company when her work was finished. Only it was a little worse than that, really. It was quite low, in fact, Willing. If it hadn't been funny it would have been disgusting; but it was funny. It was funny as hell. When you think about it—Willing Yonge and George Garret, the two most sophisticated Americans alive, pretending it's splendid to be poor and honest!

"I told you I wouldn't mind if the man I married was not rich. I suppose I could get along on a hundred thousand dollars a year—for a while, anyhow. I have half that now, and I can do practically nothing. Everyone thinks I have millions, but that's only because I manage what I have miraculously well. I spend most of it on myself. You can't think what I'd look like if I didn't. If you imagine George Garret has a sneaker for me because I had high ideas—whatever they are—you're even worse than you seem. He may think it's all very noble, but you ought to know better. It was my slippers, Willing, and my legs, and what the dress I wore did to my hips. George Garret was kidding himself.

"Men like that do. They have hung around me with the others, thank you. I understand them. The public drunks are a thousand times better. It would have served the Garret-Cushman affair splendid if I had fallen for it. I came very near marrying young Mr. Garret, if you want to know. He couldn't have done much about it if I had. In a year he'd have been pretty helpless. I didn't, because that is exactly what I don't want. I thought I explained it to you very carefully. I want to be married. I want to have children. Not because it is my proper destiny, not for any proper reason at all, but because I don't like the other. It's bad. Life really is a nuisance. I didn't want to get sunk in it; I wanted to be myself; but now I do—if that means anything."

"It does, Thomas Mery," Willing replied.

"It's not my grandfather, either," she said quickly. "He'd approve of this Garret fairy tale. He was full of the kitchen idea—the kitchen and the nursery. Men really never came out of Noah's Ark. They haven't, Willing. I'm pretty damn discouraged. Do you see, there is nothing better. There is nothing else. Anyway, I'm sunk. That ridiculous stuff of George Garret's and yours was splendid when you think of the lies I'll have to tell—sober too. In the end I'll lose. Women do always. The best you can arrange is to realize what it's all about, spend everything on your looks."

Willing Yonge said soberly, "Coral, I want to marry you, more than I ever wanted anything before. Will you marry me?" She smiled remotely. "Of course you do." The humor in her voice was slightly bitter. "But this is not Antibes." The telephone rang. "It's for you," she told him. Willing Yonge was very short, noncommittal. "That"—he returned to her—"was George Garret. Not Howard Cushman, you will notice. He is in a very bad humor. He wants to see me immediately." "Tell him," Coral directed, "that I have refused both of you, with thanks." The warmth had all evaporated from Willing Yonge. His manner was stiff, his voice formal. Coral was inattentive. Her mouth was ugly. When he had gone she rang for Angot. "Angot," she said, "I simply wanted to tell you not to bring me a whisky soda, very strong. I had to hear myself say it." Suddenly all of her twenty-six years had grown visible on Coral Mery's face.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

TWO WEEKS AT THE SHORE

(Continued from Page 9)

brightly lighted hotel, remotely behind us, floated the strains of The Blue Danube.

"Do you remember this afternoon?" he asked suddenly. My heart almost stopped beating.

"Yes," I admitted softly. There was no use in pretense.

"I noticed you," said Cyril.

"And I noticed you too."

"No! Did you really?" he said. And we both laughed in deep mutual understanding.

"I don't go around a great deal with girls any more," Cyril announced with dark implications. "I've had my experiences, of course, but I think a man gets sick of disappointments."

"Oh, how well I understand!" I cried softly. "You think someone means just everything and then ——"

"That's just it!" he replied quickly. "Of course I've run around. Don't think I don't know life! But I don't see how fellows can really care for that sort of thing."

"I should never care for a man who had had no experience at all," I told him. "But of course with a girl it's different."

"Tell me," said he, after a little pause during which the waltz throbbed high on the still air—"tell me, do you really believe in love?"

"Yes, I do!"

"But can it be made to last?"

"Why not?" I asked. "So much depends on the woman, though! If she is really anxious to make the man happy, to consider him first in everything, to build her life around his—why, then it ought to last."

"You have very wonderful ideals," said Cyril solemnly. "You express just what I have always thought."

"Well," I said, "I believe that the love of a real man ought to mean simply everything to a girl." Cyril sighed and looked intently at the water. There was a long pause. Then he turned to me gently.

"I think you are absolutely corking," he said. "Do you play golf?"

The last part of this sentence was rather a shock, but I managed a negative.

"Then I'm going to teach you!" he cried exultingly. "It's a wonderful game and there's almost nobody on the links. How about tomorrow morning? I'll call for you at eleven."

"I'll adore it."

"All hunky-dory then!" he said, springing to his feet. "Come on, let's go in and dance. See, they're getting up a barn dance!" He seized my hand and pulled me to my feet. We rejoined the festive throng within, where young and old were gathering for a regular rough-house of a time.

That night I went to bed happy. Even though I now knew that Cyril was one of seven children, poor as any of the mice in his father's church and the least eligible party of my acquaintance, that did not prevent my realizing that we were twin souls, that we had doubtless met in past ages.

Before I slept I tore up all the photographs of Mr. Hackett and hid them in an old newspaper that had previously infolded my patent-leather evening slippers, wondering as I did so how I could ever have been so childish as to mistake my silly case on the actor for love. Besides, Cyril had told me the horrid truth. Hackett was married to Mary Mannering! I shivered at the thought that I had been worshiping a married man, and put the whole affair behind me as I crammed the evidence into the wastebasket.

Next morning I awoke with that consciousness of happiness which comes of sweet dreams, and dressed for the golf lesson with extreme care. I wore a Scotch plaid skirt of dark green with fine yellow and red lines in it. It was deeply plaited at the waist and escaped the ground sufficiently to display my neat brown Oxford ties. To this was added a clean white shirtwaist with a starched collar and a tarlatan Windsor tie to match the skirt. A crimson grosgrain belt encircled what there was of my waist, and my crowning glory was a red-straw sailor hat with a wide brim which perched coquettishly upon my pompadour, skewered to my rat by two long steel hatpins.

A dash of eau de Cologne on a clean handkerchief for my pocket completed this toilet, and I descended to a light breakfast of fruit, cereal, hot cakes, eggs, bacon, coffee, and pop-overs with jam, as befitted a thin young person who was conscientiously trying to put on a few decent curves.

When Cyril called for me his appearance was all that any girl's heart could desire, for he wore the conventional red coat, so necessary to the golfer's safety from the chance shots of other players, and his gray peg tops were the latest cut. His golf cap had an enormous shady visor and, crowning glory, he had come for me in a rubber-tired buggy!

"All hunky-dory?" he called to me, handling the restless horse. "Whoa, Dobbin! . . . Jump in and let's skidoo!"

The rocking-chair brigade came to an interested standstill at witnessing my departure; no doubt, to start knocking the moment I was gone. But whoop la! What did I care? The drive to the golf links seemed all too short and, once arrived, Cyril chose a quiet spot for instruction.

"I want you to savvy this properly!" he declared. "Now watch. You stand so to drive. Now swing this club. It's a driver."

I took the fearsome implement, giggling, and attempted to follow instructions. But my corset held me rigid, my collar chafed my neck, and on the downward stroke the club struck into the folds of my skirt. After a few attempts I gave it up, breathless, and we came down to our real objective: A seat on a rock beneath a shady elm, where we could observe the scattering of red coats on the links and talk about life and its serious problems.

"I'm afraid I'm not one of these new athletic girls," I said, laughing. "I'm the porch type, and I guess I'm better with the embroidery needle than with the golf stick."

"But lots of girls are beginning to play."

"Yes, but croquet is a better game for a girl!" I protested. "Don't you think that athletics make a girl rather unfeminine?"

"Well," said he with a laugh, "I'll bet my bottom dollar you are stunning in your bathing suit."

"But I can't swim."

"I'll teach you."

"Honest?"

"Sure thing."

Then a little pause, during which Cyril eyed me under lowered lids and hummed:

"Honey, my sweet,
I loves you, 'deed Ah do!
Only believe that I'll ever be true,
For I love you and you only,
Honey, my sweet!"

Little thrills ran up and down my spine, but I pretended not to hear, and dug at a daisy plant with the iron club. I thought it best to say something.

"Do you believe girls should go to college?"

"Not much!" said Cyril emphatically.

"Neither do I," from me. "I don't see what in the world a girl needs to know except how to keep house and to cook. Do you like fudge?"

"You betchu!"

"I'll make some. And I'll send you a layer cake to Yale if you'll let me—when I get home."

"Gee whiz! You must be quite a cook. Would you cook for a man you—you cared about?"

"You bet your boots I would!" I said. "Every true woman ought to see to her husband's dinner herself."

"Do you know, you are really a wonderful girl?" he remarked. "It's marvelous how we think alike on so many things—things that matter, I mean."

And what might have happened then, goodness only knows, but at that moment we were rudely interrupted by a troupe of old-men golfers who wanted to use the platform, and we got such a jolt from their sudden butting in that the precious mood was destroyed.

"Well," said Cyril, "let's dash back to the beach. It's high tide this morning and we have time for a dip before dinner."

Back at the hotel we discovered that the ladies' bathhouses were all occupied, and that was where my friendship with Lydia, the proprietor's daughter, really began. She offered to share hers with me, and soon I was in as much possession of it as her voluminous clothing permitted.

I prepared myself with haste, lest I keep Cyril waiting. Also, Cassie was on the beach, and I had no intention of leaving Cyril alone with that dangerous, fast girl any longer than was absolutely necessary.

I hurried so much that I could scarcely fasten the rusty old corset which I kept for wear under my bathing suit over the old ribbed vest which I retained for the same purpose. Over this armor I put on my smart bathing dress—a mohair affair, dark blue, adorned with a sailor collar and embellished with white *soutache* braid. The sleeves were short, and so was the skirt, which revealed coquettish little ruffles on the bloomers.

Then I stepped forth into public view, confident that my costume would rival any on the beach. As a matter of fact, I weighed slightly less than the average deep-sea diver in full regalia, and all I needed to enable me to sink comfortably to the ocean's uttermost depths was a helmet. Cyril was awaiting me, rather skinny but perfectly modest, and Cassie had vanished. She had, Lydia promptly informed me, gone way off down the beach and there brazenly taken off her stockings, although there were two boys along! But Cassie was soon forgotten, for Cyril took my hand and led me, squeaking prettily, to the water's edge.

How shall I describe the glorious days which followed? As the song had it, "Words are all too few!" What of the croquet championship, the tennis tournament through which I swept triumphantly to win the mixed doubles on Cyril's marvelous playing, and soiled two white piqué skirts a day at it? Never to be forgotten was the picnic trip to the lighthouse in Captain Tubbs' boat, when twelve of us chipped in to make up the necessary fee, and I was so ill and Cyril cheered us all by playing the mandolin. What days of innocent yet meaningful gayety! What nights of magic when I whirled in his arms to the maddening music of Stomps Dance Orchestra or, when the music was over, sat in the hammock at the darker end of the porch and talked about life.

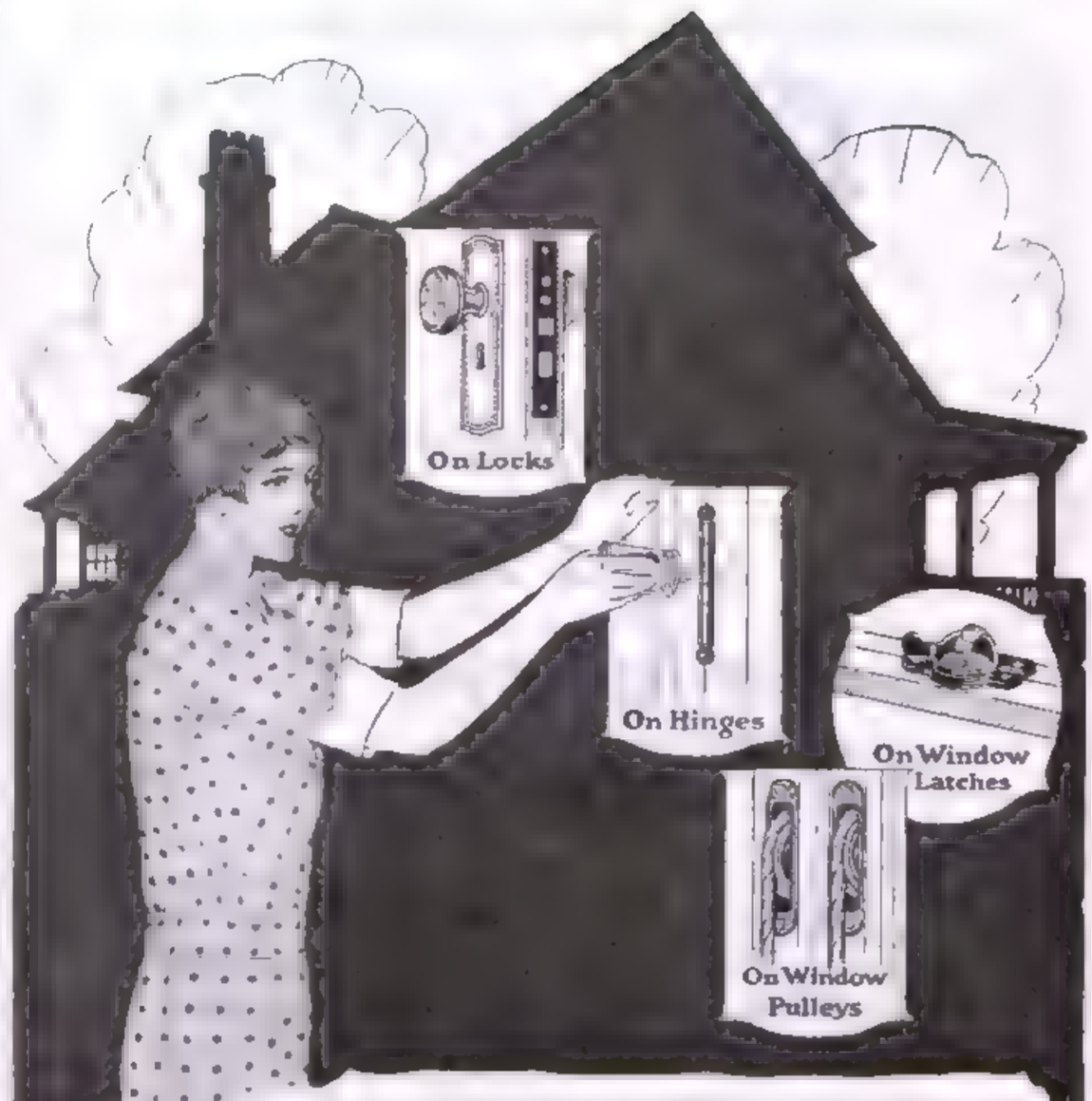
That hammock! It was made of rope, and was held open by a pair of braces resembling coat hangers which were inserted in either end. If I sat in it too long the knots became painfully apparent, and any sudden movement was likely to pitch one out upon the floor. Also, if more than one person sat in it at a time, a certain degree of intimacy was inevitable. Yet Cyril and I sat in it by the hour, and I would not have blushed to have mamma hear every word we said, although I would have been extremely annoyed.

Cyril's behavior was impeccable. He never tried to kiss me, although I felt certain he would have liked to. In short, he did nothing I could pin him down by until the night of the straw ride. True, I was wearing his frat pin long before that, and on the homeward trip from the lighthouse he had loaned me his great thick turtle-necked sweater with the Y on it, and I had clung to this garment, flaunting it about my shoulders on every possible occasion as the flag of my conquest. But he had not "said anything," nor had he attempted to touch me except for an occasional squeeze of my hand. But on the night of the straw ride everything was different.

When the management first organized this gay expedition, Cyril took for granted that I would go as his partner. He at once contributed the necessary dollar for each of us, and I entered excitedly into the plans for the ride. We were to carry box suppers, devour them on the shores of Pollack's Pond—a small lake five miles inland—and return by moonlight. What could be more exciting? And the ride fulfilled every promise.

With great laughter and teasing we struggled to our places in the clean, sweet-smelling mixture of hay and straw with which the rickety boards of the big wagon were covered, and all the jokes of the season—chiefly personalities—were tossed about with a vigor which made them seem funnier than ever. "What's the matter with Joe's bathing suit? . . . Where's your suit, Joe?" That one was a perfect scream, because Joe was fat, and the suit in question had split while Joe was inside it, necessitating a hurried retreat to the nearest bathhouse, which happened to be an old lady's. We had never let up on Joe about it.

Many another gay quip of the same nature flew about, all sprung good-humoredly and taken as they were meant. Then off we started, a jolly crew, waving our handkerchiefs to the slow pokes on the porch who remained behind, and even to strangers on the road, all with the sanction of our chaperon—a very young married woman who had been chosen because we were dead sure she would not be a wet blanket.



Every Squeak Says: "3-in-One Oil"

Squeaks are like aches and pains—indications of trouble somewhere inside.

When any mechanism about the house squeaks, the trouble is lack of oil. Try the certain remedy,

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

This highly refined oil compound goes right to the seat of trouble—penetrates the closest bearings—lubricates perfectly.

All locks, bolts, hinges, window pulleys and catches need 3-in-One occasionally. Sewing machines, talking machines, vacuum cleaners and washing machine motors need 3-in-One frequently.

3-in-One is very different from ordinary light oils and "machine oils". It is far better. Scientifically compounded of several high quality oils, it has unique properties no ordinary oil can possibly have.

At all good stores in Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of bottles.

Auto License Plates
are changed easier if 3-in-One is squirted on the bolts and a little time allowed for the oil to penetrate and soften the rust.

Made since 1894 by
THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N. Y.

FREE: Generous sample and Dictionary explaining 79 uses for 3-in-One in the home alone, sent free on request. Use a postal.

MARTIN H. HARRIS

He cuts down losses and steps up profits throughout Nebraska

ONE day while stopping for gas in a Nebraska village, Martin H. Harris of Omaha was attracted, by its outward neatness, to a little dairy across the road. Once inside, and seeing the inefficiency of the weighing methods employed, he completely forgot the filling station man, and went to work. For he, like all Toledo Scale men, had been taught in our Division of Instruction how to survey the weighing requirements of any business, large or small.

A quick yet careful check revealed that with *each* of the 250 tubs of butter churned weekly 4 ounces were being *given away*—a clear loss of $25.00 *every* week. And when Harris showed the dairyman how easily a standard Toledo Scale designed to weigh instantly, accurately, and *automatically* to the fraction of an ounce would save not only that $25.00 a week, but hours of time as well, another Nebraskan bought a Toledo.

Knowing that the benefits which accrue to users of Toledo Scales are not governed by the size or type of a business, or the size of the town in which a business is located, Branch Manager Harris went one day to the president of an exclusive department store in a metropolitan Nebraska city with the suggestion of installing a new department, occupying little space, requiring no clerks, and paying a large net return. The president was interested. So a Toledo Coin-Operated Person Weigher was put in place for a week's demonstration. When, on Monday morning, the president himself opened the little coin box, he quickly signed an order.

A small biscuit company needed two scales—for packing, and for shipping—but could afford only *one*. When Harris showed the manager how a Toledo Mailing Scale, graduated in ounces as well as postal computations, would perform both operations—another sale resulted.

During his eighteen years with this company Martin Harris has had countless similar experiences. And so have the scores of Toledo Scale men like him. But in great manufacturing plants and little factories, in village shops and metropolitan stores, there are weighing problems yet to be solved, and infinite uses for scales yet to be supplied. Manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers anywhere and everywhere can profit greatly from a survey made by a Toledo Scale man. A letter will bring a representative to you promptly, and without obligation.

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY

TOLEDO, OHIO

CANADIAN TOLEDO SCALE CO., LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

The ride out and the supper were a howling success, enlivened by several devastating rough-houses among the boys, and when a slack moment threatened, spurred on by Cyril's indefatigable mandolin playing. But the return trip was given up to sentiment, several of the couples spooning openly, and of all things, Cyril stretched out on the straw and put his head on my lap! I was thrilled into silent acquiescence and even played with his hair in a restrained, ladylike fashion. We still sang, on that homeward trip, but now the songs were all redolent of love, the boys of the hotel quartet, as they had playfully nicknamed themselves, concentrating on the moon with a battery of musical assaults the agony of which would have weakened any less impersonal objective.

"The moon has his eyes on you
So be careful what you do,"

they warned us in the closest possible harmony.

All too soon the heavy-breathing oxen stopped in the shadows of the darkened hotel, where the sensible older folk were long since abed, and no light showed save where here and there a low-turned gas jet in an upper chamber hinted that conscientious mothers might still be awake. Amidst the scattered good nights, the date making for the morrow, and giggled doubts about being able to get into the hotel so late, Cyril seized me by the hand and drew me into the dim garden path.

"The far hammock," he whispered. "Quick, before Cassie grabs it."

Too soft to procrastinate, I allowed him to pull me along the alleyway to where the scandal hammock hung beneath a willow tree. It was pitch dark in there, and Cyril took instant advantage of it. In fact, I rather helped him find my face, and then he kissed me.

All I can say of that kiss is that ever since I had begun letting down the hems of my skirts and pleading to turn up my hair, I had been led to believe that kissing was a dreadful thing—and everybody had been quite wrong about it. He did it again and I frankly wondered what all the fuss had been about. But doubts began to creep in. Cyril sat me down in the hammock and slid in beside me. He said nothing for a moment, but his arm crept around my waist, and he drew me toward him. But my mind was clearer now, and I felt it time to resist.

"Cyril," I said softly, "do you love me?"

"Of course I do," came a muffled mumble.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"What more is there to say?" he murmured.

That stumped me. To save my soul I could not mention marriage, and apparently neither would he. What was I to do? Decency demanded that the honorable quality of his intentions be declared at once, but how was I to force the issue without driving him away? The very idea of losing him by some ill-advised word was more than I could endure, for he was surely the only one in the world for me. He kissed me again, and for a moment I was, perforce, silent. But as a thoroughly good girl, I came back to my duty:

"Do you really care?"

"I'm absolutely dotty about you!"

"But what will our families say?"

"How are they going to know?" he whispered with a little laugh. This was a jolt, for sure! I got to my feet.

"I must be going in," I said shakily, my heart heavy with disappointment. "Mamma will be furious."

"Nina, you do like me a little?" he said.

"Yes."

"Then trust me. I'll never tell."

And that had to be my consolation as I fled to my room. As I undressed, my poor heart was in terrific conflict with all the teachings that had been pounded into my head. I loved Cyril and he loved me, but he had said nothing about marriage. Try as I might, I could find neither excuse nor explanation, and I determined to seek advice in the only safe quarter of which I knew.

Lydia Brownell, the homely daughter of our host, had become my most intimate friend, and the next morning I detached her from her duties about the hotel and took her for an arm-in-arm walk along the cliff while I laid the whole situation bare before her, sparing neither myself nor Cyril, but of course binding her to secrecy. Lydia considered the situation from every angle and asked me interminable questions. Then, sitting on the observation bench out at the Point, she delivered an opinion.

"Now, Nina," she said sensibly, "do you consider him a good catch?"

"No," I was forced to admit honestly. "You see, his family haven't a cent and he's not out of college yet. But of course I love him terribly!"

"Then, if he doesn't pop the question, you are not really losing anything, are you?" "Of course I understand about your feelings and all that, but really you have got to admit that he has behaved rather caddishly. The main thing is to save your pride and your—your dignity, isn't it?"

I reluctantly agreed.

"Then," said she, "my advice is that you get one hop ahead of him. Since you are absolutely sure he's not going to propose, see him tonight and tell him at once that the love between you can only be a tragedy because you realize that you two can never marry. Don't give him a chance—just spring that right off the reel."

This struck me at once as a peach of an idea. It saved my face and had a delectable tinge of sadness about it. I determined to act upon her plan.

"Lydia, you are a wonder!" I exclaimed fervently. "You are a wiz! You have saved my life! How wise and clever you are!"

"Oh, I haven't lived around a summer hotel all these years for nix!" said Lydia ruefully. And we returned to the scene of my drama.

That night, between dances, when Cyril led me out into the moonlight, I at once explained the stark tragedy that lay before us. With the sympathetic understanding which had existed between us from the start, he agreed that since neither of us had a cent marriage was out of the question, and that there was nothing before us except our sacred memories, which we would both cherish forever. The acknowledgment of our hopeless love left us melancholy but slightly relieved as we accepted our fate. I allowed him to place a sacred kiss upon my cheek, but his nose stuck into me when he did so. Somehow the enchantment was less. It was as if the curtain had failed to drop on the last act of a play, but the audience had remained, leaving the actors embarrassed, with nothing to do. I went upstairs early and wondered how we were to continue. Life stretched before me a dreary blank through which I must forever carry a wounded, blighted heart, and all that—but not in the same setting. Something must be done!

Something was done, and as usual, it was mamma who saved the situation. Before I slept she came bursting into my room in her terry robe, excitement exuding from every inch of her stately being.

"Nina," she said, "I have had a letter from papa! He has had an increase in salary and I think we had better go right back to the city and get some new clothes. I'm going to ask papa to let you have that blue taffeta you've been wanting so long—and those bronze evening slippers!"

For a moment I was filled with delight. Those coveted bronze beaded slippers! Then I remembered the unseemliness of my pleasure and looked at mother with a pitying smile. Let her rave on about these shallow worldly pleasures if she would! How could she know of the aching sorrow concealed beneath the calm exterior with which I welcomed her news? However, realizing that I must hide my broken heart, I faced her with a brave little smile, and nobody would have guessed, as I discussed the improvement in our finances, that life—real life—was ended for me forever!

22 stylish colors to choose from
—in this amazing new lacquer that dries in 30 minutes

TO EVERY WOMAN who is eager for new ideas in home decoration—new color combinations for the sun porch, new color schemes for baby's room, new color beauty everywhere in the house—Devoe Brushing Lacquer comes as a household blessing.

For you have never seen such a variety of colors as Devoe Lacquer offers you! There are 22 colors in all. Robin's Egg blue is one of them. Venetian green is another. Sahara is the name of a third. Don't they suggest a veritable prism of new decorative possibilities; new beauty for floors and furniture, woodwork and other household objects?

But there is another reason why Devoe Lacquer suggests so many interesting new uses—it actually dries hard in 30 minutes! This means that an hour before company comes, you can lacquer a chair and have it ready for use when your guests arrive. Stairways—hitherto always a problem—can be lacquered and walked on in half an hour. Kitchen closets can be lacquered with Devoe and the dishes put back in 30 minutes!

Tests Show Devoe Paints Last

Some people actually exercise more discrimination in buying chewing gum than they do in selecting paints. For you can *taste* the difference in gum. But because paints look alike in the can, people think they really *are* alike.

Now, test evidence published by Devoe is giving the public a new appreciation of how paints differ in quality, in beauty, in dollar for dollar value. This evidence—of practical tests in laboratories and in actual use—reveals indisputably the superiority of Devoe Paint and Varnish Products. Go to the Devoe Authorized Agency in your vicinity for advice on paint and painting.

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., INC.
General Offices: 1 W. 47th St., New York
The oldest paint and varnish house in America.
173 years old—founded 1754.

Practical Tests Prove Devoe Quality

The DEVOE GUARANTEE

Use Devoe according to directions, with the understanding that if you find it faulty at the time you put it on or afterwards, we will make satisfactory restitution.

Another

DEVOE

Paint & Varnish Product

COFFEE IN THE GARDEN

(Continued from Page 15)

Agatha inserted a Russian cigarette in her white jade holder. Her frock of paillettes glittered in the moonlight. They were still sitting outside, where they could watch the dancers through the long windows. The hotel had filled up rapidly in the past week. The ballroom was quite crowded.

"I am so glad for Roddie to have some amusement at last," said his mother.

Agatha's glance was cryptic. "Do you know what that woman had the cheek to do today?" she asked after a short, smoke-filled silence.

"No. What woman?" Mrs. Breede's tone was dignified, but, for some reason she couldn't discover, her heart missed a beat.

"Well," said Agatha, "you know Roddie had asked Eleanor to go walking with him this afternoon, since you didn't feel equal to climbing again."

"Yes, I know. I told him to. I mean, I knew all about it. They went up Monte Solaro."

"She went with them."

"Well! But I mean—after all, Aggie, why shouldn't she? I suppose you mean Mrs. Marsden."

"Yes, I do mean Mrs. Marsden. And this is the reason she shouldn't: Because no one had asked her."

"But ——"

"She just appeared in the lobby as they were starting. She'd heard them making their plans last night—you weren't down—that's when Roddie met her. Some man introduced them—it would be a man, of course!"

"Aggie, please, what are you talking about?"

"Mrs. Marsden! Mrs. Marsden! Though she's got no right to an English name—she's Czech or something, and blacker than burned toast. I don't call that sort of tan becoming. But this is what happened, my dear. You wouldn't believe it!" Mrs. Breede made up her mind not to. "She just said to Eleanor—that's the disadvantage of taking a young girl about to hotels; they meet the most impossible people—she just said to Eleanor: 'Do you mind if I join you?'"

"Oh, that's what she said to me. I mean, about coffee."

"Yes, it's her phrase. She probably doesn't know much English. But she certainly seems to have hit upon the most useful words. They spoke French on the walk, Eleanor tells me. Isn't that like her cheek? Trying to force my child out of the conversation. But of course Eleanor speaks French perfectly."

The next morning Roddie came to her after breakfast. "Oh, mother, do you mind? I think I'd like to bathe this morning."

"Why, of course, dear. Shall I come down to the beach with you?"

"Well"—his face darkened, just as it used to when, as a little boy, he didn't want to follow her feminine plans for him—"there's an awful glare, mother. Your headache might ——"

"Well, then I won't come!" she cried hastily, with a sensation—absurd of course—a feeling inside her chest as of bleeding from a wound.

She tried to persuade herself, all the long, empty morning, that Roddie had gone down to the beach with Agatha and Eleanor. But when, at luncheon, she saw them—Roddie had not yet returned—they beckoned her to their table and Aggie said compassionately:

"You'd better feed with us, dear."

"Why? But why? Isn't Roddie coming home to his lunch?" she stammered with maternal solicitude.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Aggie. "He was going off in a *sandolino* just as we were ready to come back from the beach. And I heard Mrs. Marsden asking the head waiter this morning to put her up a luncheon."

"Oh!"

"Well, of course heaps of people do lunch on the beach. It's quite all right, if you can stand the sight of other people feeding. Those Germans suck raw eggs right in front of you without the least shame! Really, I think there are some things that ought to be done at home."

"Why didn't you stay down, dear?" asked Mrs. Breede of Eleanor.

The girl seemed to droop. Her fresh fair English skin, only made more delightfully rosy by sunburn, her wide-open innocent eyes, her fresh, pouting, naturally pink mouth, made her appear even younger than she was—a discontented little girl.

"Oh," she burst out almost tearfully, "Mrs. Marsden didn't want me!"

At this her mother as well as Mrs. Breede looked amazed.

"But, darling, what has that woman got to do with you?" demanded Agatha. "Really, dear, I'd rather you wouldn't associate with Mrs. Marsden."

"How can I help it? She came after me. I was sitting on a rock with Mr. Breede and she came right up to me and said ——"

"'Do you mind if I join you?'" Aggie quoted satirically.

"No, not this time, mummy. She said: 'Won't you please run away?'"

"To you?" Aggie shouted.

"No, to Mr. Breede."

"To Roddie?" cried his mother. And she and Agatha exchanged bewildered glances.

"But why did she want Mr. Breede to run away, darling? That's the last thing on earth I'd have thought Mrs. Marsden would wish."

"Oh"—Eleanor's manner became more sulky—"she wanted a little private chat with me."

"Darling, I forbid you to have private chats with that woman!"

"How can I help it? She said to me: 'Do you want him?'"

"'Do you want him?'" both the elder women echoed in chorus. They looked at each other in complete stupefaction.

"What on earth could she mean?" gasped Mrs. Breede.

Eleanor blushed deeply. Her eyes sparkled with annoyance.

"Why," she cried indignantly, "she meant did I want Mr. Breede! And what could I say? I never heard such an unfair question in my life!"

"Of course it was!" cried her mother. "And that woman knew it. That's why she asked you. What could she expect you to say? A young girl!"

"What did you say, Eleanor?" besought Mrs. Breede with tensely clasped hands.

"Why," Eleanor blushed still more, "what could I say? I said: Why, no; of course I didn't want Mr. Breede—what on earth did she mean? And so she jumped right up and said: 'Well, then, I'll take him!'"

For a second there was an ominous silence. Then Mrs. Breede, flushing deeply, exclaimed in her most sarcastic tones, "She would take him! I don't suppose my son has any choice in the matter."

Agatha gave her a pitying glance. "Why, of course he hasn't, dear," she murmured in low, compassionate tones.

With unusual care Mrs. Breede dressed for dinner that night. Always dainty and fastidious, extremely *soignée*, tonight she had the sensation of dressing to compete with a rival. So she did her pretty brown hair over three times, polished her already shining nails, chose her prettiest frock—the one she had intended saving, as the climax of her wardrobe, for Roddie's birthday. In pale silvery-violet lamé and finely plaited chiffon of the same color, and in high-heeled twinkling slippers, she went down the hall to her son's room.

Crisp, fresh and splendid in his starched white linen, his well-cut dinner jacket, the white flower in his buttonhole. His light brown hair shone, his blue eyes—her own eyes—his beautiful teeth were even and white as a row of sea-polished pebbles.

"Mother, what a pretty frock! How lovely you look! How charming!"

He kissed her. And it seemed to her that his lips tasted of salt and of sun and of the clean, bright wind that ruffles the salt waves. She had a sudden longing to watch his long body leap in the blue, leaping water.

"Oh, Roddie," she cried on the impulse, "take me tomorrow, too, won't you? I've been so lonely."

She regretted it instantly. She saw his shining eyes veiled, as if a cloud had swept over them. It hurt her to see him fumble for polite excuses while the shamed blood darkened his temples.

"Come along, you must be starved!" she cried hastily, gayly tripping along before him in her silver slippers.

She ordered a pint of sweet champagne with her dinner, to give her courage. Roddie stared, then broke out into his boyish, infectious laughter:

"Well, mother, you are coming out. This naughty little island is sure to undermine your principles."

People turned around to look at him, to hear his laughter. He was so beautiful that it made your heart ache, like the heart-breaking blue of the Mediterranean. She could watch women's eyes drink him in. Their greedy eyes couldn't get enough of Roddie. She really couldn't blame Mrs. Marsden for being mad about him. For a moment she felt quite sorry for Mrs. Marsden.

She lowered her tone confidentially, smiled at her son like a mischievous conspirator:

"Roddie—son, how old is she, do you think—that Mrs. Marsden?"

He frowned. He was eating *frittura di golfo*, and he made a great pretense of being preoccupied with the infinitesimal bones of freshly caught sardines. When he did reply, his voice was curiously dignified:

"Mrs. Marsden is twenty-eight."

"Nonsense!" The cry escaped her. She bit her lip, frightened, tense, for the eyes Roddie fixed on her were even colder than his voice:

"She told me so herself. Not that it makes the slightest difference. Why are women so maliciously preoccupied with the subject of one another's years?"

His mother choked on her hasty sip of champagne—for courage, for courage! The stinging bubbles smarted in her nose. Ugh! She didn't really care for the stuff; it was just like bicarbonate of soda! And she feared the sting of tears in her eyes. Oh, how dreadful if she should disgrace Roddie by crying in public!

It seemed a long time until they could get out into the garden. Here, at last, for the first moment all day—all that long tiresome day—she would have her son to herself. She brushed swiftly, silently and rudely past Agatha's table. She didn't care. They simply couldn't expect to share Roddie every night. She felt quite savage. She found a table in the darkest spot of the whole garden.

"Good Lord, mother, what are you crawling under those palms for?"

"I'd rather sit here, if you don't mind, Roddie. The light hurts my eyes."

"Right-o, darling! Anywhere you like."

She could tell by his excessively cheerful tone that he was ashamed of himself. She pressed her advantage.

"I'm terribly tired of people. Aren't you?" she asked in a rapidly casual, small voice. "Suppose we—suppose we just sit out here together this evening. You must be too tired to dance anyway, aren't you?"

Before he could answer, a dark voice glided under the palms at them, like a thick, supple snake:

"Do you mind if I join you?"

Mrs. Marsden stood there, large and calm, grinning at them.

Roddie had jumped up—even his mother could see—eagerly. Mrs. Breede, incapable of words, uttered a gurgle. Mrs. Marsden sat down. Her shockingly light, her hemp-like hair was just tousled about anyhow. It was quite without luster. Her badly cut frock dropped carelessly away from one round dark shoulder. She was not in the least *soignée*. Not by the wildest flight of imagination could you consider her dainty. His mother thought that Roddie, with his training, should have shrunk from this woman. But he didn't. He leaned toward her. As Mrs. Breede saw the innocent rosy face suspended above that snake, observing it with an eager fascination, she wanted to scream, snatch up her child and run.

Mrs. Marsden was talking in French in a low, rapid tone to Roddie. When Mrs. Breede stiffly spoke to her about the coffee—she absolutely refused to remember how many lumps of sugar that woman liked—Mrs. Marsden replied in French. That was a mistake! Roddie blushed and frowned. Not for the world would he have said: "My mother doesn't speak French."

Instead, he said in a tone of forced raillery, "No, no. Now, really, Mrs. Marsden, you must practice your English. I can't allow you to be so lazy."

She laughed at his crisp commanding tone, a low deep purring, as if enchanted. She turned to him mock submissive, insolent eyes. Her every look gave Mrs. Breede a cold shiver.

She gulped her coffee; she crunched lumps of sugar between her strong teeth with that frank animal enjoyment which some Europeans display in eating. Mrs. Breede, who had been brought up to be rather hypercritical about all pleasures, felt that she was witnessing an act of indecency.

"It's rather odd you don't speak English fluently, Mrs. Marsden," she observed in a small, tight voice, "since your husband was English."

Mrs. Marsden had the European woman's trick of looking at you for quite a long time and quite without expression before she answered:

"My husban'—my praysant husban' is still English, I believe."

"Oh," Mrs. Breede felt a singing surge of happiness, "I thought you were a widow."

She couldn't resist, then, looking at Roddie. This would end it, of course. She watched in his face for surprise, for dismay. Nothing of the sort rose in his tranquil eyes. He continued to regard the serpent. Shocked and bewildered, Mrs. Breede looked about for a stone.

"And when will Mr. Marsden join you?" She flung it directly. But it flew wide of its mark.

"O-oh, I don't know."

The woman actually yawned in her face. Was Roderick going to allow this rude person to insult his own mother? But he didn't seem to know anything had happened.

He got up.

"Let's dance. Want to?"

Mrs. Marsden rose like a fluid and almost instantly became one with him.

"Mrs. Marsden dances like an American girl," he explained over his shoulder to his mother.

In the days and nights that followed, Roddie was with Mrs. Marsden constantly, away for hours upon unexplained hours. The only time that his mother could really count upon seeing him was at dinner. And after dinner Mrs. Marsden always joined them.

It wasn't of the slightest use to be cold to her; to refuse to issue an invitation, or even to remain absolutely silent. There were no feminine weapons that could pierce Mrs. Marsden's brass-plated armor. At least, none that gentle little Mrs. Breede possessed.

There were only five days left of Roddie's vacation. In two more days would be his birthday and in another three days he would be gone.

"Assert yourself, dear," Agatha advised. "Force Roddie to make definite engagements with you. Don't let that horrid woman crowd you out."

Rendered desperate by the swift flight of days—days so long and tedious without Roddie, yet, still so swiftly flying, speeding her relentlessly onward to the final separation from her son—Mrs. Breede did force Roddie.

"Let's have a little picnic—just you and I, dear," she began brightly.

She wouldn't look at his face, refused to see its apprehensive, stubborn expression.

"Oh, Roddie," she cried, stung by his silence, "don't you remember how, when you were a little boy, you used to love to picnic with mother? Beg me to take you?"

"And now I've got to beg you," she silently added

Something desperate in her cry touched him, shamed him. "All right, mother. We'll do anything you say. I'll tell Mrs. Marsden ——"

"Oh, no! No, don't tell her."

"I mean, I'll tell Mrs. Marsden I can't come down to the beach with her today."

"Oh, Roddie, how good you are. You are so good to me."

Her humbleness touched him even more than her desperate need. He disposed of Mrs. Marsden in a masterful fashion.

"No, I'm sorry," he replied to her immediate offer to accompany them. "But, you see, I want one day with my mother quite alone."

Oh, how chivalrous of Roddie to put it in that way!

He selected a little, secluded beach for their picnic—to get away from the herds of people. And they were rowed out to it in a pink-and-blue-painted boat, beyond the large beach which the herds inhabited, and around a sharp profile of the island.

Mrs. Breede picked her way down the rough beach, feeling a little nude and daring and childlike and free. She had made herself a neat black silk frock and black silk bloomers, knee length. And she wore black silk stockings and red canvas shoes and a red cap.

Roddie wore only woolen trunks; the upper part of his body was bare. From wide shoulders to narrow waist he cut a firm brown line against the blue, and with his long, straight, strong legs and arms, equally darkened to an Aztec color.

"Oh, Roddie, I can't swim very well, I'm afraid," she faltered.

He laughed and pulled her into the surf. A wave rose before them and she screamed and laughed and clung to Roddie. She couldn't swim more than a few strokes, but she hadn't forgotten how to float. And Roddie stayed with her in the shallow water. For Mrs. Breede it was an exciting, an adventurous time, and was quite perfect.

They lay on the great white bowlders, which were polished to the texture of satin, and were as warm as a porcelain stove; and dried themselves in the sunlight, not cruel here, but infinitely, almost wickedly caressing. And for the first time in her life, stretched out under an Italian sky, Mrs. Breede knew the sensuous pleasures of the sun—the voluptuous thrill of heat, the keen physical delight that may come from mere breathing. It was as if gentle, yet electric, hands were stroking all of her body, and as if her breath, going into and coming out of her body, was composed of the glittering golden particles of an agreeable electric current. To one of Puritan tradition these sensations were almost startling.

She turned her head to look at Roddie. His brown face, in the sunlight, was utterly peaceful, at rest, in harmony with his surroundings. He lay with closed eyes, like a statue of the young god—the fair, joyous god—Dionysus asleep

Others, Mrs. Breede now observed, were enjoying the sunshine.

The little beach was peopled with recumbent figures. Not many, not a crowd, but here, in the half shadow of a green-and-white-striped boat, or there, behind a huge bowlder, were couples—always couples; no groups of three or four. They lay, these young people, drinking in the sunlight almost naked. Mrs. Breede was astonished to remember that she had felt slightly daring when she first stepped out on the beach in her modest costume. Now she felt overwhelmingly "dated," outmoded, labeled as middle-aged and prudish. For these young women around her wore the briefest, the scantiest, of woolen garments—one piece only—and Mrs. Breede was amazed at the universal beauty of their legs. It seemed that this generation held no unfortunate members who must hide knock-knees. All these girls were straight-limbed and strong.

Mrs. Breede was shocked at the amount of beauty which they so freely displayed, and she was bewildered by the nonchalance with which they regarded their companions; some of them rather less clad than Roddie, if possible—that is, their trunks were shorter. Mrs. Breede was shocked, she was bewildered, but she was also just enough to acknowledge that this generation was nearer to the earth—the good earth mother—and to the life-giving sun—than her own. A more barbaric generation, capable of more primitive enjoyments. And a little feeling of sadness, of envy, came with the realization. She felt smothered by all her silly black silk.

Roddie, lifting himself on an elbow, saw that his mother was sitting bolt upright on their rock, alert as a little fox terrier, fixing with her eager and curious gaze the couple just beneath them.

The girl, who was long, brown and supple, wore a brief bathing suit of lemon-colored wool, and had on her boyishly clipped black hair a dark-blue beret such as sailors wear. Her features were very pronounced—a sweepingly drawn nose, heavily lidded black eyes, pouting ripe lips painted to a most astonishing scarlet. Her companion, a youth with a handsome brown body and a rather effeminate head—the falsely sweet smile, the lazily insolent eyes, of the Italian who is too successful with women—was lying flat on his back on the sand, while the girl, bending over him, poured oil from a bottle on his bare chest and arms and rubbed it in vigorously with her fingers.

"Well, I never!" gasped Mrs. Breede, reversing her judgment as to the desirability of being so close to earth. "I do think they might stop short of massage!"

"Mother, you mustn't stare at people."

Roddie's whisper was sharp with annoyance, a command. His mother lay down again meekly and whispered too:

"But, Roddie, did you see ——"

"You mustn't see things. People come here to get a little privacy."

"Oh!"

She wondered how Roddie knew. He must have been here before. She began to feel a little wretched. The brilliance had gone out of the sun, the pleasure. It was only hot.

"Roddie, could we move into the shade somewhere?"

"Yes, mother." Patiently—a little too patiently.

They moved to the shadow of another bowlder close up under the cliff that the little beach curved into. She could still see those young people pouring oil on each other.

"Roddie, why do they do that?"

"It makes you burn more."

"But do they want to?"

"Of course, mother."

"Oh! I thought it was only because they couldn't help it. Then that's why Mrs.—I mean, you see such ugly—such dreadfully dark people."

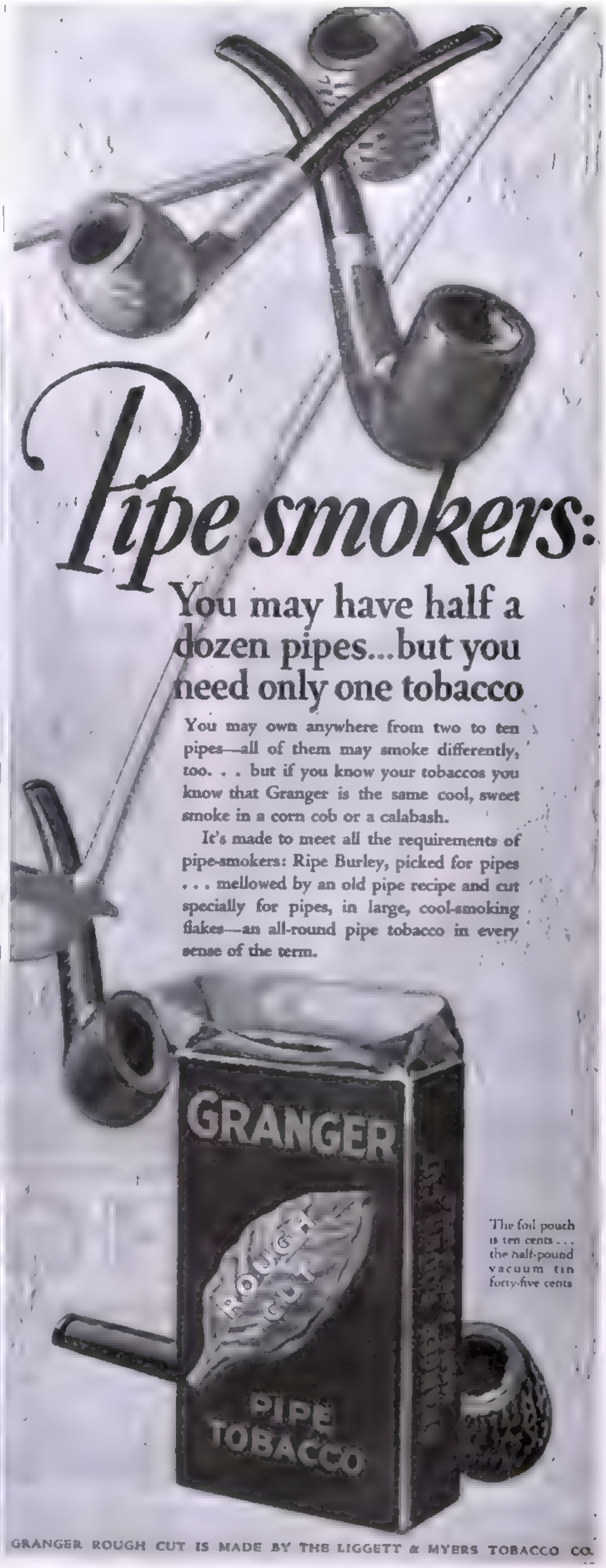
"But that's beautiful, mother."

"You can't think so!"

She looked down at her own bare arms, her delicate hands. She had always been vain of the exceptional fairness of her skin, with its delightful silky texture, its thin blue-whiteness.

"Why, of course it's beautiful to be a healthy color," Roddie was declaring. "People ought to be ashamed to look like the underside of fish."

(Continued on Page 61)


Pipe smokers:
You may have half a dozen pipes...but you need only one tobacco
You may own anywhere from two to ten pipes—all of them may smoke differently, too. . . but if you know your tobaccos you know that Granger is the same cool, sweet smoke in a corn cob or a calabash.
It's made to meet all the requirements of pipe-smokers: Ripe Burley, picked for pipes . . . mellowed by an old pipe recipe and cut specially for pipes, in large, cool-smoking flakes—an all-round pipe tobacco in every sense of the term.
GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
The foil pouch is ten cents . . . the half-pound vacuum tin forty-five cents
GRANGER ROUGH CUT IS MADE BY THE LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Every Hood tire you see on the road replaced a tire of another make or a Hood. It was bought because the car owner is interested in lower cost per mile

Made by: Hood Rubber Co., Watertown, Mass.
Distributed by: Hood Rubber Products Co., Inc.
Branches in All Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 59)

The underside of fish—her beautiful fair skin—and Roddie thought she looked like the underside of fish!

She unwrapped the sandwiches with trembling fingers, ashamed of being so easily hurt, so ridiculously sensitive, yet scarcely able to control the tears that pressed behind her eyelids. In her confusion she let the sandwiches fall. And though Roddie dusted them off, laughing, and pretended to feel awfully jolly and picnickish, she could see a moody depression settle down over his features when he thought she wasn't looking.

They ate the slightly gritty sandwiches—matter-of-fact hotel slabs of bread and ham and cheese—and drank lukewarm lemonade out of a bottle; and to Mrs. Breede's dismay they made conversation. Oh, yes, it was only too apparent. Roddie, her son, was being polite to her.

Roddie, her little boy, who used to shout and turn handsprings at their picnics. Oh, they had been congenial then! But it was no use now. Those happy years were gone. They didn't even count. For Roddie was bored with her now. How unjust! How cruel! But she was not angry with her son. Only with life that sweeps you so suddenly out of your depth and away. She was only a dried bit of driftwood now, on the strong, terrible, vital current, and soon she would be swept away from Roddie forever. Roddie, vital and terrible now in the main stream. She was glad, though vaguely, to have felt the sun this morning; to have seen this beach of young lovers. It had given her at least a little comprehension; some new though vague understanding of the vital, the terrible, the swift, treacherous, godlike current.

"I think it's a darn sight better to eat a good hot lunch at home," Roddie complained.

"Oh," she cried, stung out of her silence, her resignation, "you are older than I am, really!"

He stared, offended. "What makes you so nervous today, mother?" Oh, always, always, the man's retaliation; his one word of repartee: "Nervous."

"I'm not," she said. "But I just think we had better go home if you are not enjoying yourself, Roddie."

"Why, of course not—I mean, of course I am. Only I guess we should have brought books or something."

"Books?"

"Well, for a whole day on the beach. There's nothing to do."

She forbore to ask him about all those other days on the beach; though she wanted terribly to say: "I suppose Mrs. Marsden read all the time she was with you."

Instead, she turned away her face and murmured, "I enjoyed it ever so much in the water. Didn't you? Those big waves were ever so thrilling. We could go in again, dear, after a while."

"Yes—only—well, of course it's a little tame for me."

"Tame?"

"I mean, not swimming and diving."

"But, Roddie," she cried, distressed, "I didn't know! You needn't stay near me to help me. I'm so sorry! I'll be all right alone, dear, next time. You go out as far as you like and swim."

"Well, it wouldn't be much fun alone."

"Oh."

"I mean, down on the big beach there are lots of people—lots of people I know—to do things with."

"Then why didn't we go there for our picnic, Roddie? I'd just as soon."

"Well, I thought you wanted to be alone, mother. You know you said so."

"Not if it bores you, Roddie."

"And you don't seem to like the people I play around with."

She took her courage in both hands then. Spoke to him boldly on the subject she had wept about in secret:

"Do you think it's very nice, Roddie, to—to 'play around,' as you call it, with—with a married woman?"

"Oh, mother, don't be so old-fashioned. What's the harm, anyway, in going about with Mrs. Marsden? Dancing. Swimming. There are always other people. Eleanor's with us more than half the time. Besides, if it wasn't me it would be sure to be some other fellow."

"Oh, Roddie, but don't you see? That's just the point."

"No, I don't. Why, good heavens, what do you expect the poor girl to do?"

"Girl!"

"Young woman, then. Do you want her to shut herself up in her room with her knitting, because her husband isn't here to chaperon her? Good heavens, mother, the world has changed since you ——"

"Yes, Roddie, the world has changed since I fell in love and married. Perhaps if it hadn't you wouldn't be sitting here now talking to me."

"Why, what ——"

"This is what I mean. That I hadn't any youth at all—any girlhood! Do you realize, Roddie—you never seem to—I'm not so old? I was only eighteen when you were born. I hadn't any time to marry five or six husbands and run around with other men to beaches and learn how to dive and do the Charleston."

"Mother, are you reproaching me for being born?"

"No, I'm not—I'm not, Roddie! I don't care about youth—my girlhood. I don't care about that kind of good time. I never did. You were all in the world I ever wanted—all I want. Only ——"

"But what is it, mother? What is it? Darling, don't cry. Tell me what's the matter."

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know. I can't explain. But it isn't fair somehow ——"

"But what have I done? What can I do, mother?"

"Oh, it's not you, Roddie. It's not your fault. It's the way things are. I'm a fool for crying. I've nothing to cry about, Roddie. I've had you and father." She pushed away the large sea-smelling handkerchief that dabbed at her eyelids. "Let's go back now, shall we, Roddie?"

"What! Do you really want to?"

"Yes, I think I'd like to lie down awhile. But you stay—I mean, you go to the other beach if you want to."

"All right." His glad relief was apparent. "I'll just keep on my bathing suit then."

"What there is of it. Yes, I would keep that much on."

He laughed. They were friends again, each a little ashamed of the emotional interlude. Mrs. Breede changed into her white linen frock and her wide straw hat. They got in their gayly painted boat; their oarsman headed toward the blue-shadowed Sorrentine coast. At their right, in the afternoon glow, were the boldly thrust profiles, the many sharp indentations of their own island. They would pass, on the right, the large beach where Roddie was accustomed to bathe, before they turned round the pier to reach the boat landing.

A *sandolino* skimmed by—one of those tiny, paper-flat, toothpick-pointed boats that are intended for only one, or at the most, two passengers. The boy who handled the long, graceful, two-bladed oar, dipping it first on one side, then the other, seemed to be seated bolt upright on top of the waves, and he was swiftly carried away in perfect accord with their rocking and rolling motion.

"Aren't they dangerous, Roddie—those tiny little boats?"

"Well, they upset pretty easily."

"Don't go out too far in one ever. Promise!"

He laughed. "You couldn't drown me, mother."

"Thanks. I don't want to."

As they came in sight of the pier the afternoon steamer to Naples was just making ready to depart. Anchored outside the too-shallow waters of the harbor, the big boat was rocking back and forth like an old fat hen, patiently clucking and calling for the little boats to come out to her. Tourists by the day were running hysterically along the pier, peasant women strolled along with dignified calm, carrying trunks on their heads. Flat white roofs, watermelon pink houses, sky-blue houses, houses the color of ashes of roses with shutters of sun-faded green. Irritable motor boats, suave feline sailboats with great clumsy goods boats whistling and scuffling at their heels; little tethered rowboats skipping up and down, green and white, blue and white, pink and blue. Fishermen yelling, dragging red nets on the shore, singing out operatically, unashamed. Laughter, bells—all the symphonic sound and color and movement habitual to that animated water front.

But as their boat made a detour round the steamer Mrs. Breede observed a concentration of interest, a focusing of the general excitement and laughter. A *sandolino* had upset and two moving heads were visible in the water, flashing arms. Then a young man scrambled out on a rock that jutted up just outside the harbor, righted the overturned *sandolino* and leaped into it again. He sat bailing out water with both hands, like a dog furiously scratching dirt, while his companion, a woman, approached with long, leisurely, powerful overhand strokes.

Mrs. Breede quite naturally expected the young man—the very young man—to assist the lady into the boat. But he did nothing of the sort. Instead, he furiously scratched water into her face as it came up over the rim of the *sandolino*. She dived and came up spouting out water in his face.

He scratched more; they both yelled, they laughed. The boatmen yelled, the fishermen laughed, the crowding passengers at the rail of the steamer laughed and shouted, the hurrying souvenir-laden tourists on the pier stopped and laughed and pointed. Roddie gave a delighted whoop, their oarsman stopped rowing, stared and laughed. It was exactly like a special act in a water carnival staged for the public benefit. Only Mrs. Breede remained quite still and silent. For that woman, playing there in the water like a great, shining, twisting fish, a coiling sea serpent, leaping, diving—showing off for the public benefit—was Mrs. Marsden.

Noting his mother's anxious expression, Roddie said reassuringly, "Oh, you couldn't drown her."

And as if to prove his assertion Mrs. Marsden emerged now completely—stood on the rock half turned away from them, poised like a bronze statue against the blue.

Mrs. Breede gasped. The single brief garment, just the color of the sky, was of so silken a texture that it seemed to have been painted rather than placed on that tall brown figure. There were only straps over the shoulders, which were equally darkened with her long round arms, her long, firmly modeled bare legs. But it was not Mrs. Marsden's bathing suit that caused Mrs. Breede to gasp. It was her astonishing, her breath-taking beauty.

The woman who had been disguised in badly cut concealing frocks emerged now a goddess. Standing there, tall, serenely poised, perfectly proportioned, most finely and firmly modeled, a plastic figure against the blue, in full sight of the gaping crowd—tourists, fishermen, all—ahé still was as scornfully aloof as Diana herself, as modest in pagan unmodesty as Venus Urania, born of the sea.

Mrs. Breede suddenly felt old, crushed, beaten. It was little consolation to say to herself that Mrs. Marsden's exhibition—no matter how defensible on the grounds of Hellenic beauty—was, according to present standards, in very bad taste. Good taste didn't seem to matter now, wouldn't count.

Mrs. Marsden's very youthful escort had at last allowed her to get into the *sandolino*. Roddie, darkly flushed, brooding, motioned to their boatman to row away. But just then fresh shouts attracted everyone's attention. Roddie jerked his head around, anxiety flashed across his face.

The steamer was moving slowly away, and in the foamy waves churned up in its wake Mrs. Marsden's light boat was tossed high, flung down, while she and her companion engaged in a foolish battle with another *sandolino*. There was the sharp sound of striking oars, a terrified scream, and the other *sandolino* turned over. A girl came up almost at once, but she was striking out too hard, gasping.

With one long graceful motion Roddie disappeared from their boat, scarcely stirring it, and his long arms cut the water like furious knives. Before he could reach her, though, the capsized girl was scrambling upon the rock and laughing at him. Half prostrate there, dripping and puffing and pink, gasping and laughing, in her modest, though modish, bathing suit of dark-blue wool, was Eleanor.

"Hah—please—hah-hah—my *sando*—Rod—hah!" she gasped and laughed, her fresh, rosy face dripping, pink arms waving like a too thoroughly baptized baby.

Mrs. Breede motioned to her boatman to proceed. She went up to the hotel in a carriage—not comforted by being called *signorina*. She lay down on her bed, shut her eyes forcibly, and saw Mrs. Marsden.

She was counting sheep resolutely when an excited rapping at the door brought her to her feet. Aggie bounced in, flopped down on the bed without being asked, and lighted a cigarette before she spoke.

"Well, my dear, this is the worst yet. I had to come tell you."

"What is it, Aggie?" Mrs. Breede resigned herself in an armchair.

"She's been going about the hotel all day telling everyone that she will kill herself!"

"Who?" Though she knew, of course.

"Mrs. Marsden. She says she's insane about Roddie and he doesn't love her."

"I hope not," said his mother doubtfully.

"My dear, she was furious—simply furious—when you took Roddie off! She never dreamed he'd leave her for a whole day. She'll do something desperate," declared Aggie hopefully.

"Oh, no. She was down at the beach with another young man."

"Yes, that Hopkins child—he's only nineteen. Of course she just did it for spite. But his poor mother is frantic. Really, the way married women stir up trouble now, it makes you believe in harems."

"And bowstrings."

"Yes, she ought to be sewn up in a sack and thrown in the Bosporus."

"'But you couldn't drown her.'"

Roddie was fearfully late for dinner. But when he finally came down—after nine—immaculate, crisp and glowing, his eyes were so starry that his mother couldn't reproach him. They went in together past Agatha's table. She was eating dessert, but Eleanor was just beginning on soup; cramming it down in great spoonfuls like a ravenous child. Eleanor was as glowing, as starry-eyed as Roddie. Her eyes laughed at them over the spoon, but she couldn't put it down to greet them. Roddie laughed too. "Poor kid, she's starved. So'm I." They went past Mrs. Marsden's table. She was sitting up straight, in a white, glittery frock, cracking nuts slowly, sweeping the room with her eyes. Roddie bowed, Mrs. Breede nodded feebly. Mrs. Marsden looked straight through them. Roddie crimsoned.

"Why," Mrs. Breede gasped, "what've we done? What's happened?"

"Never mind, mother."

They ate their dinner almost in silence. Roddie was as tense as a tightly drawn wire. His mother dared not question him.

By the time they were ready to go out in the garden nearly everyone else had had coffee, and the groups about the small tables were scattering to dance or play bridge. Mrs Breede sat down at their accustomed table under a dim light, feeling weak and listless, utterly spent and spiritless. She expected to hear—and this time not even attempt to resist—the voice of

(Continued on Page 63)

One Man Buys Million Dollars' Worth of Chryslers in One Year - His Letter Tells Why.

Reasons Given by Mr. Joe Saunders, of Saunders System, for Record-breaking Purchase — Greater Economy, Longer Life, Dependability, Performance, Ease of Riding and Handling, Safety and Appearance — Are Reasons Also for the Sweeping Public Preference for Chrysler.

Mr. Joe Saunders, of the Saunders Drive It Yourself System, Inc., whose Chrysler cars are driven 20,000,000 miles a year from 83 stations in the following cities:

Akron, Ohio	Indianapolis, Ind.
Atlanta, Ga.	Kansas City, Mo.
Augusta, Ga.	Knoxville, Tenn.
Baltimore, Md.	Louisville, Ky.
Bessemer, Ala.	Memphis, Tenn.
Birmingham, Ala.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Mobile, Ala.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Moline, Ill.
Chicago, Ill.	Montgomery, Ala.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Nashville, Tenn.
Cleveland, Ohio	Omaha, Nebr.
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Columbus, Ga.	Peoria, Ill.
Columbus, Ohio	Philadelphia, Pa.
Council Bluffs, Iowa	Richmond, Va.
Dallas, Texas	Rockford, Ill.
Davenport, Iowa	Rock Island, Ill.
Dayton, Ohio	Sioux City, Iowa
Denver, Colo.	Springfield, Ill.
Des Moines, Iowa	Springfield, Ohio
Detroit, Mich.	St. Joseph, Mo.
Ensley, Ala.	St. Louis, Mo.
Evansville, Ind.	Toledo, Ohio
Galesburg, Ill.	Topeka, Kansas
Houston, Texas	Tulsa, Okla.
Tuscaloosa, Ala.	Washington, D. C.
Waterloo, Iowa	Wichita, Kansas

SAUNDERS Drive It Yourself SYSTEM

Wherever You Go!

SAUNDERS SYSTEM

ESTABLISHED 1915
OPERATING IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

SAUNDERS DRIVE IT YOURSELF COMPANY, Inc.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES
SAUNDERS BLDG., 1208 WYANDOTTE STREET
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

November 26, 1927

Mr. J. E. Fields,
Vice President in Charge of Sales,
Chrysler Sales Corporation.
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Sir:

The fact that we have purchased, during the past year, one million dollars worth of Chryslers, that we use more Chryslers than any other make, and that we are continuously adding more Chryslers than all other makes combined, should be complete evidence that we believe that Chrysler delivers the most satisfactory and economical transportation.

Our experience is broad inasmuch as our cars are driven nearly twenty million miles annually by literally hundreds of thousands of drivers with the varying road and weather conditions which can be found from Denver on the west to Washington, D.C., and from Milwaukee to Mobile, Alabama.

Obviously with 83 stations scattered over this territory, it has been necessary for us to develop accurate and standardized cost accounting methods.

These have reflected 11% greater mileage per gallon of gas for Chryslers, and also a reduction of 33-1/3% in depreciation and a reduction in maintenance cost. Our comparisons are made with well-known automobiles ranging in price from three hundred dollars under to three hundred dollars higher than the Chrysler.

Needless to say, both our customers as well as we are highly pleased with the beauty, performance, ease of handling and riding, dependability, safety and long life of Chrysler. In fact, in our business, the economy of operation would be of no avail without sustained popularity of the car with the general public.

Yours respectfully,

SAUNDERS DRIVE IT YOURSELF COMPANY, Inc.

By Joe Saunders
Vice-President

CHRYSLER

52 · 62 · 72 · 112 H.P. *Imperial* 80 ·

40 BODY STYLES · $725 to $6795

F.O.B. DETROIT

(Continued from Page 61)

her enemy. And in a moment, just as she was pouring out the coffee, she did hear the familiar voice.

Mrs. Marsden stood before them in her glittering gown. But her words were not what Mrs. Breede expected. She did not ask to join them.

She leaned over the table, placing one palm flat on the cloth so that her eyes came down on a level with Mrs. Breede's. And looking at her—not at Roddie—with those small, light-gray eyes that glittered, that shifted, like the sequins on her dress, she said, in her deep, strong, calm voice:

"My husban', he comes tomorrow."

Mrs. Breede was so startled that she almost dropped the coffeepot.

"Why—why, how nice," she stammered, wondering an instant afterward if this, after all, had been the right thing to say.

"Yes. I am very glad. Very glad!" declared Mrs. Marsden.

Mrs. Breede was still more astonished. "Oh! Oh, are you?" she repeated inanely.

Roddie had not spoken. He was still standing by his chair, very stiff and solemn. Mrs. Marsden now turned her pale head, but not her eyes, in his direction. She spoke to Roddie over her shoulder as carelessly as if he were a servant.

"Come with me for one moment," she commanded

He hesitated. His mother could see the angry blood start up in his cheek, the bewildered look in his eyes, as if he had been slapped.

"Go, dear, if you want to," she said.

He followed Mrs. Marsden. They sat at her table under a neighboring palm. It was dark there. Mrs. Breede could not see them. But she could hear the low, steady murmur of their voices. They talked on and on. It was, decidedly, a long moment.

Mrs. Marsden's voice contributed most to the low, steady, muttering stream that flowed on in the darkness. Roddie's voice seemed to answer it only in sullen monosyllables, with now and then a sharp accent of surprise, a longer, more quickly flowing phrase of indignation. There was something tense, menacing in the sounds, in the atmosphere. Mrs. Breede found her ears straining to listen. Then all her traditions gave way; she listened shamelessly, even bent forward in the darkness to try to catch words. But only one or two intelligible sounds came out now and then; words thrown off a little more loudly and quickly than the rest, like small flying stones exploded from a lava flow. "Cold!" was one. And it seemed to be applied to Roddie in scorn. "My husban', my husban'" over and over. Then a whole sentence spurted out over Mrs. Breede like liquid flame:

"No! You—you will tell my husban'!"

In a panic Mrs. Breede rose, clutched up her shawl, her handkerchief, stumbled, almost ran into the hotel, out of the thick, menacing darkness. She was bewildered by the lights, the familiar, commonplace scene. She was like someone who has been lost in a jungle, in the hot, smothering tangle and tropical darkness, and bursts, bewildered, all at once, into the sane, calm world again.

She fled up to her room before Aggie could spy her, and locked her door. What had Roddie to tell Mrs. Marsden's husband? She turned out the light and sat trembling by the open window. If Aggie knocked she would not answer. She could look down over the garden where her son still sat with that woman. But she could not go down again and face them. In that moment she felt that she never wanted to see Roddie again—not even Roddie ever again!

In the morning, though, after a night not entirely sleepless, but entirely filled with disturbing dreams, Mrs. Breede knew that she must see Roddie again. For this was his birthday. She dressed carefully and slowly—her face in the mirror was lined and pale—and carefully and slowly she wrapped up Roddie's birthday presents that she had brought from home. A suède jacket from his father, half a dozen pairs of silk socks, a sweater she had knitted, a fountain pen and a dozen linen handkerchiefs that she had beautifully monogrammed. She folded each gift in white tissue paper and tied it with red ribbon, and put a suitably inscribed card on each. But she couldn't indulge in the little rimes and jests that usually accompanied presents. For she felt not angry with her son, but as if both she and Roddie were in disgrace. She waited until nine o'clock. Roddie would be ready to leave his room by this time, either to go down to the beach or—what would Roddie be doing this morning—facing Mrs. Marsden's husband? She had relinquished all thoughts of their having this day together. Even if that were possible now, everything was spoiled.

She went soberly down the hall to Roddie's room and, falsely festive packages in hand, knocked at the door. There was no answer and she knocked again. She waited several moments, listened. If Roddie were still so soundly asleep—a deep angry pang of injury throbbed through Mrs. Breede—if Roddie could sleep! A maid passed down the hall, and seeing Mrs. Breede, said in uncertain English that she thought the young gentleman had gone out. Mrs. Breede, in a panic, pushed at the door; it swung open readily. The maid was right. Roddie's room was empty. Then all the presents tumbled on the floor. For the bed was made up. Hadn't been slept in. She dashed about the room looking for signs of Roddie. None of his shoes were scattered about. The wardrobe was empty. The dressing table swept bare. Gone—Roddie was gone.

She sat down on the made-up bed, too stunned to cry. She felt as if she had just inhaled a powerful breath of chloroform. Sick, but not in pain, stunned, almost asleep. The only thing she could do was to say to herself in an utterly astonished whisper: "And I thought I didn't want to see you again."

Then breath came back, then pain came back. Her heart beat once more, and it beat with laborious pain. She knew how much she wanted to see Roddie. No matter what he had done; no matter in what disgrace, how dishonored, she wanted her son.

For a moment the mere fact of his absence so filled her mind that she did not even wonder where he had gone. Then came a thought so dismaying that she jumped up as if she had been stung, and ran out of the room. She sought Aggie—Aggie whom she had refused to admit last night. She pounded on Aggie's door.

Eleanor opened it, yawning. Her pink "ah" of mouth stretched to "oh" at the sight of Mrs. Breede's face.

"Why, Mrs. Breede! What—— Mummy! Mummy!"

At the frightened cry, Agatha, in emerald-green pajamas, darted out of the next room and clutched her friend. She lapsed, in her fright, into the American vernacular:

"For goodness' sake, Nan, what on earth's the matter with you?"

"Roddie ——" Mrs. Breede had presence of mind to shut the door. "I'm afraid Roddie has run away with that woman."

Agatha opened and shut her mouth several times. The two elder women were pale and staring. But Eleanor burst out into her fresh young laughter.

"Oh, no, he hasn't! Mummy, you do look funny! How perfectly absurd, both of you!"

"But how do you know he hasn't? His room is empty, his clothes are gone. Where else ——"

"Oh"—Eleanor's face now became as blank as her elders'—"Mr. Breede's gone! You mean—gone? I mean, he's really gone away?" Mrs. Breede nodded. "But it isn't with Mrs. Marsden anyway!" cried Eleanor, as if this reflection gave her some comfort. "I know positively it's not with Mrs. Marsden."

"But how? How?" cried his mother.

While her own mother shouted, "Provoking child! If you do know anything, tell us! Tell us this instant!"

"Because I saw Mrs. Marsden myself," Eleanor calmly continued, "only about an hour ago. There was a mosquito under my net ——"

"Darling, don't talk to us about mosquitoes!"

"Well, I mean, that's how I happened to look out of the window, mummy. I might as well, since I was up. The garden's so lovely and fresh in the morning. It was only a little past eight, but she was having breakfast."

"Alone?"

"Yes, for a minute. Then Pinkie Hopkins came out—you know, that silly little red-haired boy she was with all yesterday. He's nothing but a child! I can't bear him. He had his bathing suit over his shoulder, and a towel, and he was carrying that flowered bag she takes her bathing things in, and they went off together. She's vamping him, you know. But I wouldn't get up so early to do it to anyone."

"But her husband!" faltered Mrs. Breede. "I thought her husband was coming."

"Oh, yes. I suppose he's coming." Eleanor yawned. "She telegraphed for him yesterday."

"She telegraphed for him?"

"Oh, what a provoking child you are!" cried her mother. "You know the most important things and never tell them!"

"Why, I don't think that's so very important, mummy." Eleanor's eyes were round. "She simply did it for spite, after she couldn't make Mr. Breede jealous of that silly little Pinkie Hopkins."

"Well," declared Aggie, "any woman who will try to make another man jealous of her own husband is a—is a—well, I won't say what she is before my own daughter!"

"Oh, Mrs. Marsden's not a bad sort," said Eleanor, with surprising magnanimity. "She was simply mad about Mr. Breede. And you could scarcely blame her," added Eleanor with a most becoming blush. "But I don't think Mr. Breede cared about her a bit, do you, Mrs. Breede?"

"Oh, I don't know. I can't understand anything!" wailed his mother. She remembered that dreadful phrase: "You will tell my husband!" And now, Roddie's running away seemed dreadfully to confirm its implication.

"Poor dear!" cried Aggie. "I wanted to come to your room last night. I thought you looked worried as you went past us, but Eleanor wouldn't let me."

"Oh! But didn't you knock. I thought sure I heard—I mean ——"

"The *portiere* will know what's become of Roddie!" cried Agatha, suddenly inspired. "*Portieres* always know everything."

The porter, quite superb in gold braid, always bland and kind, looked searchingly at Mrs. Breede for a second, then announced in a loud bland voice, for all the lobby: "No, signora. I have not seen Meestaire Breede thees morning."

Then, by a mere inclination of his glance, a shifting of eyebrows, a slight gesture, but charged with the significance of a political secret, he motioned to Mrs. Breede to enter his private sanctum—a little cubby-hole behind the desk, smelling of cigarettes and of baggage. There he solemnly and silently took out an overburdened key ring, selected a key, unlocked a drawer, picked up something in the tips of his fingers, and with a low bow, presented it to Mrs. Breede—a white envelope, Roddie's handwriting.

The elevator crept too slowly, her heart beat too fast, she was smothered. She locked her door, her fingers shook, the envelope wouldn't tear open. Ah!

Mother: Don't hate me. I've gone away, back to my job. I came to your room last night to say good-by, but you didn't answer and the light was out; I was sure you were asleep. Besides, I couldn't make a row, because—it sounds beastly to say it—but I'm running away from Mrs. Marsden. It would take too long to explain everything, and it makes me out a cad to say it all, anyway, but there's just this—and you've got to believe me! You know I never lied to you. I'm giving you the straight goods now—cross my heart! There wasn't anything wrong.

I thought it was just a friendship and a good time—well, maybe a little harmless flirtation, too, on the side. I can't whitewash myself entirely. But I swear to you, mother, she understood it. She knew I wasn't the least bit in love with her. She got furious because I went off like that yesterday, though she had no right to. And she wanted to make things hot for me, and for you, too, I guess, if she could. When she found out I didn't mind about her being with Pinkie Hopkins and just played around all yesterday afternoon on the beach with Eleanor instead, she sent a wire to her husband. She's a queer bird. I can't figure out all her whys and wherefores, but this is what happened. She says she's going to tell her husband straight out, as soon as he gets here, that she's in love with me—do forgive me for repeating all this silly rot, mother, but I've got to, to make you understand.

Her poor old husband is about seventy or something, and simply gaga about her. But she said she was going to ask him for a divorce and I don't know what all. Then she says: "No. You've got to tell him." She meant I must tell him I was in love with her. Well, she knew damn well I wasn't and never had been. So we had a grand row then. I was glad you cut and ran before the storm broke. I swear I was afraid everybody in the hotel would hear it. Though she wouldn't have cared. And she threatened to make another big scene as soon as her husband got here. Mother, I simply could not face it. She'd have dragged you in, and the whole hotel, I suppose. I believe she just wanted to get me in wrong with Mrs. Syllysbee and everyone. She hates Eleanor. It may be cowardly of me to run like this—I suppose it is—but women don't fight fair, and that woman is capable of anything. I mean—straight goods!—I haven't got anything else to run away for, mother.

Well, anyway, I just don't see any other way out. So I'm taking the six o'clock in the morning boat to Naples. No one will be up that early. Say good-by to that nice kid for me. I left my cinema machine with the porter for her, if she wants it, and the films we took on the beach. Good-by, mother. I've got to hustle. I'm sorry, but I hope you understand. I'm going to settle down now and work hard and save up lots of money, so you can come back another time, soon. Dad, too, maybe. Tell Eleanor to write to me sometimes, if her mother will let her. You give her my address just before you leave, but not to anyone else, for cat's sake! Cat instead of something stronger, out of respect for you.

Rod,
Who is sorry.
X X X X X RODDIE.

That night Mrs. Breede sat alone in the garden, and she felt a sense of peace, of relief, that was new.

She felt the relief, the spiritual ease, that comes when we relinquish the love, the person, we have sought to possess. Roddie was free at last. She had given him up for the second time, but finally now.

There were only a few short moments in all life—brief, winged seconds of ecstasy—in which it was possible to possess love or the loved one. But those moments were worth all the rest—all the suffering and disillusion—if you knew how to give them up when they were over.

Agatha came out in the garden presently with an acquaintance, a retired American business man on a vain search for the holiday he had neglected in his youth. He sat down next Mrs. Breede, at her invitation. He seemed to feel more at home, at ease, with her than with Aggie. He was tired. He had tried all day to play and didn't know how to. He sat down. He sighed.

"Why do we do it?" he asked plaintively. "Why do Americans travel? We don't really like it anywhere except at home. Why did you come all this long way, Mrs. Breede? Tell me?"

"Oh"—she smiled gently, like one who has a new and precious secret—the passport to a new country of human understanding—"I only came to have coffee with my son in the garden."

The Kohler Imperator Bath, Columbia Lavatory, and Rockbourne Toilet, in Spring Green

© 1927, Kohler Co.

To complete the picture – Kohler *colored* fixtures

Here is the new beauty—the new decorative note in bathrooms. It is the beauty of the complete color *ensemble*, now made possible for the first time by Kohler plumbing fixtures in color.

We have had color in bathroom walls and floor and fittings. Now we add color *in the fixtures themselves*—the bathtub, lavatory, and toilet. Kohler of Kohler, sponsoring this appealing innovation, offers you six exquisite shades—green, blue, brown, gray, ivory, and lavender—colors delicate as flowers, but permanent as the enamel in which we proudly fuse the Kohler name.

These are the fixtures which, tomorrow, will grace the loveliest bathrooms in America. Yet they are really only a little more expensive than Kohler Ware in white. You must ask your architect and plumber about them —about colored fixtures for kitchen and laundry too. And send, please, for a booklet, "Color Charm Enters the Bathroom," which tells more.

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873*, KOHLER, WIS. · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis. · *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

THE NEW BLACK GOLCONDAS

(Continued from Page 17)

Precisely the same kind of incident happened with the opening up of the famous Burkburnett field. A site was marked out on a farm. The teamsters, however, took the equipment a mile and a half beyond.

When told to return, the foreman remarked, "On a big farm like this, one spot is as good as another."

So they drilled there. His snap judgment turned out to be right, because a 1600-barrel-a-day well was the result. It started a hectic rush to the field. When the original location was drilled it was found to be dry. But for the foreman's act, this rich area might possibly have escaped exploitation.

Pickerell now possessed a well, but he still required capital to develop the field. When he approached the big companies operating in Texas he got scant attention. They were busy with abundant productions elsewhere in the state and were not interested in a ninety-barrel well away off at the end of nowhere. Besides, the California bonanzas were going full tilt and oil was cheap and plentiful.

Finally Pickerell took his proposition to Mike Benedum and Joseph Trees, big and experienced Pittsburgh operators, reared in the old Pennsylvania field, who had been successful in Mexican, West Virginia and South American oil fields. In conjunction with Levi Smith, they organized the Big Lake Oil Company, which became the pioneer in the development of Reagan County. Although the discovery well came in during May, 1923, the field did not reach peak production until 1926, when a maximum of 40,000 barrels a day was reached. It is still going strong.

Once the Reagan treasure was uncovered, the financial troubles of the University of Texas ended. Practically all the Big Lake development was on university land and is called University Field. The proceeds from this area, and from subsequent operations in Crane and Crockett counties, have already netted the university $7,046,450, with the likelihood that it will ultimately reach $50,000,000. All this money is invested in United States or state bonds and the income devoted to the building fund.

Big Lake did much more than enable Pickerell to make good and to enrich the University of Texas. It set fire to the West Texas domain. Oil men everywhere said, "If Big Lake can be opened, there is more oil in the section." A vast basin became operable. Every big Texas company joined in the scramble for leases. For the first time they had competition from the outside. Oklahoma operators, like E. W. Marland and Frank Phillips, swooped down and gobbled up a considerable portion of the available areas. It was a godsend for the straitened cattlemen who had wrestled adverse weather, low stock prices and other handicaps.

Livestock for Good Measure

The next development was in Upton County, which adjoins Reagan on the west. Here the pioneers were George Church and Robert Fields. Church was a tennis star who had distinguished himself as an aviator in the World War. Ample funds were available. What is known as the McCamey Field, named after the contractor who put down the well, was the result, with a daily average of 21,661 barrels. There were no picturesque high lights here, because it was, in the main, what is known as a big-acreage proposition.

With the third stage we not only reach Crane County but also get into the gallery of big figures. Here the Gulf company own such a large percentage of the leases that the county is now known as Gulf County. In the heart of it is the J. T. McElroy ranch of 150,000 acres, which became a treasure-trove for its owner as well as some others.

McElroy is an old-time rancher who owned immense herds of cattle. The idea of selling the oil rights on his place did not appeal to him and he held out for a considerable time. Ultimately he was induced to lease the whole tract except a quarter section, which he reserved for himself, to William Dunning, who had once been a cowboy on the McElroy range. Dunning, in turn, sold some of the leases to the Gulf, which began a systematic development.

In this field, which takes its name from the ranch, output is not so interesting as the financial operations that followed. The Gulf company this year paid Dunning $1,750,000 for his leaseholdings. This gave them exclusive right to drill everywhere except on the quarter section that McElroy held. A few months later McElroy sold the property, including the subsoil rights and the cattle, to a syndicate of New York bankers for $2,500,000. The livestock is a mere incident, because it is estimated that there are not less than 50,000,000 barrels of oil in the area. The owners of the land get one-eighth of the value of all the petroleum produced.

A Prize Package

The now well-known Powell Field in Crockett County owed its exploitation to the same kind of circumstance that brought Reagan County into the oil fold in that it resulted from a stock-selling scheme. Chester Bunker organized the World Oil Company and sold shares in it in combination with subscriptions to an oil publication and an interest in the lease. It was a three-cornered proposition. Like Pickerell, he had to put down a well. Before its completion, however, it was sold to the Humble and Marland companies and these organizations now have the development in hand.

The more you examine the West Texas fields, the more you realize that each area has a distinctive quality. The Winkler area in the county of the same name, for example, is perhaps the least attractive of the whole section. Yet the region has a potential producing capacity of 135,000 barrels a day.

The prize package in West Texas, however, is the now famous Yates Pool which put Pecos County on the oil map. Here operation was initiated by Benedum and Trees to make the Big Lake Field possible. To do so they organized the Transcontinental Oil Company. It looked like such a big proposition that they took in the Mid-Kansas Oil and Gas Company under an arrangement common to American oil development which is worth explaining.

It frequently happens that when a concern owns the leases on a large acreage, it gives part of the holding free of charge to a company or individual willing to put down a discovery well. A financial guaranty is made to cover part of the operating costs if the hole is dry. The original company is all to the good, because, if oil is found, it has sufficient adjacent land upon which to drill. The Transcontinental made this kind of an agreement with the Mid-Kansas to drill six wells.

The first five were dry, but the sixth and last opened up the Yates Pool. This field gets its name from the 20,000-acre ranch upon which it is located, owned by Ira G. Yates. Nature and the Transcontinental were good to him, because at the time oil was discovered drought had devastated his crops, and the price of livestock was low. Overnight, fortune smiled on him.

The Yates Pool not only broke big but developed into the largest and most important of all the producing areas in that section of the state. On September 1, 1927, it had a capacity of 192,000 barrels a day and the peak had not been reached. American overproduction was at the acute stage, and the Pecos operators found that they could not profitably dispose of all their output. One reason was that only one pipe line, owned by the Humble company, was in operation and it could not begin to convey the Pecos flood, to say nothing of the additional oil from other West Texas fields, that the gathering lines poured in.

It was at this point that W. S. Farish, president of the Humble company, conceived the idea of curtailing the output to 30,000 barrels a day, which was all that the market could conveniently absorb. The production was equitably pro rated among the various producers, and each had a chance to use the pipe line.

This performance is significant for two reasons. One is that it shows the new and growing mood for coöperation among oil men. It is their only salvation, especially in the drilling end. The second lies in the precedent for intelligent conservancy that it sets for other fields subject to the same conditions.

Almost coincident with the development of the extreme western fields was the expansion of the so-called Panhandle zone in Northwest Texas. Here you have no drama of recent making, but the aftermath of old romance. Part of the production is on the old Staked Plain, where decades ago the buffalo herds thundered and Indian onslaughts were the terror of pioneer life. Here, too, the cowboy had his day of glory and work. The oil-field roustabout is his successor.

Panhandle differs from West Texas in several important details. The first is that it began as a gas-producing area. Though oil has displaced it in popular interest and profit, it is still an immense gas reservoir. The gas reserves have been estimated at from ten to fifteen million million cubic feet, or enough to satisfy for fifty years the domestic heating and cooking needs of a city the size of New York.

The second difference is that the area covers a buried granite ridge and is treeless, unbroken and monotonous. Many of the oil derricks are on high elevations and stand out in striking silhouette against the sky.

A third feature is the inaccessibility of most of the region. The nearest city is Amarillo, once a cow town. Thanks to the gas and oil development, it has become a thriving community. It bears the same relation to the Panhandle Field that San Angelo does to West Texas. Each is a potential Tulsa in that it is the gateway to an increasingly important production domain.

While the Oil Going Is Good

Up to October 1, 1927, the Panhandle Field had produced 33,000,000 barrels of oil. More than 29,000,000 barrels of it came during the twelve months preceding. The output would have been larger but for the low price of crude, which discourages intensive drilling. The oil contains a large amount of sulphur, which makes operation both unpleasant and somewhat hazardous. The sulphur smell permeates the whole sector.

In the Panhandle you have the unfailing evidence of how oil production, like a gold strike, begets teeming life and action. Five years ago the present site of Borger, fifty miles northeast of Amarillo, was bleak open country honeycombed with coyote holes. Today it is a seething place of 25,000 people. Ninety out of every hundred inhabitants are connected with oil or gas, because the town lies in the heart of the producing district.

Borger is as typical an oil town as you could find anywhere in the United States. What the average American seldom stops to consider except when he is vitally interested is that the Borgers, which spring up with the derricks and have a feverish hustle and bustle while the oil going is good, frequently develop into solid and substantial towns, with a corresponding permanent growth of the hinterland. This has been the case all the way from Pennsylvania, through Ohio, West Virginia, down to Oklahoma and Texas.

West Texas and the Panhandle are new areas. For the next episode in the contemporary oil development we must go back to Spindletop, an old domain which once focused national interest and is again an important producing field. Instead of a welter of companies striving hotfoot to get the product out of the ground, you have the spectacle of a single individual whose faith and foresight have been capitalized into millions. He dominates the situation.

To get the setting it is necessary to project briefly the picture of the original field. What the Klondike, Cripple Creek and Virginia City are to the narrative of mining, Spindletop is to the story of oil. It was the first of the spectacular exploitations and became a tradition in the industry. A month after the famous Lucas gusher let loose in 1901, Spindletop was a madhouse. What later came to be known as town-lot drilling had its origin here, because at one time there were 500 wells on the 140 acres of land that comprised the area.

By-Products of Spindletop

Production became an obsession. People streamed in on special trains from all parts of the country and oil-stock promotion was born. Thousands were trimmed, because the forerunners of the fake-promoter type merely capitalized the excitement and preyed upon cupidity.

Spindletop, however, had its constructive side. It first brought oil and its larger production possibilities before the whole American people and inspired the organization of four great companies—the Gulf, the Humble, the Texas and the Magnolia. It also opened the way for the Gulf Coast expansion.

At high tide Spindletop produced at the rate of 18,000,000 barrels a year. In the light of the subsequent Oklahoma and California floods, this was no great record. By 1904 production was on the wane. Ten years later the area was checked off as a has-been. When I visited Spindletop in 1924 a few old wells were being pumped, and the daily yield was less than 800 barrels. The spot that had once buzzed with action was almost as quiet as a graveyard. Desolation seemed to be its fate.

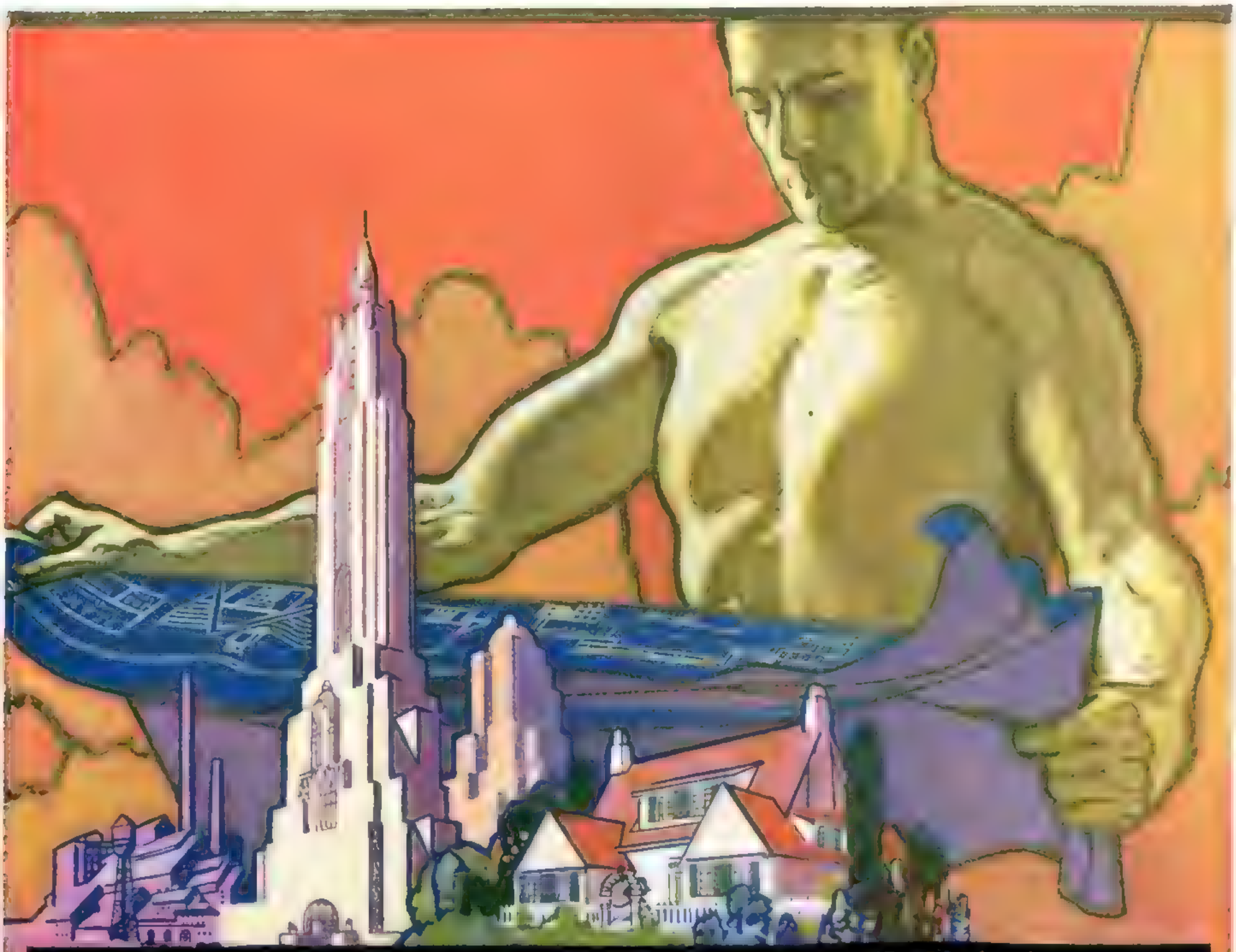
Fully to comprehend what has happened you must at this point understand the geological formation of the coastal area of which Spindletop is a part. The oil here is found in what are known as salt domes. These domes are bodies of salt forced upward through the surrounding rock from a parent bed so deeply buried as to be subject to intense earth forces. Though salt domes indicate the presence of oil, they do not necessarily mean production.

Spindletop was the first salt dome upon which oil was encountered in commercial volume on the Gulf Coast, and it led to intensive and expensive exploration. To find the Martin Dome, near St. Martinsville, Louisiana, it was necessary to drill 675 wildcat wells at a cost of $20,000,000. According to the percentage of commercially productive fields to salt-dome areas, this would represent an expenditure of $60,000,000 to find one productive coastal field.

Now we come to the kind of incident that makes oil so often the source of the unexpected. The wells in the original Spindletop field ranged from 900 to 1000 feet in depth. It was long before the deep-drilling era. When wells began to peter out, the producers believed that the usual fate had befallen the area. One by one they departed, leaving their rigs behind. Spindletop became a memory.

A few astute oil men still believed that the region had not been exhausted. Spindletop was in the midst of a number of salt domes whose potentialities did not know the test of deep drilling. The oil man is a chronic optimist, and this helped to inspire the view.

Continued on Page 67



Certain-teed Products are Specified for Use in the Finest Types of Buildings throughout the World

Towering, beautiful structures; artistic, compact and liveable homes—truly, American architecture, today, is at a high level! To the exacting specifications of architects and contractors Certain-teed provides a useful service.

Certain-teed products are on the roofs, walls and floors of many of the Nation's finest buildings. They are specified because years of constant use have proved their worth. Their quality is as uniformly excellent as scientific methods, selected raw materials, modern machinery, and supervised workmanship can produce. And they are sold at exceptionally moderate prices.

Behind the extra quality and value in its products, Certain-teed maintains a world-wide service. Products, in any amounts, are quickly available. Distribution and sales are speeded up by original methods—products are packed in units for easier handling; patterns and designs are kept up-to-date; distributing points located to give best service.

Certain-teed is not just a name—it is a sincere pledge of quality, value, service and satisfaction. Your best recommendation in buying, is the universal use of products bearing the Certain-teed label.

ASPHALT ROOFINGS
ASPHALT SHINGLES
BUILDING PAPERS
BUILDING FELTS
PAINTS - VARNISHES
LACQUERS

Certain-teed

LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX (FELT BASE)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS
GYPSUM BOARD

(Continued from Page 65)

Accordingly, in 1921 the Gulf Company obtained leases on a considerable portion of the rim around the old Spindletop mound. Three wells were put down and all proved to be dry. The irony of the operation was that one of the wells was within 100 feet of the subsequent discovery well which gave the domain its rebirth.

After five years and the expenditure of a large sum, the Gulf allowed its leases to become forfeited and passed temporarily out of the picture. Undismayed, the Rycade Company, in which Lord Cowdray had an interest, put down five wells. Failure to strike oil was again recorded.

Following these two unsuccesaful attempts to bring the region back, Marrs McClain, a lease broker who lived at Beaumont—Spindletop is only five miles away—began to gather up the leases that both the Gulf and the Rycade companies had defaulted or abandoned. Some of them were on the McFadden and Gladys City Company properties which extended into the old field and had produced a rich income in the early days. In order to hold the leases McClain had to put down a well, but this too proved to be dry. Though he had some faith in that outer rim, he was a lease broker on the job.

The central figure in the new Spindletop development appears at this juncture in the person of Frank Yount. He was born forty-seven years ago in a small Arkansas town and was one of a large family. His father wanted him to become a preacher, but he had other aspirations. At sixteen he ran away from home and turned up in the Texas rice fields. His first job was as laborer on the artesian wells put down for irrigation purposes. In time he became foreman of the largest well crew. Here he learned the business of drilling which came in good stead later on.

When Spindletop exploded, Yount, like thousands of others, became interested in oil and went to the field, where he got a job as driller at a wage of $150 a month. Out of practically the same area he and his associates today are taking nearly $1,000,000 every thirty days.

The Comeback of Spindletop

At Spindletop, Yount learned all there was to know about oil on both the technical and geological sides. When the field at Sourlake was opened up he first appeared in the rôle of producer. It was Sourlake, by the way, that marked the entry of the late John W. Gates, J. S. Cullinan and the late Walter Sharp into the oil business on a big scale. The Texas Company, conceived at Spindletop, got its stride through this development.

The Hull Field in Texas—twenty-five miles from Spindletop—really gave Yount the knowledge which enabled him to capitalize Spindletop. Once more a geological explanation is in order. At Hull the usual coastal salt dome was encountered, but with a variation. Instead of being horizontally disposed, the oil formations—that is, the sands—lie vertically. This means that they are narrower and therefore more difficult to strike with a drill. The Gulf and Rycade companies missed these narrow sands when they tried to open up the Spindletop rim.

Equipped with this knowledge, Yount began to scrutinize the outside area of Spindletop. Whether it was hunch, instinct or otherwise, a kindling faith in the area was born. He felt certain that the vertical formation existed in the belt around the abandoned mound. The problem was to get leases. When he went after them he found that they were all held by McClain. He took them over, giving McClain an overriding royalty—that is, a share in the oil produced. By this time Yount had formed the Yount-Lee Oil Company, of which he is president. He owns a one-third interest. One of his four associates is Thomas Lee, a veteran of Spindletop. Yount is the active man in the combination, however.

Yount acquired his first Spindletop lease in 1925 and commenced drilling in September of that year. The first hole proved to be dry. Before the end of 1925 he brought in a well whose initial production was 500 barrels a day. It was scarcely 100 feet from the abandoned area. The real comeback of Spindletop developed in January, 1926, with the bringing in of a 6000-barrel well. This was within four days of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Lucas gusher which put the original field on the map. The average depth of the new Spindletop wells is 5000 feet. If some of the drillers a quarter of a century ago had gone down this far the field would not have dwindled so soon.

No Sale for the Art Dealer

There is no need of going into a technical explanation of what Yount has done. It is only necessary to say that his faith in the vertical formation has been proved to golden advantage. Practically the whole rim, which aggregates 1000 acres, is under lease to him, with the exception of a small triangle of twenty acres in which the Gulf and a few other companies have small holdings.

In connection with this Gulf area is an interesting story. You will recall that the Gulf had the leases on the land that later turned out so profitably for Yount. When they saw how things were going with him they were determined to retrieve their mistake. Only one acre remained available. It was in the heart of the Yount property. For this single acre the Gulf Company paid a bonus of $200,000, which is probably the largest price ever given for so small a unit for oil purposes.

Since their first well was put down Spindletop has yielded Yount and his associates approximately 18,000,000 barrels of oil. During the past six months they have obtained an average of 1,200,000 barrels a month. Even at the prevailing low prices, this returns not less than $1,000,000 each month, and Yount's share is one-third. Moreover, each thirty days is now adding to the producing capacity.

Yount could sell the leases and properties that his company holds for $40,000,000. This was the appraisal given to me by one of the shrewdest and most experienced oil men in Texas. It is estimated that there are still 60,000,000 barrels of oil at Spindletop.

I went over the new Spindletop with Yount. He met me at the Beaumont station, and we drove out in a glistening new limousine. He is spare of build, with a smooth frank face. His voice is soft, and he talks with a Southern drawl. The only external sign of the extraordinary prosperity that has come to him is a large diamond ring on his left fourth finger. This, I discovered, was a survival of his oil-drilling days. Usually the first real money that any worker in the field sets by is invested in a sparkler which is worn amid all the grease and dirt of operation.

Many men who have amassed quick millions betray opulence in some blatant way. Not so with Yount. To see him in a crowd you would never guess that this diffident, shy and courteous person had suddenly gone from obscure producer into the ranks of the plutocrats. He has a certain and justifiable pride in his achievement, although he never speaks of it unless questioned.

Then he says, "I knew the geology of Spindletop and the drill did the rest."

The interesting thing about Yount's fortune is that with the exception of a handsome residence and several other large pieces of improved realty in Beaumont, it is all in cash. I was told that he had not less than $3,000,000 in Houston banks alone. Like various individuals similarly placed, everybody is trying to sell him something. The anteroom of his suite of offices in Beaumont is crowded every day with people offering a variety of merchandise from bejeweled tiaras to old masters.

One day last summer a New York art dealer descended upon him and got by the boy at the door. He said he had a valuable collection of paintings and one especially fine example of the modern French school. He was willing to let this particular specimen go for $25,000.

Yount's characteristic reply was: "No picture is worth more than twenty-five dollars."

When I asked Yount what he expected to do with his money and what his future line of conduct would be, his laconic reply was: "I will keep on at oil."

In this he was running true to oil form. It rarely happens that a man who makes a swift and big stake in petroleum retires. Sometimes he loses his all in the insatiate pursuit of the game or outside speculation. This is not likely to happen with Yount, because he is serious, canny, and not the plunger type.

The element of luck seldom enters into the kind of success that Yount has achieved. Thoroughness is one of his outstanding qualities. Although he is able to hire the best experience in the business, he remains supervisor of his affairs. He is on the job early in the morning and personally examines every important piece of machinery that goes into the drilling of a well. He leaves nothing to mechanical chance. The only hazard that he encounters is underground.

As I watched Yount I could not help thinking that what has befallen him could happen only in the United States. His performance is distinctively American both in opportunity and result. It is out of the kind of human raw material he represents that a considerable part of our vast industrial might has been fashioned.

The rebirth of Spindletop is not without a larger significance for the entire oil industry, since it proves that old and practically abandoned fields can be brought back through deeper drilling. Broadly speaking, it is a case of new wells for old. Almost the identical operation reopened the Ventura Avenue area in California. Sixty miles northwest of Los Angeles is the city of Ventura, in Ventura County, the oldest oil field in the state, first developed in 1866.

In 1903 an escape of gas was observed in an irrigation ditch, and a number of wells were put down in search of gas. They blew out, but oil was discovered. The presence of water and high gas pressure operated against commercial success. In January, 1925, deeper drilling was effected and ultimately a 60,000-barrel-a-day area developed.

Seal Beach is the latest California field. This area is on the seacoast southeast of Long Beach and on the outskirts of the famous Los Angeles basin. The Signal Hill oil field is only three miles away. In 1921 a well was drilled in the vicinity of Seal Beach and found to be dry. Between that time and the end of 1925 eighteen failures were recorded. These wells cost nearly $2,500,000, because the drill in California must go to a great depth. It shows that oil is still elusive and difficult of discovery.

Making Oil History

Seal Beach proper proved to be very much worth while. Almost adjoining is a subdivision called Alamitos Heights where town-lot operation started on a frantic scale. Every owner wants his bit of land explored, with the result that 156 wells were soon flowing on 83 acres, or 1.88 wells for each acre. They were so close that one hole was penetrated by the drill of a neighboring well.

The oil-bearing acreage soon proved to be limited. From a daily output of more than 70,000 barrels, production has declined to 36,000 barrels.

The climax in the drama of the new black Golcondas is reached with Greater Seminole in Oklahoma, the kind of big bonanza that makes oil history. In fourteen months it produced 108,572,461 barrels, and the latest of the five pools comprising the area has not struck its stride. Aside from its monster yield, this giant of a field stands out for many reasons.

First of all it established a new high in daily production, with 527,400 barrels, wresting supremacy from Smackover in Arkansas, which, until last July, led with 390,000 barrels. In the second place Seminole set up a precedent for systematic curtailment that cut output each day to 450,000 barrels. Third is the fact that the air-and-gas lift, which means the introduction of gas or air into a well to accelerate the flow of oil, is more extensively used than in any other section. Fourth is an intensive capitalization of the most recent results of petroleum geological research. Finally, there is the picturesqueness of effort and transformation so often found after a rich oil strike.

In addition to all this, Seminole presents, as it were, a diverting color scheme. At Burbank you had the red of the Osage Indians, whose holdings netted almost fabulous returns. Seminole not only had its counterpart in members of the tribe that gave the section its name—in some instances poor Lo has ceased to be poor—but also a dash of black. Many hitherto impecunious negro farmers have become affluent through their ownership of oil tracts.

Seminole County, where the field is located, is almost in the center of the state and is part of an oil belt 100 miles wide that extends due south from the Kansas border. In it are producing areas whose names loom large in petroleum annals. They include Glenn, Cushing, Tonkawa and Burbank.

Sweet Crude and Sour Crude

As far back as 1918 some of the big oil companies leased land in what is now the center of production. They paid scant attention to it, little realizing that a vast sea of liquid gold flowed beneath. Just as the Coraicana operators walked over the treasure of Powell, so did these first leaseholders tread upon this rich bed. There were showings of oil in shallow sands. As a matter of fact, several wells were put down, but they did not strike the Wilcox sands which were destined to give Seminole its phenomenal output.

The significance of Wilcox sands must be pointed out. Oil, as most people know, is found in sands. These differ in formation, which means that the oil they emit varies in quality. Oklahoma has the greatest number. There is a Tonkawa sand at Tonkawa, a Bartlesville sand at Burbank, a Dutcher sand at Cromwell, and Wilcox sand at Seminole and Cushing. The best sand in Arkansas is the Nacatoch at Smackover and El Dorado, while in the Gulf coastal area the most valuable crude comes from Woodbine, which has been found in large quantity at Mexia and Powell.

Wilcox sand is highly prolific and gives up what is known as sweet crude, the highest known quality with the largest gasoline content. Crude impregnated with sulphur, such as the product of the Panhandle, is called sour. The Wilcox sands were originally found in largest proportion in Tonkawa, which is one reason why that field became so profitable.

At Seminole, as elsewhere, oil has proved to be the great transformer. For decades the region was a cattle-and-cotton country. As Texas developed into a vast grazing range, the Oklahoma livestock interests declined. Later on, cotton also felt the slump. Many of the farmers were able only to eke out a bare existence, when petroleum brought its swift transition from leanness to plenty.

The same evolution applies to Seminole City. The population was not more than 500 as recently as 1926. Then oil began to change the face of the land. Now it is a bustling place of nearly 30,000, and the whole countryside is alive.

For many years Seminole County was the abode of the Seminole Indians, once so warlike and aggressive that generals like Andrew Jackson and Winfield Scott had to take the field to subdue them. This was notably the case when the cruel and crafty Osceola was their chieftain. After years of bloody warfare in Florida, the remnants were segregated in Oklahoma as one of the

Five Civilized Tribes. A small number resided in the oil territory when the strike broke and shared in the general prosperity. The tribe is nothing like as large as the Osages, who live in Osage County.

Interest in Seminole was reborn in 1925. Various Oklahoma producing areas, especially Tonkawa and Burbank, began to decline and it became necessary to find a new supply. Between the period of those first unsuccessful wells in 1918 and the releasing of the area in 1925 an elaborate geological survey was made, proving the presence of oil in quantity. By the beginning of 1926 many of the large companies had a foothold there and were drilling. At that time there was no overproduction in the United States, and the way seemed clear for a development that would not jeopardize price or market.

Romance began at Seminole before the reds, blacks and whites had their financial inning. The very inception of the first well had its element of the unusual.

Among the thirty-five companies holding leases was the Tidal. It was not inclined to take all the risk of sinking a discovery well, so it entered into the same kind of arrangement with the Independent Oil and Gas Company that the Transcontinental made with the Mid-Kansas in Pecos Field which I have already explained. The Tidal gave the Independent 160 acres in three tracts. One was 80 acres and the two others 40 acres each. The Tidal furthermore guaranteed the drilling company $20,000 if it got a dry hole.

Now comes the interesting circumstance. In this part of Oklahoma a depth of 4000 feet is usually regarded as a test. If oil is not found here the well is abandoned. When the Independent reached this mark it could have stopped and claimed the $20,000 guaranty. Edward Moore, the active head of the Independent, had confidence in the area, however. He telephoned to his associates at Tulsa, suggested that he keep on drilling, and was told to go ahead.

With sixty-five more feet of boring the Wilcox sands were encountered on July seventeenth, and the first well in what has become the world's greatest contemporary field was opened up. Thus a bare sixty-five feet stood between failure and a success that has produced many millions of dollars and a whole ocean of oil. The discovery well at first flowed 880 barrels a day. With deepening, this increased to 3137 barrels.

Thirty-Five Fingers in the Pool

Prior to the Independent well, a pool was tapped in the same area, but it did not reach the Wilcox sands. Following the Independent well came the famous Amerada, discovered on August 19, 1926, which also touched the Wilcox sands and produced 5903 barrels a day. These two wells virtually proved the large triangle which came to be known as the Seminole City Pool and induced the feverish drilling activities which led to a peak production of 267,540 barrels on February twenty-second of this year.

At this point two important facts in connection with the area must be stated. One is that what is known as Greater Seminole is a collection of five pools, each one a whale in its way. They are not more than seven miles apart. The actual producing domain covers less than 10,000 acres. Already 820 wells are in operation.

The other is that all the big Oklahoma companies had acreage when the Independent well came in. If only a few concerns controlled the leases, a cooperative effort, with a single community test well, would have averted the swift development and the inevitable speedy exhaustion of the field. Instead, thirty-five companies had a finger in the pie and each one determined to get its share. The real discovery well started exactly 200 operations. Even with this movement, the average spacing in the Seminole area is only one well for every ten acres.

Why, then, has the production here and elsewhere in the field been so prodigious? There are four reasons. The first is that there are five pools instead of one, which is ordinarily the case even with a big find. The second lies in the rich productivity of the Wilcox sands. Employment of the air-and-gas lift was the third big factor in increasing output. For the fourth you have what has come to be a common evil in flush fields and a contributory cause of the present overproduction. It is the determination of the royalty owner—that is, the owner of the land—to have his particular piece exploited in the shortest possible time.

This is precisely what happened after that first Independent well began to flow. The situation was further complicated because many of the leases in the Seminole City Pool had what is called fractional ownership. This means that the original landowner sold shares in his oil to various other people. It naturally increased the clamor for intensive production. The lease terms demand that the drilling company use every effort to get out the oil. When a company wants to be conservative the royalty owner has the law on him. So he must keep up the drilling. The lessor has some degree of justification, since oil, once it begins to flow, drains the adjacent areas. It must be reduced to possession or you are likely to lose it. It follows that in periods of plenty, when the price of crude slumps, the royalty owner is about the only person involved who makes any money.

The Five Seminole Pools

The consecutive story of the other pools can now be resumed. Once more you have evidence of the pranks of fate which so persistently dog oil, especially in the early stages of development.

This was conspicuously the case with F. J. Searight, who opened up the second of the Seminole pools, which bears his name. Searight owned some acreage near the Seminole City Pool. He had never been in the oil business, but decided to operate on his own and organized the Searight Oil Company. In April, 1926, he brought in a well at what is technically known as the Hunton lime formation on his land. It produced only 230 barrels a day. In October he touched the Wilcox sands on one of his tracts and got a 4750-barrel producer. This inspired him to begin a considerable activity, with the result that his total daily production by December twentieth was 8000 barrels. These wells inaugurated extensive operations in the pool.

It looked as if Searight had a big thing. The inevitable outcome was that offers for his holdings began to stream in. The highest was $2,500,000. He refused them all, however, and continued his company. Soon after he had rejected the last of the million propositions his production started to decline. By February first, 1927, his wells were exhausted. The Searight interests at Seminole are now in the hands of receivers.

This episode is characteristic of the oil game. Had Searight disposed of his holdings when his output was at its height, he could have retired rich and the company that bought him out would have ultimately held the bag. Instead, the concern that made him the biggest offer got leases adjoining and prospered. The highest daily output of Searight was 40,662 barrels. Such are the vagaries of oil.

Next in order came the Earlsboro Pool. Although there was a preliminary well in December, 1925, real interest started on November 11, 1926, when a 2552-barrel well came in. Drilled deeper, it attained a daily average of 8000 barrels and kept this up for many months. The best record that this pool made was on August tenth last, when it accounted for 208,864 barrels, which has been exceeded in this area only by the Seminole City tract.

With Bowlegs, the fourth pool, we reach a gusher section. The discovery well broke two days before Christmas, 1926, and was the first of a battalion that has been going strong ever since. Bowlegs reached its maximum on July fourteenth last, when 194,673 barrels were taken out.

Bowlegs owes its name to a gruesome circumstance. Where hundreds of derricks now rise, there once lived a Seminole Indian farmer named Dave Bowlegs. He was a full-blooded member of the tribe and was well known and highly respected. One evening in March, 1913, two drunken Indians called at his house and asked for food. After they had eaten plentifully, they murdered Bowlegs, his wife and infant child. The only survivor was a six-year-old boy, whose head was smashed in with the butt of a gun. He was left for dead. Since the oil expansion a small town has sprung up in the heart of the pool and it has also been named after the ill-fated redskin.

The fifth and latest of the Seminole pools is Little River, located in the northwest corner of the belt through which the small stream flows. Hence the name. Real development did not get under way here until after the overproduction throughout the United States became evident. This accounts for the fact that it has not been fully exploited. High tide was reached late in September, 1926, with an output of 42,796 barrels.

Seminole was made possible by what is little short of an epic of effort. It was late in the autumn of 1926 when activity started full tilt. Winter found every pool area chockablock with men, teams and trucks. What had happened at Cushing, Glenn, Smackover and Burkburnett was reproduced.

Timber, tools, boilers and machinery were scattered about everywhere. Then came the elements. Rain, ice and mud are the eternal foes of the oil man and these pests vied with one another to make work difficult and sometimes dangerous.

When the original pool was opened, roads were few and frightful. It meant that new highways had to be built, woods cut down and camps established. Furthermore, pipe lines were necessary to carry away the flood of oil which began to gush forth. Out of what to the layman appeared a hopeless chaos of mired transport and utter confusion emerged order and systematic production. This is the oil way.

An Avalanche of Oil

The Greater Seminole area would undoubtedly have far exceeded the record of July 30, 1927, but for the system of curtailment of output which became effective just about that time. This program was the first sign of coöperation between oil operators. Had the same plan been evolved fifteen years ago, many famous fields would not only have lasted longer but the drain on the national petroleum reserve would have been minimized as well. It was a cheering outpost of conservancy and, among other things, pointed the way to a similar process now in operation in the Pecos Pool.

Curtailment at Seminole really began late in 1926, when production exceeded pipe-line capacity. A so-called umpire was employed by the operators in the person of Ray M. Collins, whose job was to prevent needless drilling. He is an experienced oil man, having served his apprenticeship as tool dresser in the old Pennsylvania field. Later he became an operator at Osage and elsewhere. When pipe-line facilities caught up with production, Collins was retained as observer.

This equitable relation between output and transport did not last long, as the four major pools were fast reaching their peak. Texas was going strong, and the new California fields were doing their bit. The whole country was being flooded with oil. Collins was again named umpire. The producers, however, could not agree on a method of cutting down production and he asked to be relieved.

The Oklahoma Corporation Commission, which supervises oil production, now took a hand and held some hearings. Again no feasible agreement to check the avalanche of oil could be reached, because practically everybody concerned wanted his interests developed first of all.

It was at this juncture that Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard of New Jersey, stepped in. He called a meeting of all the Seminole operators in New York. The Standard has the largest interest in the field, because its Oklahoma subsidiary, the Carter Oil Company, owns 113 wells, with an average production of 50,200 barrels a day. Collins was invited to attend and submit a new plan that would stem the rising tide of oil.

Curtailing of Output

At this meeting Collins outlined a scheme to curtail production from 10 to 15 per cent on a pro rata basis so as to keep the daily output down to 450,000 barrels. Under the Oklahoma law, drilling cannot be prohibited. A ban was therefore put on the so-called shooting of wells. When a well is shot, as the phrase goes, a charge of nitroglycerin is exploded in it so as to restart the flow of oil. Wildcat wells were restricted to a daily flow of 100 barrels.

The only precedent for this curtailment operation was the gentlemen's agreement entered into when the Burbank field was at its height. It was made possible because the Government, as custodian of the Osage Indians, who owned the land, did not compel the operators to drill. As a matter of fact, the Seminole agreement is technically a violation of the Sherman Antitrust Law, which prohibits any kind of understanding between producers that affects a commodity and its price. The situation, however, was so acute that the authorities approved. Following the New York meeting, Collins became official umpire, acting in behalf of the Oklahoma Corporation Commission.

The original Seminole curtailment agreement lasted until October 1, 1927, when it was renewed for another thirty days. Upon the expiration of this period it was decided to continue it until January 1, 1928. The renewal was really unnecessary. It so happened that the total daily output of the five pools has fallen below the 450,000 mark. For the week ending October twenty-ninth it was 412,000 barrels. This has confirmed the belief in some expert quarters that four of the pools—Seminole City, Earlsboro, Bowlegs and Searight—have started on the decline, thus suffering the fate of all their mighty predecessors. Little River still has big possibilities.

I went to Greater Seminole early last October. The most convenient way to go from Tulsa is by automobile. You traverse country rich with oil tradition. In less than two hours I reached Kiefer, once a flag station on the Frisco Railway and later the nerve center of the excitement and activity that swirled around Glenn Pool, the first of the Oklahoma prizes. For five years this area reeked with oil and tumult. It was one of the most spectacular developments in all the crowded mid-continent petroleum history. Not even Spindletop surpassed it in every disorder to which those early strikes were heir. Glenn reached high tide in 1907, when the output was 36,000,000 barrels. Within three years it has gone down to less than 50,000. Less than a score of derricks remain and few wells are being pumped.

On the way back from Seminole I traversed Burbank Field, the gold mine of the Osages. When I last visited the field in 1924 it vied with the California bonanzas in interest and profit. Half a dozen leases on a few hundred acres had brought more than $1,000,000 each, and the area dripped with oil. All told, the Indians received from leases and oil royalty more than $150,000,000. Output once reached 121,000 barrels a day. It has now gone down to 35,150. Once more you have an illustration of the uncompromising mandate of oil exhaustion.

It means that when I reached Seminole I could easily visualize its fate. I saw it, however, full powered and booming. All confusion had vanished, and the five pools were operating with almost military precision. It was difficult to believe that less

than a year and a half before, this hiving domain had been a somnolent agricultural region dotted with cattle. Now it hummed with movement. Derricks rose everywhere. Machinery-laden trucks crowded the roads.

Few people outside the business stop to realize what a big oil field means. Not only must the precious fluid be wrested from the ground, frequently in almost frenzied competition, but offices, equipment depots and living quarters for thousands of employes established. Most of the large units represented in the thirty-five companies holding leases have their own camps. Each one comprises a tiny world all its own.

The oil workers at Seminole are part of a little-known army of nomads. They have a distinct physiognomy and follow the trail of the derrick from one end of the world to the other. I have seen the same people in Rumania and Peru and then back again on their native heath, whether California, Texas or Oklahoma. All they know is oil, and their children become inoculated with it. As soon as a field is opened up they appear with their families, often living under canvas through bleak winters amid every conceivable discomfort. They are as characteristically American as the circus man.

Main Street Becomes Broadway

At Seminole I saw the gas lift for the first time. The same process with air was employed for years to clear water out of flooded mines. The operation for lifting oil is quite simple. The gas is conveyed to a compressor, where the natural gasoline is taken off. Then the gas is recycled, as the term goes, back into the well to accelerate the flow of oil. Thus output is increased, and there is no waste of gas. It was the gas lift that helped to give Seminole its record yield. An increase in output of 150,000 barrels a day is directly attributable to it. In one well it raised the daily flow from 300 to 5000 barrels.

As a conservancy measure the gas lift has immense value. It permits the gas to be used to the fullest possible extent, makes larger well production possible and usually provides a fuel supply as well.

What concerns us most, however, is the transformation that the Seminole Pool has wrought for the home people. Seminole City lies in the heart of the field. What was once a straggling Main Street, with a few country stores and the inevitable small country bank, is now a paved thoroughfare, with hotels, two thriving financial institutions, department stores, supply houses, jazz palaces and a dozen motion-picture theaters. Nearly every other house is an eating place of some kind, because many of the oil workers are unmarried.

Intersecting Main Street are fifty other paved thoroughfares, with a big quota of boarding houses and shops. Parking space is at a premium. Here, as elsewhere, oil has brought the automobile within the range of the humblest citizen. Everybody talks oil and nearly everybody is in it. In such a place as this the lease hound has his day of activity and income.

Seminole City is on the Rock Island Railway. The increase in its traffic and revenue gives a hint of how oil development affects a railroad. In 1925 the freight income from Seminole City was $7168.39. For the first nine months of 1927 it had increased to $1,043,396.40, while passenger fares had multiplied twenty-five fold. During the entire period of 1925 only 42 freight cars were consigned to the town. Between January 1 and October 1, 1927, 1419 discharged shipments there. Only 17 carloads of freight left what was a village in 1925 as compared with 5000 in 1927.

One reason for the solid prosperity of Seminole City is that practically all the millions derived from oil leases have remained there. This reverses the usual procedure. Ordinarily outsiders rush in after an oil strike and grab most of the desirable holdings. The Seminolites have been clannish. They realized that they had a good thing and held onto it. Thus the rich pickings have remained in the family, so to speak.

This brings us to the concrete instances of how fortune has favored the residents. It is estimated that not less than $25,000,000 has already been distributed among the townspeople. Following a petroleum find, the royalties are frequently garnered by a few individuals. This has not been the case with Seminole City; there there has been a wide distribution. This partly results from the fact that some of the best leases had many fractional owners.

The biggest largess bestowed by Greater Seminole is associated with a somewhat unusual story. For years the champion traveling shoe salesman of the Middle West was O. D. Strother, who represented a well-known St. Louis house.

Strother always maintained that his home town was the center of an oil field and he acquired land within ten miles of where he lived, putting all his savings into it. In time he became a large realty operator. He invariably retained the mineral rights on all the property he sold. When the Seminole City Pool was discovered he either owned some of the best tracts or controlled the subsoil privileges. The tragic feature was that Strother died ten days after the area was proved and his faith vindicated. His daughter, Mrs. J. R. Simpson, inherited his share, which is not less than $2,000,000.

Dabblers in Oil

After Strother, the biggest single stake has been received by W. E. Grisso. Three years ago he was the village druggist, with a very small annual turnover. He was a shrewd land buyer, however, and was able to pick various desirable pieces of property for the proverbial song. Some of it adjoined Strother's land, and in consequence he is now worth $1,000,000.

More picturesque has been the experience of Dr. J. N. Harber. Born in Arkansas, he was graduated in medicine at St. Louis and first hung out his shingle at Tidwell, which was nothing more than a water tank about three miles from the present site of Seminole City. When Seminole City was organized in 1908, with a freight car for a railway station, the place needed a doctor. Harber was offered a piece of land on the main street—it was the only street—if he would come over and settle. He accepted the proposition. This corner, by the way, has become one of the most valuable in the town.

Doctor Harber encountered all the handicaps of a small country practice. Among other things, he experienced the usual difficulty, not entirely confined to rural districts, in collecting his bills. On more than one occasion he received small plots of what seemed to be valueless land in payment for services. It so happened that oil was discovered on some of this acreage. At one time he was receiving $1000 a day in royalties. Before the area is exhausted his total receipts will have passed the $1,000,000 mark. Doctor Harber is now mayor of Seminole City.

These are the three outstanding instances of good fortune among the white population. As I remarked in the preceding article, oil bounty draws no color line, as you will now see. Seminole County has a considerable negro population. Though most of them work for a wage when the spirit moves them, a number have small farms and grow cotton. Chief among them is Forrest Anderson. Oil was discovered on his area, and he is in a fair way to become a millionaire. Anderson is industrious and thrifty and has invested his fortune in government bonds.

A Nice Watermelon Patch

For years one of the village characters of Seminole City was Cherry Johnson, a crippled darky who was always in a good humor and willing to do his white friends a service. He did odd jobs for people and managed to acquire enough money to buy a small piece of ground. It was a barren stretch, but Cherry always liked to talk about his property, to the great amusement of his friends. When oil broke he had the laugh on the other fellow, because he was in the middle of it. Cherry now rides around the countryside in a limousine, with a negro chauffeur.

Anderson and Johnson have fared the best. Other black brethren who are cashing in are Daddy Shaw, who has already received $250,000 in royalties, and Joe Carter, who got a similar sum out of his watermelon patch. A score of colored men are each $100,000 richer since Seminole developed.

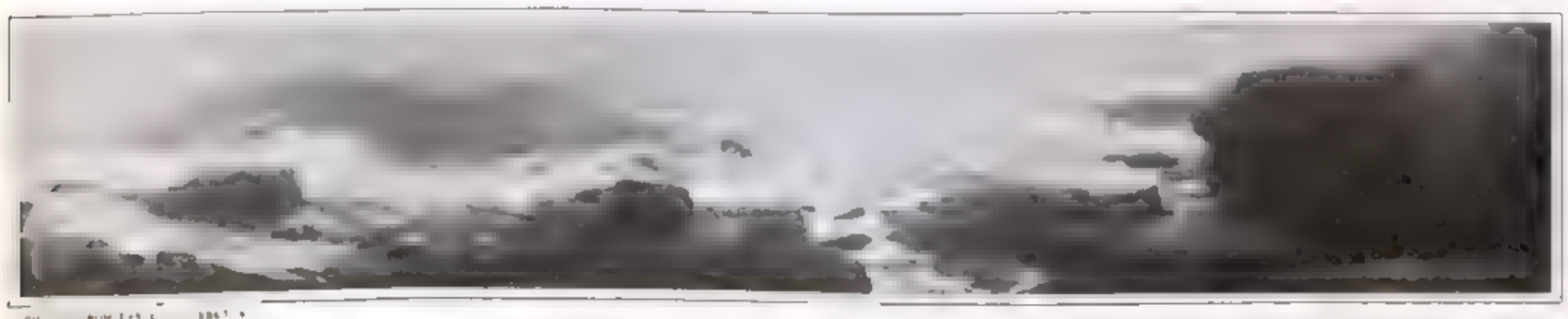
So, too, with some of the remnants of the Seminole tribe. The most fortunate member is Louina Walker, who conducted a small farm in what came to be a rich section of the Seminole City Pool. It was part of an old government grant. Her income has been as high as $5000 a week. As is the case with the Osages, the revenue is paid to an Indian agent, who gives her a regular income. The principal is held in trust.

Another lucky redskin is a kinsman of Dave Bowlegs, who was murdered on the site of Bowlegs Pool, and of the same name. I was informed that his ultimate share will amount to $600,000. A squaw, Sak-e-the-che, lived alone in a shack on Little River when the pool there was discovered. She has netted $100,000.

That oil seems to have an affinity for the Oklahoma Indian is shown by the fact that a successful well has been brought in on the campus of the Mekusakey Seminole School five miles outside of Seminole City. Due to the curtailment program, it has not been developed. It represents a big future bonus for the institution.

With Greater Seminole the story of the new flush fields is rounded out. They are having their big day of output, but will inevitably join the ranks of the petroleum has-beens. Revival through gas or air lift and mining operation is possible. The big and inexorable fact, however, is that each year narrows the circle of producing areas, because the natural oil reserve is limited. It means that conservancy must be invoked to guarantee our future supply. In the next article you will see how the program is shaping.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the oil situation. The next, which will appear in an early issue, will be devoted to conservancy.



A Storm at Mt. Desert, Maine

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

Eliza Crossing the Ice

One of the Many Thrilling Moments in Universal's Mammoth Motion Picture

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

If I were getting nothing but money for my work of conducting the UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORPORATION, I would lose nine-tenths of my inspiration and enjoyment in life. A reasonable amount of money is, of course, desirable and represents a certain amount of achievement. But when you make money your god and worship it, you lose almost everything else worth while

When I can bring smiles to the hearts of millions, there is a thrill in it which no amount of money can equal. When I can furnish high-class entertainment at modest cost to the millions which inhabit the earth, I feel as if I really amount to something. Anybody can make money, but it isn't everybody that can inspire happiness.

Universal Studios at Universal City, California, constitute a huge happiness plant in which every man, woman and child of the twenty-six hundred employed there, does nothing but create entertainment for you. Into these big studios are brought the best stories by the best authors, to be produced in picture form by the most talented actors and actresses of the age.

In producing *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* in spectacular form at a cost of nearly two million dollars; in bringing Victor Hugo's epic, *"Les Misérables,"* from France; in making the great mystery play, *"The Cat and the Canary,"* and a score or more popular successes, I think I have given to the theatre-going public a class of entertainment far superior to the average.

So, when I ask you to mention Universal productions to your favorite theatre and ask that Universal pictures be secured, I believe I am doing you more or less of a favor. What do you think?

At this time I wish all my friends of this column a Happy and Prosperous New Year with the hope that we will continue the friendship for many years to come.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star
If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

ON THE BEACH

(Continued from Page 7)

He took a sandwich from the plate. The caviar was very cold and salty. Towne was shaking the cocktails, pausing at intervals to pass his finger down the side of the shaker to see if the frost had come. Finally he took out the cork and filled the glasses. He brought two over to Mrs. Braid and Mary Norton. Lawrence got up and took one from the tray to Miss Bowen, which she refused. "Some day," he thought, "she may take one."

He went back to his seat and lit a cigarette. Towne, back at the tray, finding three filled glasses, looked around. He saw Lawrence empty-handed.

"You didn't get one." He brought a glass over to Lawrence.

Lawrence thought, "I can't send it back: I can take it and put it down by my chair." He said, "Thank you," and took the glass from Towne. He said to himself, "I'd better taste it anyway." He took a sip; it was very cold, very good. He got up and passed the sandwiches to the others. He took another himself as he put the plate back. It was very salty. He went back to his chair. He thought to himself, "There's nothing much to do in the afternoon anyway except sleep." He took another drink from his glass. There was very little left in it now, so he drained it.

Mrs. Braid was speaking: "Captain McLain says we'll be off Paston Beach about five o'clock. Allen wants to go ashore to telephone. There's a little village about a mile inland called Leighton—the only one along this coast." She turned to Towne. "He's going to row in, in the dinghy; he thought perhaps you'd like to go with him, Win."

"In that case"—Towne picked up the cocktail shaker—"I shall certainly have much too many more cocktails." He filled Mrs. Braid's and Mary Norton's glasses. "I shall be incompetent by 3:30." He stood over Lawrence, the shaker poised. Lawrence held up his hand.

"You've got to save him then, Bill," Mrs. Braid said. "I can't do more than this."

Lawrence reached for his empty glass. "I sacrifice myself most unwillingly. About half." He held out the glass. Towne filled it so that the overflow dripped on the rug

"I'd like to get some exercise," Lawrence said suddenly. "I wonder if Mr. Braid would let me row him in." The second cocktail was not so good as the first, he decided. There would be a third—somehow there was always a third.

"I'm sure he'd be delighted," Mrs. Braid replied. "Would anybody else like to go?"

"Not I, thank you," Mary Norton said. "After seeing Win's collapse ——"

"Speaking for Bland," Towne said, smiling, "and myself, nothing on shore could tempt us, I assure you."

Mrs. Braid laughed. "Well, there's room for three if you change your mind."

Miss Bowen said suddenly, "I think I'd like to go."

No one spoke for a moment. Towne was standing by the table. He filled his glass slowly, carefully. He looked at Lawrence and held up the shaker, questioning.

Lawrence said "No, thanks," got up and put his empty glass on the table. Two were enough—two too much, as always. Things were changed again.

Towne said, "Just a touch," and started to fill Lawrence's glass. Lawrence shook his head and walked over to the rail. The sea was calm. There was no sign of land.

"Later," he thought, "this afternoon, I shall get off this yacht for a while."

He heard Towne say slowly, "I think, Bland, we'll stay on the Sabrina."

Mrs. Braid got up from her chair. "Well, you can discuss that later. I'm sure lunch is ready. Come—all of you."

The two girls rose. As they moved toward the saloon Miss Bowen looked back at Lawrence and gave him one of her rare smiles.

"It's perfectly safe, isn't it, Mr. Lawrence?" There was the slightest flush in her pale cheeks.

"Perfectly, of course—perfectly safe," Lawrence stammered and tried to smile back at her.

He was surprised. He thought Towne had settled it. Evidently she intended to go after all. Towne was holding the door open. He said nothing. He did not even look at her. Suddenly, for Lawrence, the thing took on an aspect of adventure, of some perilous expedition to an unknown shore, of a bitter, unyielding struggle between Towne and himself. The girl—Towne's girl—had appealed to him. She wanted to get away from the yacht too.

V

IN THE early afternoon on fair days, when the sun beat down on the awning, they would sleep. Mr. Braid and Towne usually retired to their cabins. Mrs. Braid and the two girls would compose themselves on deck in low chairs, with novels, which they would read fitfully, with drooping eyelids, until, one by one, the books would slide to the deck or lie open on their laps, the leaves fluttering in the breeze. Lawrence had brought along a monumental work in two volumes which he had been intending to read for a long time. He, too, would sit in a low chair under the awning and fix his eyes determinedly on the printed page. So far he had read three pages. Presently he, too, would be asleep.

This afternoon Miss Bowen did not come back to the stern when lunch was over. Lawrence wondered whether she was with Towne.

At lunch Mrs. Braid had said to her husband, "Bill Lawrence wants to row you in, in the dinghy—and perhaps Miss Bowen will go."

The girl spoke up quickly: "May I, Mr. Braid? Is there room for three? And I'd like to walk to the village for exercise."

"Yes, yes—delighted." Mr. Braid was excited—like a little bird, Lawrence thought. Towne did not raise his eyes from his plate. "There's room for four," Mr. Braid said.

"Win refuses absolutely," Mary Norton said, "as do I. It takes a launch to get us ashore."

"There's no place to land in the launch," Mr. Braid explained. "I can send in a larger boat." He looked at Towne. "Paston Beach goes off very gradually. It's much easier to land in the dinghy."

"Thanks," Towne said shortly, "I prefer the yacht."

After lunch Mrs. Braid, Mary Norton and Lawrence sat in the stern and a steward brought them coffee. No one said very much.

Lawrence thought, "If they knew me better they would say something about Towne and that girl."

Presently the two women took up their books. Lawrence moved his chair slightly and looked out under the rail at the placid sea. There was no sign of land. He wondered if Miss Bowen—Bland—where did that name come from?—would go. Towne had said nothing to her—had not addressed her once—after she had spoken for herself. Perhaps he was talking to her now—teaching her to obey. Perhaps he would say nothing more. He would look at her—he had a way of looking.

VI

LAWRENCE opened his eyes and knew he had been asleep. He looked at his watch. It was a few minutes past four. He got up and saw that Mrs. Braid and Mary Norton were still sleeping. There was no sign of anyone else. Suddenly, as the starboard rail dipped, he caught sight of land a low, broken line of dunes stretching endlessly along the horizon. About five o'clock, the captain had said. It was like waiting for some game to begin.

He went along the starboard deck toward the bow. As he came even with the bridge he saw, in the shadow of the overhang, Miss Bowen, lying on her side on the deck, a rug partly covering her. She, too, was asleep. Her head was resting in the palm of her hand, a book lay on the deck in front of her. It was open, back upward, resting on its pages, and Lawrence, without thinking, bent over to read the title. It was Bookkeeping and Accounting. He stared at it. It was a dark green textbook. Bookkeeping and Accounting!

He straightened up, and as he did so a little breeze laid a lock of dark hair across the girl's cheek. How pale she was in the shadow of the bridge!

Lawrence stood staring down at her. Something almost physical seemed to close about his heart. A sudden, terrible feeling of despair overwhelmed him. For an instant he saw, hopelessly revealed, the sorrow, the meaninglessness of all their lives—the lives of all things that breathe and struggle and die.

Looking down at the sleeping girl, he saw for the first time that she was beautiful. She had been so quiet when she was awake he had scarcely noticed her. Now, in the calm surrender of sleep, she was impressed upon his mind forever. She was so lovely, he thought, she was meant for all pleasant things. It was as if he watched someone die, looking down on this pale, dark girl with the half-read book just beyond her finger tips. She had been studying—she was learning Bookkeeping and Accounting! There were, he supposed, not many things from which a girl could choose. And then he remembered that she was engaged to marry Winthrop Towne, the man of wealth, the idler, the impeccable one.

The girl opened her eyes and immediately sat up.

"I've been asleep." She brushed a strand of hair from her forehead.

"We've all been asleep," Lawrence said. "You deserted the sleeping porch. . . . We're in sight of land."

"Oh!" The girl looked up at him. "What time is it?"

"A little after four." Then—he hardly dared ask her—"Are you coming in with Mr. Braid and me—in the dinghy?"

She nodded her head gravely as if to reassure him. "Yes, I'd like to. I thought we might have a chance to go swimming before walking to the village, if Mr. Braid would wait for us. I brought a bathing suit along."

"So did I," Lawrence said.

"We haven't done much swimming." She smiled at him in a friendly way. "We could put on our bathing suits now and take some clothes in a bag. There must be some place to dress."

"There seem to be plenty of sand dunes," Lawrence said.

She got up from the deck, book in hand. He leaned down and picked up the rug.

"Then I'll go and get ready," she said. He followed her inside.

VII

LAWRENCE went to his room and got his bathing suit out of his bag. It still smelled of camphor, and the trunks were creased and stiff from last summer's salt water. There would be plenty of time for swimming; with no wind and a cloudless sky, it was probably a stifling day on shore. He wondered whether Towne would come on deck when the Sabrina dropped anchor. Perhaps Miss Bowen would not go after all. He could not imagine Towne making a scene. Perhaps Towne would come too. Lawrence had not thought of that. There was room for four in the dinghy.

He put on the bathing suit, a light sweater, heavy socks and tennis shoes and an old gray flannel coat. In the smaller of his two bags he packed some clothes to put on after swimming. He filled his cigarette case and put two boxes of matches in his pocket. He was, he felt, equipped for any contingency.

As he left his cabin to go on deck he realized that the Sabrina had reduced her speed. He looked at his watch. It was half-past four. They were ahead of time, then.

Someone behind him said, "Mr. Lawrence!" He turned and saw Mr. Braid. "May I see you a moment, Mr. Lawrence?" Mr. Braid was standing in the doorway of his own cabin. "Oh, you're going to bathe?" He surveyed Lawrence's bare legs.

"We thought—I thought we might, if you wouldn't mind waiting a few minutes. We're taking along a change of clothes."

"Will you come in my cabin for a moment?" The older man followed Lawrence inside, closing the door behind them. "I'm not going ashore," Mr. Braid said. Lawrence's heart sank. "I find I don't need to telephone." He paused. His small kind eyes looked into Lawrence's. "Perhaps you'd be willing to send a telegram for me from the railroad station at Leighton."

"Certainly," Lawrence said. "I'd be delighted—only too glad."

"You don't mind walking to Leighton?" Mr. Braid said, looking up at him. "It's a good mile, you know. And Miss Bowen ——"

"We'd like to walk, Mr. Braid," Lawrence said earnestly; "we'd both like to walk. We'd like to get the exercise. I haven't had any exercise for four days. I'm getting stale. On a yacht, you know ——" He stopped short, embarrassed.

"Yes, I know how it is on a yacht." Mr. Braid nodded. "It's no place for the young, is it?" He paused for a moment. Lawrence heard the anchor chain run out. "There's no road to Leighton from the beach, but you can see it from the higher dunes. It will take you a good half hour, I should say." He went over to a desk and picked up an envelope. "The telegram is in here, with some money. I've sealed it so that the bills won't slip out." He held out the blank envelope to Lawrence. Lawrence took it and put it in his pocket. As he did so he glanced at it for an instant. It seemed unusually heavy. Mr. Braid smiled. "It's a long telegram," he said, "and I'd like to get it off by seven at the latest. You'll have to copy it on the form. . . . This is a lot of trouble that I'm giving you."

"Not a bit," Lawrence said. He picked up his bag.

"I've ordered the dinghy for you." Mr. Braid paused and suddenly held out a small brown hand. "Run along if you want a swim. You've got a good mile to row and a mile to Leighton." Lawrence took his hand. "Good luck," Mr. Braid said, and gave it a small squeeze. "Mind, my telegram by seven, and be careful of my little boat."

"Yes, sir," Lawrence said.

When he came up on deck he saw that the gangway was already down. One of the crew took his bag from him.

"There's someone else going, sir?" The man paused at the top of the gangway.

"Yes; wait a moment. Miss Bowen's going, too. There'll be another bag." He looked toward the stern and saw Mrs. Braid and Mary Norton. He heard Towne's voice. He thought, "This must be done casually, lightly." He walked back to the stern.

"You're going swimming!" Mary Norton called out, catching sight of him. "You never told me!"

"It was—it was Miss Bowen's idea," Lawrence said foolishly. He waited—too long. "Why don't you come? There's plenty of room. Mr. Braid's not coming."

Mary Norton looked at him for a moment, smiling slightly as if they shared some secret.

"Allen's not going?" Mrs. Braid asked. "I thought he wanted to telephone."

"I'm sending a telegram for him," Lawrence said.

"A telegram?" Towne's quiet, even voice fell between them. "I should think it would be simpler for all concerned to send a wireless. We have, I presume"—he turned to Mrs. Braid—"indeed, I hope we are equipped ——"

"Of course," Mrs. Braid said.

Lawrence had never thought of it. He spoke quickly—none of them must move:

"I think the sending apparatus is out of order. . . . I wonder if Miss Bowen still wants to go." As he spoke the girl came out the door. Below her light overcoat her legs were bare; she had canvas shoes on her feet. She glanced at Mrs. Braid and Mary Norton.

"Isn't anyone else coming?" she asked.

"I hesitate to observe," Towne said evenly, "that three is always too many not only in a dinghy."

Mary Norton laughed suddenly. "I thought you'd played the third part so often, Win——"

"—— that it's impossible for me to play the lead?" Towne finished it for her.

Lawrence turned to Miss Bowen. "We'd better start then," he said. She was standing motionless, looking at Towne.

"When I was born," Towne said slowly, in his well-bred, delicate voice, "I began it—the undesired, awkward third. It's like a curse. The fellow who rides alone in the rumble seat, the lonely figure on the other side of the camp fire ——"

"—— who sits at the table and watches the others dance," Mary Norton put in.

"Thank you," Towne murmured. He went on: "And who is still there—and alone—when the waiter comes with the check." He paused for a moment. "My motto should have been, 'May I have part of this?'" He closed his eyes.

"My poor Win! It's tragic!" Mrs. Braid laughed. She turned to Lawrence and Miss Bowen. "We'll dine at 8:30. That will give you plenty of time."

Miss Bowen stood looking down at Towne.

She said suddenly, "You don't mind my going?"

Lawrence saw Mary Norton glance at Mrs. Braid, brows raised. They were laughing at her.

Towne did not open his eyes. "Mind?" he repeated. "Why should I? How silly!"

The girl turned and went with Lawrence along the deck.

VIII

THE sea was calm around them. The sun beat down and sweat ran into Lawrence's eyes. He rested for a moment on his oars. Miss Bowen looked up and smiled

"I'd offer to row," she said, "if I knew anything about it. You should have inquired before you brought me along."

"It's not that I'm tired," Lawrence said; "but is the shore any nearer?"

"Oh, I think so," she laughed. Lawrence leaned forward and dipped his oars again.

Presently he said, "How's that?"

"A little more that way." She pointed with her left hand. "There!"

"This thing wasn't built for speed," Lawrence said. "I'm not complaining; but Mr. Braid said it was a mile."

"It's more than that, I'm sure." After a moment she said, "I can't see anything along the whole shore but sand. Do you think you can find the way to Leighton?"

"There isn't any road from the beach," Lawrence said. "Mr. Braid said you could see it from the top of the dunes."

"More on the right oar—there, that's right." It was hard to keep a straight course; the dinghy swung sharply to the right or left at the least unevenness in the stroke. She had to keep saying "Pull on the left oar now"; and "Now on the right"; and then again "More on the left." She had to keep her eyes constantly on the high point of the dunes which marked their destination. But except for these directions from the girl and Lawrence's occasional questions when her gaze wandered, they were silent. Their escape, Lawrence felt, was not wholly without guilt. Towne's last contemptuous pronouncement hung over them like a pall; it was as if his disapproving ghost sat between them, chaperoning their adventure.

About a hundred yards offshore they ran into shallow water.

Miss Bowen said, "We'll have to walk out beyond here if we want to swim."

Lawrence stopped rowing. "Jump overboard here. Wait a minute." With a few strokes he backed the dinghy until the shelf of white sand disappeared.

"Oh, no. I'll help you with the boat," she said.

"That's nothing. Go ahead. I'll be out in a minute." He trailed the oars on the surface. The girl leaned down quickly and slipped off her shoes. Out of her coat pocket she produced a black rubber cap and snapped it over her head. She twisted carefully out of her coat. She had on a black bathing suit, no different from Lawrence's own. Her arms and legs were startlingly white.

"Shall I dive?" She grasped either gunwale and half rose.

"Sure," Lawrence said. "Turn around and go straight off"

The girl turned gingerly. "If I stand up on the seat we'll go over."

"I'll watch the boat," Lawrence said. "Just go straight off." He shipped the oars.

Miss Bowen lifted one foot to the stern seat. "You're sure you won't go over?"

"Go ahead," Lawrence said, and put his hands on the gunwales. The girl suddenly stood upright, stepped up with the other foot, brought her hands over her head in a quick nervous movement and went over head first. She landed almost flat, with a great splash. Lawrence ducked under the shower of spray, steadying the boat. Presently her head appeared above water. She turned toward Lawrence.

"Ouch! What did you do to the boat?"

"I didn't do anything," Lawrence said, laughing. He fitted the oars in the oarlocks.

"Oh, it's wonderful!" She swam on her back, making little fountains with her feet. "It's like soup."

"I'll be out in a minute." Lawrence dipped his oars. "Give her ten!" he shouted, and began to row furiously for the shore.

IX

LAWRENCE swam away from her, head downward, thrashing his legs and cleaving the water with first one outthrust arm and then the other. There was some way of breathing. He turned and lifted his head, trying to draw in the precious air. He turned over on his back, exhausted. Miss Bowen was treading water, laughing.

"What's that," she called to him, "the Charleston?"

"It's the Australian crawl," Lawrence shouted back. He swam toward her again. "In dialect."

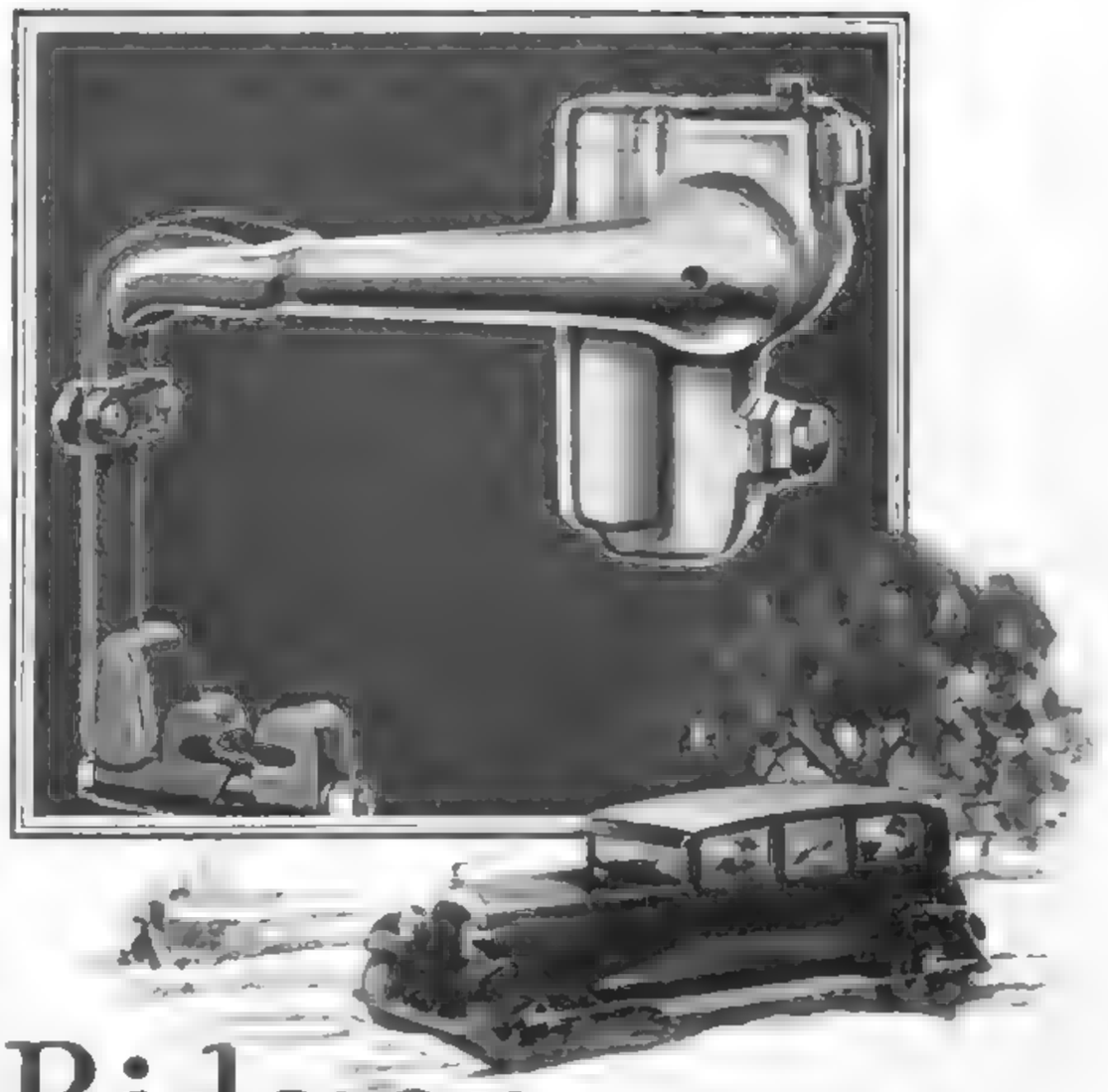
The girl suddenly put her head down in the water, brought one white arm over it, then the other, and slowly, gracefully, rolled and turned and slid past him.

"You breathe"—her face came out of water for an instant as her body turned; she went by, her face came out again—"like this." She turned and paddled back to him, smiling in mock triumph.

"Mine's a different version," Lawrence said. "But I'm willing to learn. Is it too late?"

"The best results," she said gravely, her chin just above water, "are obtained with the very young."

They swam and floated and rested, breast-deep, on the sandy bottom until Lawrence, catching sight of the Sabrina waiting motionless on the horizon, remembered their errand. It was six o'clock when they got the bags out of the dinghy and disappeared behind their respective sand dunes. After they were dressed Lawrence pulled the dinghy well up on the shore and turned it over. He put the oars and empty bags underneath and spread the bathing suits and towels along the upturned keel. Then he climbed through the sliding sand



Ride on Cushions of Oil

GOOD roads wherever you travel—when you equip your car with Monroe Hydraulic Shock Eliminators!

Cushions of oil absorb the bumps and jars caused by rough, uneven roads. Galloping, bouncing and sideway are eliminated. You drive easily—ride smoothly and enjoy new pleasure in fast travel.

Monroe Hydraulics represent the simplest, sturdiest, most economical development of the hydraulic principle of spring reaction control. A combination metering pin and disc relief valve insures unfailing oil pressure relief under all road conditions. A one-piece actuating arm and cam eliminates numerous moving parts. Easily adjustable from the outside, Monroe Hydraulics may be readily regulated to secure the greatest degree of riding comfort.

You will be amazed how materially Monroe Hydraulics will improve the riding qualities of your car. See your car dealer or specialty dealer today. If he does not have Monroe Hydraulics in stock, we will gladly supply your set to him upon request.

Prices: $25 to $45 per set of four. West of Rocky Mountains and in Canada, $5 additional. All prices quoted exclusive of installation.

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY
1400 East First Street • Monroe, Michigan

MONROE HYDRAULIC SHOCK ELIMINATORS

up one of the higher dunes and saw, beyond a long stretch of scattered, dwarfed vegetation, a small cluster of buildings. A line of telegraph poles, marking the railroad, appeared from behind a hill a few miles to the northwest, ran through the little village and stretched away endlessly toward the south.

x

"I WISH we could do that every day," Lawrence said.

Miss Bowen was walking in front, making as straight a course as possible around the low bushes, through the heavy, tiring sand, in the general direction of the village.

"Yes, I wish we could."

The girl relapsed into silence. She was, once more, Lawrence thought, the quiet person whom he had known on the yacht. Soon, he thought as he followed her over the sand, in an hour or so, they would be back again on the yacht and the real business of the day would begin.

For the days, Lawrence knew, meant nothing, were but forerunners, hours of intolerable light, interminable boredom, of a restless lying-in-wait until evening—evening, and night that sometimes stretched far into the next morning. It was evening, he thought as they walked along in silence, when they really awoke and stretched themselves, as if from a long winter sleep underground. He wondered if all his life it would be that way, if ever again he would look on the day as anything but a period of probation before the exciting dusk. Once it was different. Evening was the end of things, and night a dreamless sleep. Evening, and supper on the lawn, and then darkness, and bedtime, with cool white sheets, an open window, sometimes a moon over the trees. Morning, in that other time which now seemed so far away, was the beginning, the good times—friends who somehow had vanished, faint, glamorous in memory; riding a bike along the road by the sea, and the sun through the window in the hayloft. . . . The dying sun on her hair. . . . Who was she? . . . Dark hair like this girl's. Where was she now?

xi

THEY had no trouble in finding their way to Leighton. Several times Lawrence had climbed to slightly higher ground and marked the telegraph poles and group of buildings. They entered the village, as he observed, through the back door, over a rough grass-grown road between a few scattered frame houses. The streets of the little village were almost empty.

"Suppertime," Lawrence said, and looked at his watch. It had taken them almost half an hour. He stopped and called to a man sitting on a porch of one of the houses "Will you tell me where the railroad station is?"

The man removed a pipe and spat over the railing. He motioned with his pipe. "Down that way till you hit the tracks."

Lawrence waved his hand. "Thanks very much." They started down the main street.

The man on the porch called after them, "There ain't any train till the 7:15."

Lawrence waved his hand again. "All right. Thanks! I suppose that means"—he turned to the girl—"that the station's closed until 7:14."

The station door was open, but the ticket window was closed. Lawrence knocked on the ground glass. There was no answer. Miss Bowen sat down on the wooden bench which ran around the wall.

"I don't mind resting a few minutes," she said. She looked pale and tired in the dim light of the waiting room.

"I'll look around outside," he said, and went out the door to the platform. He circled the building. There was no sign of anyone. He went back into the waiting room. The girl's head was against the wall, her eyes closed, her hands folded in her lap. He saw a pad of telegraph forms on the ledge at the ticket window and a pencil stub hanging on a string. He thought, "I may as well copy the telegram, anyway." He took the envelope which Mr. Braid had given him out of his pocket, tore it open and pulled out the folded papers. Some bills fell to the floor. He stooped to pick them up. There were four of them. Each was a twenty-dollar bill.

He picked them up and counted them again—four twenty-dollar bills. Mr. Braid must have made a mistake. He stuffed the bills in the envelope and opened the folded papers. There were three closely written pages. At the top of the page he saw the words, "My dear Mr. Lawrence." He read:

My dear Mr. Lawrence: As you know, my first intention was to go ashore myself. It was for the purpose of arranging that a message be sent the Sabrina which would necessitate the termination of our cruise immediately. How this was to be done without casting on myself the character of an entirely graceless host, my ingenuity had not yet revealed. When I learned that you, too, wished to go ashore, and with you Miss Bowen, I saw a way out of a situation which for one of us, I felt, was fast becoming unbearable; a way which, at the same time, would not require the abandonment of our cruise.

My guests, as you know, are not always of my own choosing, but, except in a case which I deem extraordinary, I should not—as, shall I say titular host?—wish to repudiate my engagements. Usually, I fear, I have not interested myself sufficiently in the character, the activities, the desires of those who from time to time have passed a few idle hours on board the Sabrina. In most cases their reputations have led me to believe that, under any circumstances, they were well able to take care of themselves; that they would in fact never find themselves in this situation or that except by their own free choice. And there are those who have very definitely placed themselves within what I may term the lowest circle, with whom none but a careless man would wish to interfere lest his own world, such as it is, should come tumbling down. So long as they stay within the limits of that country one would prefer to let them be; for they harm no one but themselves and their fellows, who are past all harming. But when they step beyond their own borders I find even myself taking the field.

It has occurred to me several times during the past few days that Miss Bowen would be happier any place than on the Sabrina. So deeply has this been impressed upon me that I contemplated, as I have told you, cutting short the cruise. This, however, would require a return trip of at least three days—three days which she would probably find no less unhappy. When I heard that she was going ashore with you and wished to walk to Leighton, I ascertained that a train stopped at Leighton at 7:15 which arrives at Clayport at ten minutes past ten, and at Clayport, Miss Bowen's aunt lives, for so she told me when I pointed it out to her early this morning.

When she reads this letter she will understand that I make this suggestion only because I feel that she will be happier elsewhere, and that for her the next ten days would be only less agreeable than the past four. If I am wrong, if my conclusions are without basis, she will, of course, return to the Sabrina—my impertinence, I hope, forgiven; a secret between us. If she goes, you need say on your return simply that Miss Bowen decided to go to her aunt's at Clayport. The statement, I believe, will cause no great comment, for there are others besides ourselves who will understand the reason for her going. I inclose some money which will see Miss Bowen to Clayport and from Clayport home, and which will take care of such purchases as she may wish to make.

If anyone else should go ashore with you, you will, of course, have to disregard this letter. In such a case I depend upon your ingenuity to dispatch some harmless telegram.

Very sincerely yours,

A. BRAID.

Lawrence read it through again. The train would arrive at 7:15. Mechanically he looked at his watch. It was a few minutes to seven. The girl was still sitting with her head against the wall, her eyes closed. He went over and sat down beside her.

"Miss Bowen," he said quietly, "here's a letter—a letter from Mr. Braid."

She opened her eyes and looked at him, uncomprehending.

"A letter?"

"Yes." He held it out to her. "It wasn't a telegram, after all."

"For me?" She did not offer to take it. She looked at it, faintly puzzled.

"It's for you to read." Lawrence put it and the envelope containing the money on her lap, got up and walked over to a window. He lit a cigarette. There was a No Smoking sign on the wall. He opened the door and went out on the deserted station platform. All he could think was, "Now she's reading the letter, there's no use pretending any more." "Pretending what?" He walked up and down. She would go away on the train, and he would have to go back to the yacht. He wouldn't see her again—would he ever see her again? He didn't know where she lived.

He thought, "I've got to go in; she's finished the letter."

He opened the door to the waiting room and stepped inside. He turned and closed the door very carefully. He took some time closing the door. He would have to say something to her. He saw that she was still reading the letter. He stood with his back against the door. Suddenly she put the letter down on her lap and looked up at him.

"It's almost seven," he said, not knowing what else to say.

Miss Bowen began to fold up the letter. She put it in the envelope.

"Mr. Braid is very kind," she said in a low voice. She did not raise her eyes. After a moment she went on: "But it is foolish of him to think I—I haven't"—she hesitated—"haven't had a good time." She looked up at Lawrence, almost defiantly. "I'm not a very demonstrative person," she said suddenly.

"I see," Lawrence said. He nodded. He saw nothing. He was thinking, "Is she going on the train?"

Miss Bowen rose and put the envelope in her pocket. She stood for a moment gazing out of the window.

She said "It's getting darker. We'd better start."

Lawrence's heart leaped. "You're not going on the train?" He was suddenly excited, happy. She was not going away. She was going back with him. He would be with her for ten more days.

"I can't leave like this." She stood looking out at the fading light. She turned to Lawrence. "I told you, I'm engaged to marry Mr. Towne. Doesn't Mr. Braid know?"

Lawrence did not answer. He had not thought of Towne. He had only thought that she was going away on the train, that he would not see her again. Now he remembered. It was because of Towne that Mr. Braid had written the letter. She was going to marry Towne. It was Towne to whom she was returning.

xii

THEY left Leighton and struck out in the direction of the sea. When they came out between the dunes on Paston Beach they saw the dinghy several hundred yards away. It was fast getting dark. The Sabrina looked a long way off. Lawrence put the bathing suits and towels into the bags, turned the dinghy over, stowed the bags away, threw in the oars and dragged the boat to the water's edge. There was nothing to do now but get back to the Sabrina as quickly as possible. A little wind had come up, blowing in from the sea. He swung the dinghy round, pushed it part way into the water and helped the girl in.

"You'll have to sit in the forward seat until I get her off the sand. We can change after I get in," he said. He pushed the little boat farther out, walking in the water until she floated free, and then quickly climbed in over the stern. "We can change now. Give me your hand," he said. She put her hand in his, and carefully, half crouching, they crept by each other. For an instant, as they passed, she lost her balance and Lawrence put his arm quickly around her. For the fraction of a second he held her; then she was gone, was safely in the stern.

"This thing's like a canoe," he said. He fitted the oars and, looking over his shoulder, swung the bow around until it pointed at the Sabrina. He began to row.

He had taken a sight on two dunes, but they were not an easy mark and he could not seem to row evenly. Again the girl directed him, "More on the right." "Now on the left." It was hard rowing.

"It's getting misty," she said presently.

"It's just the darkness, probably."

The girl shook her head. "No, there's quite a heavy mist coming in from the sea." After a moment she said, "I can hardly see the Sabrina." Lawrence stopped rowing and looked over his shoulder. He saw, for a second, the dim outline of the yacht, and then, as he still gazed, suddenly, as if a gray curtain had fallen, she was gone.

"There," the girl spoke, "I told you it was misty. You can't see it at all now."

"It's a fog," Lawrence said. He turned, and getting a line on the two dunes, began to row again.

"I can't give you the direction," she said. "The Sabrina's disappeared entirely."

"I know, but I've got two marks on the shore, and you can see about where she was if it doesn't get any thicker."

"It is getting thicker; it's coming in fast. I can see only a few yards ahead."

As she spoke the fog was suddenly around them. It was incredible that something so silent could come with such appalling speed. It slid by on either side, thick, whirling, grayish yellow in the half light of evening. Lawrence in one moment saw the broken outline of the dunes, in the next the long line of shore had vanished. It was suddenly chill.

"Ugh!" Miss Bowen wrapped her coat more tightly around her. "Now what are we going to do?"

"I can tell something by the wind," Lawrence said. "We weren't going directly into the wind; the waves were coming about this way." He indicated with his outstretched arm. "Not exactly quartering." She nodded. "So if we keep her about like that —— Let's see, it took us about half an hour to row in. If I row for twenty minutes we ought to be somewhere near the Sabrina—near enough for them to hear us. This fog may clear up too."

It was twenty minutes past seven by his watch. He began to row again, slowly. The fog grew thicker. It closed about them until they could see only a few yards of the sea's surface. Lawrence watched the little waves as they came out of the gray wall, but he knew it was impossible to tell whether they were on the right course; close to the boat, the waves seemed to come from several different directions. If only he could see more of the water! He rowed carefully, trying to pull evenly on each oar. Naturally, he thought, being right-handed, one would tend to pull more strongly with the right.

There was nothing to do but to keep on rowing. He thought for a moment of turning back, but knew that it would be hardly less difficult to find the shore. It seemed wiser to keep on, as straight as possible. The Sabrina would be on the lookout for them—for him. Mr. Braid, he knew, would be expecting him to return alone. If Miss Bowen had taken the train he would be just about leaving Leighton now, in which case Mr. Braid would think that Lawrence was still on shore, waiting for the fog to lift. He would probably send in another boat for him, properly equipped with a compass. They could not count, therefore, on any horn or whistle from the Sabrina. As for the other boat, they might pass within a hundred yards of each other and never know it. The fog was like a blanket, deadening all sound. They might hear the engine in the launch, but Lawrence knew that Mr. Braid would not send the launch, because it could not land on the beach.

"We might give them a hail," Lawrence said presently. "Do you know any good penetrating noises?"

"Oh, we can't be anywhere near them yet." She was very cheerful about it, Lawrence thought, sitting calmly, with her hands clasped about her knees, looking past him into the fog.

Lawrence rested for a moment, listening. "But they might be sending a boat in. What shall it be—the call of the Austral an bushmen or the Yaqui Indians?" Lawrence paddled with his right oar, trying to keep the dinghy at what he thought was the proper angle to the wind.

"I'm sure they wouldn't answer either." She smiled. "Shouldn't you say, 'Ahoy'?"

"Of course." Lawrence turned toward the bow. "Sabrina! Ahoy!" And again, louder, long drawn out—"Sabrina! Ahoy!" It was like shouting in a tightly closed room. His voice sounded dead, as if it had flattened suddenly against the wall of the fog. They listened. There was no answer, no sound at all save the waves lapping against the dinghy. He began to row again.

XIII

"LISTEN!" the girl said. Lawrence paused, his oars suspended just above the water. "I heard something over there." She pointed off to her right, and then Lawrence heard it too—a long, muffled rumble of distant thunder. "It's thunder," she said. "That's funny."

"Quite unnecessary, I should say." Lawrence hoped it sounded casual. Leaning forward, he dipped his oars again. He found himself rowing faster -a little faster—not enough to be noticed by the girl in the stern, he thought. The thing to do was to keep rowing.

It was getting darker. Where before the surface of the water was visible for a few yards around the boat, Lawrence could now barely see beyond the blades of his oars. The wind had freshened and seemed to be shifting, or else he had changed direction. Perhaps he had been pulling too hard on the left oar.

"There's a little more wind," he said cheerfully. "That ought to do something to this fog."

"I think it's changed," the girl said. She held up her hand. "It's coming from that direction." She pointed to her right again. There was another roll of thunder. "The thunder's louder," she remarked.

"I don't think so," Lawrence said. "It's just because we'd heard it before. It's a good long way off anyway."

"Well, I'm glad of that." She laughed. It thundered again, louder, more prolonged, giving Lawrence the direct lie. The girl looked at him and smiled. "I could hardly hear it," she said.

Lawrence grinned. She was a good sport, he thought. . . . No use pretending. But inwardly he was not grinning. He knew that if a storm broke, the little dinghy would have as much chance of living in a sea as a soap dish. Nor could he understand the blanketlike fog and the freshening wind which seemed to blow it thicker about them, and the thunder, growing louder, more frequent, behind the curtain of the fog.

"I wonder how long I've been rowing," he said. He shipped the oars and looked at his watch, but could not see the face. He struck a match, sheltering the flame with his hands. It was a quarter to eight. Since the coming of the fog he had been rowing, on and off, for twenty-five minutes. He thought, "If we've kept at all straight we ought to be somewhere near the Sabrina."

"We might try hailing them again," he said. He shouted, turning first to one side, then to the other, "Sabrina! Ahoy! Hallo-o-o-o! Hallo-o-o-o!" There was no answer, no sound of any kind between the rolls of thunder, save the splash of the sea breaking against the dinghy. He shouted again and again, cupping his hands about his mouth, trying to send his voice through that impenetrable curtain.

He noticed that although the wind had not greatly increased, there was considerably more sea. The dinghy, drifting broadside to the waves, was dipping to either side with quick, sudden jerks. Yet if he were still on his original course—which was doubtful—and if the wind had really shifted—which he had no way of telling—he should row on in that way, broadside to the waves—if the Sabrina were still ahead of them—if the Sabrina were still ahead—if they had not missed her, gone past her—if they were not heading for the open sea.

Yet he knew that if the sea grew bigger he would have to turn the dinghy and put her nose nearly into it, facing the storm. There was no use, he thought, in trying to row away from it. If the storm were going to break, it would catch them no matter how hard he rowed. Well, they might ride through it if it was not too bad. The dinghy was staunch enough, well built. Mr. Braid had done a good job. Good, Lawrence thought grimly, but small.

"Well, we're not there yet." He slid one of the oars into the lock.

"Do you think there's any use rowing?" the girl said calmly. She had a hand on either gunwale, bracing herself.

"Well"—Lawrence hesitated—"I've not been making very good time. I thought of trying ten more minutes ——"

Another clap of thunder cut him short.

"We may be going in the wrong direction," she said when the noise had died away. "We don't want to row out to sea." She paused. "There's no way of telling where the shore is."

"No," Lawrence said, "not without a compass. If it were daytime and the sun were out, there's some way of finding the points of the compass with a watch, which I've forgotten. And moss grows on a certain side of trees—all of which is a great help."

The girl laughed again. Lawrence balanced himself as the dinghy tossed, sick at heart. There was nothing he could do. She was right—there was no use rowing: they might be rowing out to sea. It seemed to Lawrence that the storm might break any minute. In the heavy fog they had seen no lightning, but the thunder was growing constantly louder, more frequent, drawing always nearer. The dinghy was now tossing violently from side to side. Lawrence put out the oars.

"She'll ride better if I put her into the wind." He swung the bow until it faced the waves. "Wouldn't you be more comfortable if you sat on the bottom?"

The girl slid down and coiled herself up at his feet. The dinghy pitched and banged in the short choppy waves. Lawrence was busy with the oars, trying to keep the bow into the wind as she veered and slid away.

"These waves aren't very big, are they?" the girl said suddenly. "It's only because the boat's so tiny."

"No, they're not really big."

"If they were really big ones we wouldn't last very long," she stated calmly.

"Oh, we'd ride through anything pretty well," Lawrence said, swinging the bow around again.

The girl looked up and smiled at him in the darkness, and as she smiled there was a sudden flash of fire. For a second they saw each other in a queer, dim radiance, which went out like a blown candle as the storm struck. Something caught at the bow and swung them violently sideways into the trough of the sea. Lawrence was pulling madly on his right oar. He couldn't get her around. It was hopeless—hopeless. Something kept throwing her off. A great flood of water struck him in the back. He fell forward on his knees against the girl. His right oar suddenly dived, dragging his arm in tearing pain across the iron oarlock. He fell against the gunwale, holding desperately to the oar. The blade was being dragged under the boat—the boat was going over it—Lawrence saw water coming in over the side and let go. He jerked back to center and brought the left oar inboard. The girl was kneeling, head down against the great sheets of rain driving against them. Lawrence seized her arm.

"Keep clear of the seats! Don't get caught under ——"

There was another flash of light, and he saw her plainly for an instant, head up, one hand tearing at the rain-soaked hair about her face. He kept thinking, "I must keep her clear of the seats! She mustn't be dragged under when the dinghy goes! And then, what for? Perhaps it would be better that way—go way under right away—don't try to struggle. . . . This morning on the yacht—swimming off the beach—and now, for no reason, the end."

The dinghy reared and fell away as another wave came over. Lawrence, blind with salt water, gasping for breath, reached for the girl and found her. They clung to each other. In the next flash he saw that the dinghy was filling. Two waves. A few more would do it soon finished. A great flood came streaming over the side. He held the girl with both arms, trying to lift her free of the stern seat.

He thought, "We must get clear if the dinghy turns—last a little longer—should have tried to get to shore when the fog came." Her wet hair was against his face. He said, close to her ear, "I'm sorry—my fault "

She clung to him with both arms. "No, no! It's all right! I don't care! I didn't want to go back—to the yacht!"

The dinghy went up sideways and started to come over. Lawrence, one arm around the girl, threw himself over the other side, carrying her with him into the sea. A wave broke, tearing them apart, rolling him over and over. Blind and choking, he tried to swim. His feet struck against something hard, yet not so hard—not the dinghy . . It was sand! He struggled upright. His feet were on bottom.

He heard the girl behind him screaming. "I can touch bottom here! Come here—here!"

He turned, struggling to keep his feet as another wave struck, and saw the dark figure of the girl. He lunged out in her direction. Something was dragging at his feet. The wave went over her, she disappeared—reappeared again. She seemed to be in shallow water.

He shouted, "We must be on a sand bar!" Then the lightning flashed and he saw behind her through the driving rain the gray line of the beach, and, farther back, the dunes. He heard himself screaming, pointing, trying to make her turn round, "We're on the shore! We're on the shore! Back of you! Look!"

He was beside her now. He threw his arms around her, dragging her toward what he had seen. A wave carried them along, broke just beyond them—returning, tore at their legs, burying their feet in the sand. Lawrence waited for the next wave, and as it came, stumbled forward, carrying the girl with him up on the beach—on—farther on—beyond the farthest reach of the sea.

For a moment they crouched under the pelting rain. Then Lawrence remembered the dinghy—Mr. Braid's dinghy. In the next flash he saw it half submerged in the white water.

He ran down into the surf. The dinghy was full of water. Stumbling, clinging to it as the waves broke around him, he found their bags in the bow, and the one oar, still floating inside. The dinghy hadn't gone over after all. He got out the bags and oar and flung them up on the beach. He couldn't move the boat. Between waves he managed to tilt it, to empty out most of the water. He dragged it up on the beach beyond the waves and turned it over. As he righted it he saw that the girl was by his side.

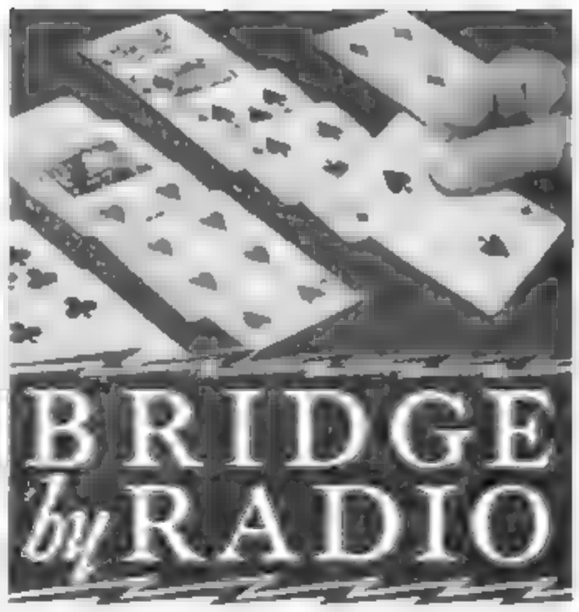
He cried to her, "I'm going to take it up farther. We can get under it—out of the rain."

Together they dragged it up near the dunes, and Lawrence turned it over broadside to the slanting rain. He ran back and picked up the bags and the oar. He wondered if by any chance the other oar had been washed up. He waited, panting, for the next flash, and when it came glanced up and down the shore. There was no sign of it. He staggered back with the bags and the oar, lifted one side of the dinghy and propped it up with the bags.

"Can you crawl in?" He turned to the girl. "It's better than being out in this." He put a steadying hand on the dinghy as she knelt down and slid underneath. "Is there room?" Lawrence knelt, shivering, and drew his soaking coat closer about him.

"Oh, plenty, plenty!"

He crawled under carefully around the supporting bags. The girl was lying against the other side, as close as the center seat would allow. It was impossible to sit up. Lawrence stretched himself out on the wet sand. He was suddenly tired. There was nothing more to be done. He wished he



Week of January 2nd

In the Radio Bridge hand below, South bids Hearts; West, Spades. Dare North take out his partner's Major with a four-card Minor? Has East a first-round assist for Spades? Who makes a Grand Coup, and how? Play this hand now; then hear the experts as scheduled!

Mrs. Florence C. Douglass, Pittsburgh, dealer, South—

Spades	9, 3
Hearts	K, J, 10, 7, 6, 4
Diamonds	K, J, 3
Clubs	A, 6

W. S. Firestone, Cleveland, West—

Spades	K, Q, J, 10, 6
Hearts	9
Diamonds	[illegible]
Clubs	[illegible]

Milton C. Work, New York, North—

Spades	8, 5, 4
Hearts	8, 2
Diamonds	A, Q, 10, 8
Clubs	K, Q, J, 8

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, East—

Spades	A, 7, 2
Hearts	A, Q, 5, 3
Diamonds	7, 5, 4
Clubs	10, 4, 3

Tues., Jan. 3, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF WSAI KSD WJAR WCCO, WCSH, WDAF WEEI WFI WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS WHO WIAR WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC WSB WSM WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMC, WWJ

Tues., Jan. 3, 8:30 P. M. (P. T.)

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for time of following:

KTAR	Phoenix
KVOR	[illegible]
KYW	[illegible]
KFRC	[illegible]
KFI	[illegible]
KFOA	[illegible]
KGW	[illegible]
KHQ	[illegible]
KOMO	[illegible]
KPO	[illegible]
KSL	Salt Lake City
KTBS	[illegible]
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla
KWGC	Sioux City
WCAU	[illegible]
WDAY	Radio Equipment Corp. [illegible]
WDBO	Orlando Broadcasting Co. Orlando, Fla
WFAA	Baker Hotel, News, Sears-Roebuck Dallas
WFBM	Indianapolis P. & L. Co. Indianapolis
WHEC	Hickson Electric Company Rochester
WJAX	[illegible]
WJZ	[illegible]
WKY	[illegible]
WNOX	[illegible]
WOC	[illegible]
WOR	[illegible]
WSAZ	[illegible]
WWNC	[illegible]
CFAC	[illegible] Calgary, Can.
CFCF	[illegible] Drascott, Can
CJGX	[illegible] Saskatoon, Can
CHNS	[illegible] Halifax, Can
CJCA	[illegible] Edmonton, Can.
CJGC	Free Press London, Can
CJRM	Jas. Richardson & Sons Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC	La Presse Montreal, Can.
CKCD	[illegible] Vancouver, Can.
CKAC	[illegible] Quebec, Can
CKCO	Radio Ass'n Ottawa, Can
CKNC	Canadian Nat. Carbon Co. Toronto, Can.
CKY	Manitoba Tel System Winnipeg, Can.

The U. S. Playing Card Company
Cincinnati, U. S. A.—Windsor, Canada

Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York.

BICYCLE *and* **CONGRESS**
PLAYING CARDS

had found the other oar. The rain beat steadily against the bottom of the dinghy just above their heads.

XIV

WHEN the lightning flashed he could see her clearly, close beside him, a few inches away, then darkness again, and cold and the unceasing rain. There didn't seem to be much to do but stay under the dinghy—unless they got too cold. She said she wasn't cold, but she must be. He was cold now, and as night came on it would get colder.

"We must have rowed in a circle," she said presently.

Lawrence was trying to make a gutter in the sand under the dripping gunwale. He moved carefully so as not to disturb the bags.

"I don't think this is quite where we started," he said. "The beach goes off more abruptly here." In the next flash he saw the gutter fill and the sides melt away. A moment—and then the thunder.

"Perhaps we're on an island," the girl said.

"A desert island, of course. We must be, by all the rules of ——"

But he did not finish. The rules of shipwreck—of romance? In which case the Sabrina had gone down with all hands, including Towne—especially Towne; or, counting Lawrence and the girl lost, had sailed away, leaving them to a life of succulent shellfish, of leafy garments and thatched bungalows, of signal fires, growing less and less brilliant through the years of sun and sea—finally forgotten. . . . Why not a desert island?

He remembered suddenly that last wrenched cry before imminent death: "I don't care! I didn't want to go back!"

When he had dragged the dinghy up the beach through the rain he had thought only of some makeshift shelter from the storm. He had not thought, as he thought now, of being close beside her in the darkness—so close that if he moved his arm slightly it would touch hers. Only to be near her—it was all he would ever want.

"Perhaps it *is* an island," the girl went on. "Maybe it came up from the bottom of the sea during the storm."

The thunder crashed again.

"That's an idea," Lawrence said after a moment. It was no use trying to make a gutter. He turned over and lay on his back, staring up at the floor of the dinghy, shivering. "Just for us. What shall we call it?"

"Rescue Island."

"Floating Island."

"No, I don't like that," the girl said. "Think what it did for us and you wouldn't call it that."

"No," Lawrence said. "Why not name it for you—Bland Island?"

"But it's anything but that," she objected.

"In the morning it will be. The storm's going." Which was true. The flashes of lightning were less frequent, the thunder was dying away—and the rain was coming down harder than ever. "In the morning it will be clear, and I shall have to get breakfast," he said, "for the Sabrina will have sailed away."

"Sailed away? Why?"

"Why not?" he said. "We're on a desert island. You can't have a steam yacht near a desert island."

"That's true," she said gravely.

"I shall have to get breakfast ——" He paused. "Probably with a sling."

"A sling!" she exclaimed. "Isn't that a very difficult weapon?"

"I should imagine so," Lawrence said. "However, I think you'll find the island is infested with those slow, low-flying birds—easy game even for a mediocre sling thrower. Or those boneless fish that cannot resist a bent pin. You have a pin, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid not," she said; "not even a hairpin."

"Never mind," he continued, "you can make a net."

"Out of what?"

"Out of what?" Lawrence repeated. "It's easy to see you've never been shipwrecked before. Out of—of grass."

"Oh, grass!"

"That strong tough grass that grows in the interior, near the spring."

They were silent for a moment. If it were only true, he thought. And all the time, a mile or so out from shore, the Sabrina was waiting—waiting until the light came to find them and take them back, safe, rejoicing.

"Or would you rather have the other kind of desert island?" he went on. "We can always find a wrecked ship in a cove, filled with canned food and a library and evening clothes that won't fit so badly. And fishing tackle and rifles and rounds and rounds of ammunition."

"I suppose there has to be shooting," she said.

"I'm afraid so. The natives, you know."

"Oh, I didn't know there were to be any natives."

"They always come," Lawrence said in a gloomy voice. "Sooner or later they turn up with those rotten blowpipes. Poisoned arrows, and all that sort of thing."

"Cannibals?" the girl whispered. "I don't know that I want that sort of an island."

"Well," Lawrence said, after a moment, "I don't know but what I prefer it to a yacht."

"Oh ——" the girl began, and then was silent.

The rain beat against the bottom of the dinghy. Lawrence turned and lay on his right side. Unwarmed parts of his soaking clothes came suddenly against his skin, clung to him in fresh, cold places.

"I'll never do that again," he said, shivering. "Don't move if you can help it. Are you very cold?"

"I'm all right," the girl said. She was lying on her side, her cheek resting on her clasped hands, just as he had found her that afternoon—so long ago, it seemed—sleeping in the shadow of the bridge.

"This island ——"

"Did you hear anything then?" she interrupted. "Listen!" Far off, faint, above the noise of the rain, he heard it—the deep, despairing cry of a foghorn. "It sounds miles away," the girl whispered. "I should think they'd have blown it for us when the fog first came."

"Mr. Braid expected you to take that train," Lawrence said. "If you had, the fog would have been in before I got back to the beach. He must have thought I was waiting. He probably sent a boat in."

The girl did not answer. The horn was blowing regularly now—calling to them, Lawrence thought, calling to her, Towne calling to her constantly; all night long he would call like that—"Aw-ho-o-o-o! Aw-ho-o-o-o! Aw-ho-o-o-o!" Three times, and then quiet for a minute, and then three times again. Towne, pacing the bridge, helpless, despairing, rowing about in the rain calling to her. . . . No; for Braid would have told him she was safe, that she was on the train, that he had, in fact, sent her away.

It occurred to Lawrence that he should be down on the beach. There couldn't be any fog left now, and, except for the rain, the storm was over. They would probably have boats out searching. They might be close to this part of the shore. He hated to move again. So long as he lay perfectly quiet it was not so cold. His clothes, clinging to him in sodden folds, had taken on a slight warmth from his body. But the night was getting colder. It must be about nine or half-past, he thought. What else could they do but lie under the dinghy and wait for morning? They might try to find food and shelter at Leighton; he supposed he could now see the lights of the village from the high dunes. Or he could walk up and down the shore and watch for boats from the Sabrina.

"Do you want to try to find the way to Leighton?" he asked. "We could probably get something to eat and beds for the night. There can't be any fog now."

"Oh, not in this rain," the girl said. "It's much too far. I'm all right here—unless you want to go back."

"No," Lawrence said, "except that it's getting colder and you're soaked and ——"

"I'm all right, really," she said; "I'm not cold."

"We may have to stay here until morning then."

"I know."

"I wish they'd stop blowing that horn," Lawrence said after a moment. "Well, at least I can go down to the water and have a look round. They've probably sent some boats out and they may be near this part of the shore."

"You don't like my island, then?" she said

"Oh, yes, yes," he said foolishly. "But ——" He turned over, shivering, and crawled out into the rain. Crouching for a moment in the lee of the dinghy, he drew his coat collar closer. "It's a rotten climate," he added, "but I'm very fond of the people." Before she could answer he jumped to his feet and ran down toward the sea.

XV

"NOTHING in sight except a light, way off to the south, which must be the Sabrina." Lawrence knelt close to the raised side of the dinghy.

"I heard you calling"—her voice came from underneath. She was still cheerful, he thought

"Anyway," Lawrence said, "they've stopped the foghorn." He slid under the dinghy, grinning. "They gave me up pretty quick, I do think." He stretched out, resting on one elbow. "It's quite wet outside. It looks as if we were here for the night. Do you know any games?"

"Authors?" she suggested.

"You mean who wrote Ivanhoe?"

"Well ——" She hesitated.

"All right," Lawrence said. "Who said, and why, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb'?"

"I don't know. Some humorist." She shivered. "How about limericks?"

"I never can remember ——"

"No, no," she said; "you make them up. Like—let's see —— There was a young man named Lawrence—no, There once was a young man named Lawrence ——" She was silent for a moment. "Lawrence, Lawrence ——"

"Abhorrence," he suggested.

"There once was a young man named Lawrence," she began again, "Who said, while the rain fell in torrents—no, Who observed, as the rain fell in torrents, Under a dinghy ——"

"That's a bad one," Lawrence said.

"No, no, wait a minute. 'I find, under a dinghy, That life's a bit stringy.'" She added doubtfully, "'And a night on the beach an abhorrence.'"

"Very good," he said, "but it's far from true."

"Or," she said, after a pause, "'I'd rather be living in Florence.' That's better. Now it's your turn."

"Well," he said, "There was a young lady named Bowen—no, that's no good."

"Who said after rowin' and rowin'," she suggested.

"No —— There was a young lady named Bland." He was silent for a moment. "There are certainly lots of rimes for that. I'm afraid this isn't my game."

"Let's see," she said: "There was a young lady named Bland, Who said as she stepped on the sand—no—Who said as she sighted the strand, 'If you really don't mind, The shore's just behind; But I do think your oarsmanship's grand.'"

"You're too good," Lawrence said gloomily. "Let's find some game I can play."

"Truth," she said.

"It's a long time since I've played Truth." Lawrence was lying on his back looking up at the floor of the dinghy. "You mean honest-to-goodness Truth, the real thing, no side-stepping?"

"No lying, you mean," she said.

"Ah, one for you! All right, go ahead."

"Where do you come from, Mr. Lawrence?"

"'Mr. Lawrence'! Do you think that's fair—after a shipwreck?"

"It's not your turn to ask questions," she said.

"I don't answer to 'Mr. Lawrence.' Besides, you know. I come from the West; and sometime I'm going back."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-one."

"Ah, middle-aged! One would never have known."

"Thank you."

"Are you married?"

"I am," said Lawrence, after a pause—"unhappily unmarried."

"You are engaged?"

"No."

"You have hopes then?"

"No, no hope at all," he said.

"A sad case." She was silent for a moment. "Have you ever been in love?"

"Yes."

"When you were young, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Was she dark or fair?"

"She is dark," Lawrence said.

"'Is'?"

"Very."

"This devotion then—still endures?" she asked.

"Yes."

"It has lasted some time?"

"No," Lawrence answered; "a very short time."

"And this affection is not returned?"

"No."

"Who is she?"

Lawrence, stunned by the direct question, did not answer. . . . Not for an instant, then, had she suspected. Yet it seemed to him that in every word, every action, from the time they left the Sabrina, he had been telling her.

"Is that allowed?" he asked finally.

"Everything's allowed in Truth," she replied, laughing. "Maybe we'd better play some other game."

"No," Lawrence said, "if that's the question ——" Never again perhaps would he be able to tell her. Now it would not be so hard, lying beside her in the darkness, with the noise of the rain. They were in another world—for a few hours more. Things had happened to them. Close to death, as they had thought, tossed up by the sea on a strange shore, the world of the yacht—their gentle world—was suddenly, completely, gone.

"If that's the question," he repeated, "I'll answer it." It was as if he stood on a place too high for diving, and plunged. "You," he said. He stared at the floor of the dinghy. It was raining—still raining.

"That's very nice of you," she said faintly, after a moment. "But you don't have to be polite in Truth."

"It's not politeness." Lawrence heard his voice coming from a great distance.

"Oh ——" she began, and then was silent. Neither of them spoke. It was as if she accepted without further protest the truth of that amazing declaration.

"It's my turn," Lawrence said, "unless you'd rather play something else."

"I didn't expect—I didn't think for a moment ——"

"I know," he said. He paused. "Will you tell me why you are reading Bookkeeping and Accounting?"

"Because," she answered, "I am one."

"What?"

"Because I work."

"Worked," Lawrence said.

"Yes"

"Where?"

"I was in a doctor's office. Doctor Towne—Clayton Towne"—she paused—"Mr. Towne's brother."

"That's how you met Winthrop Towne?"

"Yes."

"And became engaged?"

She did not answer for a few moments. Then she said: "I met Mr. Towne last fall. He used to come to his brother's office. I went out to dinner with him sometimes—sometimes to the theater. His brother

didn't know about it. I—I—then finally, this spring, he asked me to marry him. I didn't know —— One day he introduced me to Mrs. Braid at tea at a hotel. And then he said he was going on a yachting trip and that Mrs. Braid wanted me to come. She wrote me a letter. He said that I could think it over on the cruise. So I came. Everything looked so lovely the first day—that morning in the harbor. I'd never seen anything like the Sabrina before. I told Mr. Towne"—she hesitated—"I said I would."

"It wasn't fair," Lawrence said.

"Oh, yes," she said quickly; "it was I who wasn't fair. I learned to swim," she said suddenly, "two years ago, in a swimming pool in the city. Last winter I learned to ride a little. I took lessons at a school—not really riding. I've never played tennis or golf, I've never driven a car. I wear an evening dress—I have two—four or five times a year. . . . Oh, I know these things aren't important—I don't know how to explain. . . . You see, it's a side of life I've never known—that I've always wanted. In the magazines you see pictures of the latest models—for winter sports, for the beach, tennis dresses, riding habits and shining boots, and tea gowns—but it's no good your looking at them. What good would it be, even if you did have them?" She paused. "So you see why it was I who was unfair."

"No," Lawrence said.

"You don't understand," she said quietly. "I found I couldn't go on. I used to meet him at night, on deck, after the others had gone to bed."

"Don't," Lawrence said.

"Mr. Braid saw us one night—I was crying ——"

"Don't," Lawrence said again. "I love you."

"No, no," she said, "you don't know me! That's why Mr. Braid wrote the letter. He heard me crying. He didn't know I was engaged."

"No," Lawrence said; "because Winthrop Towne doesn't usually get engaged."

"I know, I know ——" The girl's voice broke.

Lawrence turned suddenly and put his arm around her, drawing her close to him.

"Don't, Bland." The name was strange on his lips. She was sobbing quietly. He kept repeating, "Don't! Don't!" He held her close, her face buried in his sodden coat, her wet hair against his cheek.

"Oh, it's so cold, so cold!" She began to shiver violently. He tightened his arm around her.

"It will be warmer if you stay this way," he said, "like this. . . . You might get some sleep."

"It was so cold." She grew quieter. "I'll try to sleep."

"That's right," he said. They were silent for a moment.

"We'll stop talking then," she said. "Good night."

"Good night, Bland."

"You're good to me. . . . Good night."

Cold and wet, broken with weariness, they clung to each other. She was breathing quietly now, her head close against his breast. He must be careful not to move. Holding her thus, he knew he could not sleep.

The rain was still rattling on their roof—not quite so hard, he thought.

XVI

BUT he did sleep, finally. He woke, cramped and cold, to a strange quietness. The rain had stopped, and gray light was under the dinghy. There was no sound save the faint wash of the sea on the beach. The girl was lying a little way from him, still sleeping. Quietly he rolled from under the boat and stood up, stiff and aching.

Around him dawn was beginning. He walked down to the water's edge over the smooth, wet sand. The sea was calm. The waves came gently up the beach. He scooped up some water in his hands and bathed his face. He stood looking out over the sea into the faint gray mist. Suddenly he saw the Sabrina, dim, ghostly, off to his right. Gradually she became more clear, drew nearer, as the light grew. Now she stood out so plainly, it seemed incredible that they could have missed her. As he turned to go back he saw the other oar lying on the sand a few yards away. He knelt by the dinghy.

"Bland!" He could still call her that. "Bland!" He heard her move. "It's morning. It's cleared up. You can see the Sabrina, and I've found the other oar. The sea washed it up. We can go back."

"Oh!" She was silent for a moment. She groaned. "I'm so stiff!"

"I know," Lawrence said. She crawled out and sat for a moment on the sand, pushing back the dark wet hair from her face, leaning on one arm. She looked around in wonder.

"Why, it's stopped raining, and the sun's coming up, and—and ——"

"—— and everything!" Lawrence finished. "Principally breakfast."

"Breakfast?" She glanced up at him.

"On the Sabrina." Lawrence pointed.

"Oh!" She looked out over the sea.

"I found the other oar. We can row back right away."

"Oh," she said again. Lawrence turned the dinghy over and threw in the oar and bags. "I'm a sight," she said suddenly, smoothing her hair. She stood up.

"You look fine," Lawrence said. But he did not look at her. He knew that she would always look fine, always beautiful to him, even in the wet, misshapen coat, her dark eyes dim with sleep, her hair wet and straight against her white face.

"I'd like a bath," she said.

"It's not warm enough yet," he said. "I washed my face in the sea."

"That's a good idea." She turned and walked toward the sea.

Lawrence dragged the dinghy down the beach and put in the other oar. In the east it was quite light; soon the sun would be up. He watched her as she bent over, catching handfuls of water as the waves broke and spread about her feet. She turned at last and came toward him, mopping her face with a damp handkerchief. He pointed the bow of the dinghy into the sea and helped her in. Her hand was cold. He found nothing to say. He ran the dinghy out just beyond a breaking wave and quickly climbed aboard. He remembered that the beach went off suddenly. They changed seats, as they had done the night before. He fitted the oars and glanced over his shoulder at the yacht. He began to row.

Presently she said, "A little harder on the right." It was as if the night had never been.

XVII

THEY were sitting under the awning in the stern—all except Mr. Braid: Mrs. Braid and Mary Norton deep in their chairs, Towne busy with the cocktail shaker, Bland a little apart from the others, on the broad seat which ran around the stern rail. Lawrence paused for a moment in his story.

"So the comic note was not entirely lacking," Towne said. "The appropriate commission of the soul—the last quick farewell—the desperate plunge into the angry sea—and bump!—the bottom!"

"Yes," Lawrence said, "we burst out laughing."

"How ghastly!" Mary Norton leaned forward and took a potato chip from the bowl. "You must have rowed in a perfect circle."

"If they had, my dear," Mrs. Braid interrupted, "the boat would have found them. Of course, we didn't know"—she turned to Lawrence—"that you'd started back so soon."

"I know," Lawrence said

"Otherwise we would have blown the horn sooner."

"We heard it finally."

"It sounded miles away," Bland said. "We could hardly hear it, the rain made such a noise on the dinghy."

"*On* the dinghy?" Mary Norton said.

The River of May

Its name was caused by an accident—it was discovered on the first of May, in 1562.

Yet Florida's greatest river could not have been named more fittingly. Flowing for more than 300 miles through a country of lakes and streams, the St. Johns River is literally a River of May. Flowers bloom along its banks in December, filling the air with fragrance. Forests and green fields urge you to pause. But the great river leads you on and on . . . Here, in mid-winter, are yachts from two continents. Speed launches and pleasure boats cross and recross your bowsprit. Swimming is at its best

When will you see this river-country for yourself? When will you see St. Augustine . . . Fernandina . . . New Smyrna—these ancient settlements on Florida's East Coast? Here is the earliest center of American civilization. St. Augustine, less than forty miles from Jacksonville, is a city of the Old World. Its medieval fortress, its cathedral, its balconied houses and narrow streets carry you backward into the Sixteenth Century. When Florida was first colonized. When the rest of America was unexplored—a wild and trackless wilderness

Jacksonville, on the St. Johns River, is in the very center of this territory. It is a modern, progressive city—the business capital of the Southeast. Its hotels compare favorably with those of the largest Northern cities. Surf-bathing . . . theatres . . . motoring over perfect roads . . . golfing on five beautifully kept courses . . . fresh and salt water fishing—thousands come here every year to enjoy these sports and diversions.

This winter, railroad and steamship rates to Florida are greatly reduced. From New York to Jacksonville by boat, for example, the round-trip fare is only $65.81. Tickets include meals and berths; the return trip can be made as late as June 15th next year. Fares from other Northern cities are proportionately low, by railroad as well as by steamship.

Plan—this winter—to spend your vacation in Jacksonville! Let us show you how little it will cost! Write us for specific information and for an interesting, illustrated booklet. Address Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

Believers in

Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE."

"We were under the dinghy," Lawrence explained, "out of the rain."

"Of course." Mrs. Braid smiled slightly. "What a good idea!"

Towne got up from his chair and went over to the table. He picked up the cocktail shaker and rocked it gently back and forth. "There's some more here," he said. He held it up. Mrs. Braid and Mary Norton shook their heads.

Bland had not taken any; another thing, Lawrence thought, she hadn't yet learned. His own glass, still untasted, stood on the deck beside his chair. Back again—the old round. From where he sat he could see, under the rail, the long line of the shore, clear in the brilliant sunlight, the white beach of their own desert island.

They were still at anchor. When they reached the Sabrina just after sunrise, Mr. Braid, drawn and haggard-looking from a sleepless night, had met them. The others, he explained, had finally gone to bed. Sitting with them at breakfast, after hearing their story, he had told them that the storm had caused some slight damage and they would not be able to get away before evening

Then he had sent them to their cabins to sleep until lunchtime. No mention had been made of his letter, of Miss Bowen's return.

"Lawrence?" Towne held up the shaker.

"Thanks," Lawrence said, "I still have one."

"You haven't touched it." Mrs. Braid's voice was shrill.

"Come, come," Towne murmured, filling his own glass, "after a night on the beach ——"

"I don't want any, thanks," Lawrence said shortly.

The scene was suddenly repellent. Towne, armed with the frosted shaker, was a symbol of the world to which they had inevitably returned. Languid, purposeless, they lay under the shade of the awning. Mrs. Braid, hard, clever, urgent—the arranger. Mary Norton, who went here and there, always commenting appropriately, whom yesterday he was calling Sister. . . . The fog, the storm, the treacherous sea against which he and the girl had struggled—these had scarcely touched their lives. The short hours of the night—gone now, lost forever—through which he had lived and suffered and been strangely happy—what were these now but food for a jest?

Towne went back to his seat. He sat twirling his glass between his fingers.

"Under the dinghy," he repeated. "I should think there would have been more room at Leighton."

"It was raining—raining hard," Lawrence said. "Besides, there's no road to Leighton and it isn't easy to find the way at night"

"Win means after the rain stopped," Mrs. Braid said

"After the rain stopped," Lawrence repeated. There was a pause.

"It stopped raining about 12:30," Towne observed, and sipped his drink. "Or you might have rowed back to the Sabrina. There was no fog then."

"I lost an oar when the storm hit us," Lawrence said. "I found it again this morning"

"Ah, you hadn't mentioned that," Towne said.

"By the time it had stopped raining," Bland said suddenly, "we were asleep—at least I was."

"Asleep!" Mary Norton spoke from the depths of her chair. "Imagine being able to sleep!"

"I'm sure Bill didn't sleep," Mrs. Braid said, smiling. "He's so honorable—but that's hardly the word, is it?—conscientious, I mean. I suppose you did sentry duty around the dinghy all night, Bill."

"No," Lawrence said, "I was under the dinghy."

"It must have been," Towne said after a moment, "a terrifying experience."

Mary Norton laughed. Lawrence felt the blood mounting to his cheeks. It seemed now that there were many things he could have done.

"It was a most unpleasant experience—for Miss Bowen," he said, his eyes on Towne. Bland turned from her contemplation of the sea.

"It was quite an adventure," she said, smiling. "I enjoyed it."

Towne leaned forward and placed his glass on the table, and Lawrence saw that his hand was shaking.

"And is that why," Towne said evenly, "you didn't take the train?"

For a moment no one spoke. Then Mrs. Braid said suddenly, "Win!" and got up from her chair. She turned toward Mary Norton.

"Come, Mary, if Win ——" Her voice was low, tense. . . . Mary Norton rose and, leaning over the bowl on the table, carefully selected a potato chip. She murmured, "Children! Children!" and, with a glance of faint amusement at Lawrence, went through the door into the cabin. Mrs. Braid turned to Lawrence:

"Come, Bill, it's time for luncheon."

"No, please stay here Bill," Bland said. It was the first time, Lawrence thought, she had called him that.

Mrs. Braid said to Towne, "I will not have this sort of thing ——"

She stopped, white with anger. Then she turned suddenly and left them.

"Then Mr. Braid told you—about the letter," the girl said in a low voice.

"Naturally," Towne said, "when the boat came back without finding any trace. . . . You were, it seems, to have been delivered by Allen from some unhappy fate. Instead, you found life adventurous—under a rowboat."

"You seem to think," Lawrence said slowly, "that we were on a picnic."

"This is Miss Bowen's affair, and mine." Towne turned on him, his voice trembling with anger.

"No," the girl said, "Mr. Lawrence did everything in the world he could. When the fog came there was nothing we could do except to try to keep straight and find the Sabrina. We had no idea we were near shore when the storm struck us. We thought—we thought it was the end." She paused. "Mr. Lawrence suggested trying to get to Leighton. It was raining hard—it was cold—I said I'd rather stay there under the dinghy."

"And when the rain stopped ——"

"I was asleep."

"—— you were asleep. And Mr. Lawrence?" Towne went on.

"I was asleep too," Lawrence said, leaning forward in his chair, elbows on knees, staring at his clasped hands. "I slept until dawn."

Towne took a cigarette out of the box on the table, lit it, and exhaled a thin stream of smoke.

"There's only one thing you've forgotten," he said—"the little birds that covered you with leaves."

Lawrence looked up at him and got slowly out of his chair. He thought, "What's he talking about? What does he mean?" He heard the girl speaking.

"What do you mean? What can you mean?" Her voice was shaking. "Why are you asking all these questions? Don't you believe what we say?"

"Everything." Towne bowed slightly. "Why should I doubt you?"

"We spent the night under the dinghy. Is there anything terrible in that—except when you smile? Is that what you are suggesting—things -things that were never dreamed of? It's not always that way, I tell you." She paused. "It's true. We slept under the dinghy. What else could we do? It was cold, wet." She looked Towne straight in the eyes and said slowly, deliberately, "We kept each other warm."

Lawrence heard the other man catch his breath as if in pain. None of them spoke. The words hung above them, kept sounding in Lawrence's brain. Suddenly he wanted to laugh. For that amazing statement was true—the whole truth—that was all there was to it.

Towne got up from his chair. He stood staring into his empty glass.

"They must be waiting," he said in a queer voice. He set the glass down on the table. "Luncheon must be ready." He did not look at them. Neither of them answered. He turned and went into the cabin. The door closed behind him.

Lawrence went over and sat down near her on the broad seat.

"I don't want any lunch," she said without looking at him. "Hadn't you better go in?"

"No," Lawrence said. "Listen, I've a better idea. Let's go swimming instead."

"Swimming?" she said in a low voice.

"Let's go back," he went on, "to the island. The dinghy's still in the water. Now—while they're at lunch. Have you got another bag?"

"Another bag—yes."

"Put what you need in it."

"You mean ——"

"I'll leave a note for Mr. Braid. He can send in for the dinghy."

"You mean—and not come back?" she said.

He stood up. "Never! We'll go to Leighton," he said. "We'll take the train."

"But you"—she looked out over the sea—"you can come back."

"No," he said, "I can't leave you, Bland" But she would not look at him. "Ever" She knew that now. He said, "Think! A desert island—cannibals ——"

"That's true." She turned and looked up at him. Her eyes were wet. She rose.

"You won't be long?" Lawrence said.

"No."

Silently they went along the deck.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

of a shudder. Instead of an entrancing tale of an all-round athlete, I see now that I have been lured into reading a subtle prospectus. The thinly veiled message of the sporting-goods house is between the lines, and the appeal of the athletic director for bigger and better stars stands constantly in the background."

"But, my son ——"

"Nor is that all. At all times there is the implication that a boy should go to bed early, wash his teeth and neck and ears, and keep his hair brushed. I don't necessarily object to these things, papa. It's not that. It's the underhand way in which the message was put across."

"And the others?"

"Take the Rover Boys. Why I never noticed it before is beyond me."

"It? What?"

"Nothing but travel-bureau literature. Oh, it's handled well, and you might read chapter after chapter without suspecting it, but suddenly it will dawn upon you. I know that, when I grow up, I shall never be satisfied to live in one spot.

"Then there is Buffalo Bill. When I realize how I fell for that childish propaganda ——"

"What propaganda?"

"You know, papa, as well as I do. I doubt if ever a boy read that without buying an air gun. Can't you see where the inspiration for the stories came from? Understand, I enjoyed my air gun very much, but I would have preferred that the manufacturer conduct his sales campaign in a more direct and upright manner. I also suspect, but am not certain, that the Society for the Advancement of Nordic Supremacy had a hand in the matter. If not, how can you explain the habitual humiliation of the redskins and the equally habitual triumph of the whites?"

"It is beyond me, my boy."

"Fred Fearnot is another, papa. No one will ever know how I admired his courage, coolness and decision in times of trial. But I have been disillusioned. Big business, papa, was behind that character—big business, papa, that wanted a steady supply of high-powered salesmen. And to think they would try to catch us while we're young!"

"And what else, Willie, are you discarding?"

"More than I can think of now. Two others, however, stand out clearly. The Liberty Boys do not portray history, nor were their exploits narrated to while away the long winter evening. Back of it all lurks the sales-promotion department of the firecracker firm. When I first realized that the realm of boys' literature had been invaded for such a purpose, I almost lost faith in man."

"And the other?"

"This was a blow, papa. Until the very last, I tried to believe that Nick Carter and Old Sleuth were just what they claimed to be—thrillers, penned by conscientious men who expressed what they really felt, without being influenced by anyone."

"Right you were, Willie; I swear it."

"Not at all, papa. The hand of the subsidized press never was more clearly revealed. Nothing ever dealt the young people of the land heavier blow than those yarns. Can't you see it? Devilment is always found out and has to pay the penalty. Why couldn't the professional reformers come right out and preach us a sermon? When I think of the times I restrained myself from some harmless mischief, such as pilfering a watermelon or borrowing a few doughnuts, my blood boils. But, thank goodness, papa, I'm on to the game now."

—*David B. Park.*

Uplift

THE stars beheld in awe, the mountains trembled;
The greatest Asses in the land assembled
To figure out what really ailed the Masses—
A term denoting all the other Asses.

An Ass with ears as long as any other's
Declared, "It's just the War, my friends and brothers—
The War has quite demoralized the genus,
Or species, kind, or family, Asinus."

Next rose an Ass, inordinately solemn,
Who brayed, "The stripe along our spinal column
Denotes that we are prey to weird neuroses
And horrible subliminal psychoses!"

Another said, "Our turbulence and riot
Result from lack of scientific diet;
So let us spread, through pamphlets and epistles,
That slogan of our fathers, 'Eat More Thistles!'"

"Not so," a fourth objected; "all our worries,
Our balky tendencies, our kicking flurries—
As I've been hearing on the club veranda—
Are caused by Secret Foreign Propaganda!"

A fifth denounced Reactionary Forces,
A sixth, a base conspiracy of horses,
A seventh blamed unbridled legislation,
And eighth and ninth, the Younger Generation.

Then spoke a tenth: "Dear chasers after bubbles,
You haven't touched the source of all our troubles
Which still remains, my fellows, pals and bunkies,
The sad, sad truth that all of us are Donkeys!" —*Arthur Guiterman.*

I HAD A HUNCH

(Continued from Page 26)

When I got Mr. Stotesbury, Mr. Welsh and Mr. Waterall together and told them I was going to Holland to raise $3,000,000, they looked at me as though waiting for me to come to the point of the joke.

"I am positive," I declared, "that I can go to Holland and raise the money to build to Shreveport."

It was ten o'clock in the morning when this discussion started. We were still arguing at noon when we went to lunch in the private Drexel dining room, but I had failed to convince them that it was possible to go anywhere and raise money for an American railroad. They were positive it was the last investment in the world any foreigner wanted at this moment. As a matter of fact, they pointed out, those who owned such bonds would be glad to get rid of them at almost any price, and some were doing it.

Yet if they were not swayed by my arguments I was certainly not swayed by theirs. All through luncheon I kept hammering away at what they were calling my crazy notion. I think I must either have worn them out or led them to believe my condition was such I was in need of a vacation, for Mr. Stotesbury finally said, in a conciliatory tone, "All right, Stilwell, go to Holland. You have worked hard and should have a rest. Go to Holland, but for heaven's sake do not speak of American railroads to anyone."

"But I want full authority to sell the securities if I get a chance to do it."

When we finished luncheon this phase of the matter was still unsettled. I lingered in Philadelphia, determined to gain my point, and finally, at dinner with Mr. Waterall and Mr. Lucas, after I had been there several days, I convinced them that even if I were on the wrong track it could do no harm to grant me the necessary authority to sell securities. With their approval the power of attorney was drawn up giving me the right to dispose of Arkansas Construction Company securities at any price I thought adequate. And I left for Amsterdam within two weeks.

Upon my arrival in the Dutch metropolis I got out a prospectus offering $8,000,000 of stock at $100 a share. Obtaining a list of all the bankers in the city, I went from one office to another trying to interest them in the Arkansas Construction Company and the work it was doing. Day after day all I received was their rebuffs. They told me how much their investors had lost in American securities, that they never expected to sell any more, and that anyone misguided enough to buy them was sure to suffer heavy losses. Different bankers would sit down and figure out how much of their clients' money had been swept away in American railroad stocks.

The Unforgettable Name

At the end of two weeks I gave up. I made up my mind I could never get any money the way I was going about it. I remained in my hotel for two days, wondering where I had ever got that hunch that I could pry $3,000,000 loose from these people. And I thought of my friends back in Kansas City and Philadelphia and how they would be laughing at me if they knew how badly things were going. It would be almost as hard to face the battery of "I told you so's" as it would be to return empty-handed.

When men are hard put to it their minds begin automatically to churn round and round in a scramble for something or other which might show them the way out of the wilderness. Mine did in this instance, and I grabbed at a memory which came stalking out of the past. I thought of the young coffee merchant whom we had met years before as a fellow passenger on the Amsterdam. It wasn't much to enthuse over, but almost anything looked good in this crisis. For more than an hour I tried to piece together that unpronounceable name of his. It eluded me completely. The only thing I could remember about him, aside from his personal appearance, was that he was a coffee broker.

"Well, at any rate, it's a good thing he has such a funny name," I reflected. "If I could see it in print I could easily recognize it. If he's a coffee broker he's a member of the Coffee Exchange, and if he's a member of the Coffee Exchange his name appears on the membership roster."

In ten or fifteen minutes I was at the Coffee Exchange asking the doorman to let me see a list of the broker members. He handed it to me. I went over it and found the name of the man I was looking for—John de Geoijen—pronounced, as near as I could remember it, de Hoo-yen. I sent for him. He came out in a few moments and was quite delighted to see me. He remembered having met us on the voyage and said he had often thought of us, what we were doing, and so on. We went out to lunch together, and on the way to the restaurant I roughly outlined in my mind a big surprise I was about to spring on him.

A Professional Optimist

When we had taken our places at the table and given our order to the waiter I came to the point without ceremony. "De Geoijen, how much are you making a year?" His expression showed the astonishment he felt at the abruptness of this question, but he apparently sensed something out of the ordinary.

"I'm making $3500 a year."

"Is that a good income for Amsterdam?"

"Darned good," he laughed, pleased at the use of the American provincialism.

"What would you think if you could get $5000 a year?"

"I would think there was a Santa Claus."

"Well, there is one. I want you to give up the coffee business. I want you to come with me as Holland agent for the Guardian Trust Company on a three-year contract at $5000 a year. I'm going to open an office here and sell railroad securities and I want you to be in charge of it."

He did not answer immediately. After a few moments' thought he said, "I'm going to be frank with you and say that if there's anything on earth I know nothing about it's selling railroad securities."

"All right, I'll stay here and instruct you until you do."

He still seemed to hesitate slightly and I brought my heavy artillery into action: "You'll be associated with the business leaders of the United States. Are you familiar with the names of our prominent men?" He told me he was, and I went on: "Well, our railroad has a marvelous list of directors—E. T. Stotesbury, the Philadelphia banker, who is also a vice president, William Waterall, John Lowber Welsh, E. Henry Barnes, and Fred Bronson, to name a few, and among our stockholders are Theodore Havemeyer, August Heckscher, Samuel Shipley, George M. Troutman and Winthrop Smith. Do you recognize any of those names?"

"Yes, most of them."

"Then what do you say?"

"I accept. And I'll say further that you're the most cheerful person I've met in a long time."

De Geoijen also subscribed to the theory which seemed to be popular at that moment with persons who knew me—namely, that I had a screw loose some place—but he signed the contract that afternoon, and two days later we rented a four-story brick building at 412 Herrangrandh for $400 a year. We furnished the downstairs for the office, the next floor with desks for clerks, if we were to have any, and the two upper stories Mr. de Geoijen fixed up as living quarters for himself. I admit I suffered some qualms now and then about what a laughingstock I would be with this $15,000 contract and an office building on my hands if no securities were sold; but in the event of such a calamity I was quite confident my mistakes would be palliated by the fact that I had made none up to this point in the management of the Guardian Trust, which was then paying about 8 per cent dividends to the investors in that period of depression.

De Geoijen had a splendid personality and was an extremely popular man, as I quickly learned. Standing about five feet six inches, with a blond mustache and a charming smile, he was a member of a good family of sturdy Dutch people, possessed a fine education and was well liked by his business associates and society people of Amsterdam. His frankness, good humor, even temper and obvious intellect were such natural gifts that he would have been a pleasing figure in any company. I had ample opportunity to observe this when he came to the States in later years.

A strong believer in the wisdom of making your own enthusiasm contagious, I spent hours explaining to De Geoijen, who also had a remarkable memory and keen vision, how I had set my heart on building to deep water and what it meant to the farmers of the Middle West.

"The situation is calamitous," I told him. "The farmers are selling their corn for fifteen cents and their wheat for thirty-five. The packing houses of Kansas City are not doing anything like what they should. And why? Simply because we are bottled up in the hinterland, with no outlet to the seaboard, except at ruinous rates." Pausing impressively to let the facts sink home, I'd cap my argument with its pièce de résistance: "This railroad is going to bring the West the greatest prosperity it has ever known, and those who build it will go down in history." Of course this was a pat on the back for me, too, but I had to cast modesty to the four winds in the molding of an able ally.

Sold to the Editors

In about a week I had De Geoijen talking my own language and as much pepped up over the salvation of the Western farmers as though he and all his people traced their ancestry straight to the Mayflower.

"Well, now that I've grasped the situation, let's start in and push our road," De Geoijen said at length. "Most of the Amsterdam brokerage houses publish their own financial papers for distribution to their customers. I know nearly all the editors of these papers and I think you and I ought to have a talk with them."

So he began introducing me to the financial writers as fast as he could bring them around to our office, and I would fill them full of railroad statistics. I knew what many of the lines had cost and had a fair idea of the amount of water they carried in their stock, and I proved to these men that at the price at which I was selling securities in our railroad the investors would be getting them at less than they would have to pay for shares of companies in the hands of receivers.

I showed them also that our road was being built for less than it had taken to construct others, that it was financed for less and that it was bound to be a great success because it ran through fertile country and was the shortest route to all points it reached, being as straight as a crow flies.

The financial editors being sold on the idea and agreeing to give us their help, De Geoijen and I decided the time was ripe to offer our $3,000,000 issue. The day before the sale was to take place I was called to Berlin on an urgent matter in connection with a similar campaign I had planned for that city. As all our arrangements had been worked out carefully in advance and as nothing much could be done on the day of the sale except to take in subscriptions anyway, I left Amsterdam feeling pretty certain there would be no hitch. I was

There's no SUBSTITUTE for HOME FOLKS

And that's the way it is with Oh Henry!—the candy made the home-made way—generous, rough-hewn, big-hearted. Folks who have tried this good candy can't see any other kind. For they know Oh Henry! is made just the way they'd make it themselves, of the very things that come right out of the home pantry and ice-box. We make no secret of Oh Henry's recipe—here it is:

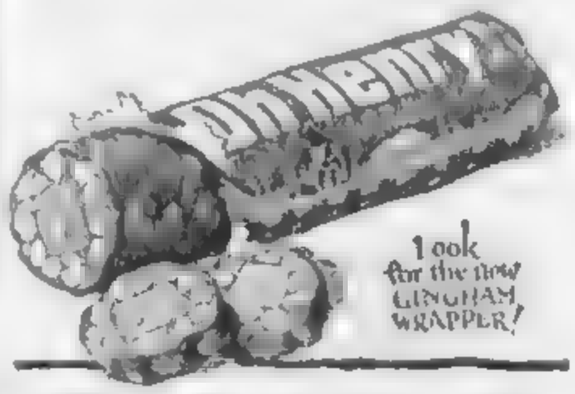
FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar, ½ teaspoon creamery butter, 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup, white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

So when you ask for (or pick out) Oh Henry! at the candy counter, you know you're getting candy made the home-made way.



Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

therefore astounded to receive a telegram from my new agent the next day, reading:

"Sale of issue most colossal failure. Only eight subscriptions taken. Whole undertaking looks hopeless now, as it will be impossible to offer securities second time when they have failed once. What shall I do?"

I wired back: "There is always a first time in anything. The next will be the first time on this issue. Will be back on next train to take another shot at it."

Upon my return I learned that De Geoijen, after I had started for Berlin, had decided that it would be better for us to make our appeal to the wealthy people of Holland and had written in a note at the bottom of our advertisement: "No subscription for less than 20,000 guilders received." I revised this clause to read "1000 guilders" and reinserted the advertisement. I also gave out a statement to the newspapers that it had always been my intention to allow the public in on this stock sale and that the original restrictive clause had been inserted without my approval. Hundreds of potential investors read this announcement and their interest was perhaps heightened by the fact that they would now be permitted to participate in an issue from which they had been excluded heretofore.

When the securities were offered the second time the entire issue was taken in twenty-seven minutes and in one hour went to a premium of 25 per cent in the market. And the $3,000,000 I had sought was now at hand. It had taken three months to do it.

Not once during the time I had been in Holland had I written to my friends back home to explain what I was doing or to give them any information other than the fact that I was having a good time and hoped by some hook or crook to pull things through. Now that my immediate job there had been finished, I decided to remain secretive for a while longer and not even let them know the sailing date for my return voyage. But I was eager to get back and closed up the remaining details with all possible speed.

Proof for the Skeptics

On the stroke of nine o'clock of a morning a few weeks later I entered the Drexel offices in Philadelphia and presented myself to Mr. Stotesbury. He looked up in surprise as I entered, smiled genially and said, "Well, Stilwell, I suppose you raised that $3,000,000."

"I did, Mr. Stotesbury," I replied, with all the calmness I could muster.

He assumed a bantering tone. "You know you have it, do you?"

"I do."

"What I want to know is, do the Dutch people know you have it?"

"They certainly do, and I want to draw a draft on the Bank of Amsterdam for $500,000."

"That is a good honest desire, and I commend you. I rather need $500,000, so I guess I will draw a draft with you."

"I am not joking, Mr. Stotesbury; the money is there."

"Yes, I haven't the slightest doubt in the world the money is there, and a good deal more; but the thing is, can you get it away from there with a draft for $500,000?"

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Welsh, who usually put in an appearance at the Drexel offices at that hour. After Mr. Welsh and I had shaken hands, Mr. Stotesbury said to him, "Stilwell says he wants to draw a draft on the Bank of Amsterdam for $500,000."

"I don't blame him a bit for that. I'd like to draw a draft on the Bank of Amsterdam, the Bank of England or any other bank for $500,000. It's just what I need," Mr. Welsh replied, with a wry face.

We sat chatting for quite a while about different things, but always when our talk veered around to Amsterdam they were skeptical.

"Gentlemen, you think I'm joking about this," I protested. "I'm not joking. I'm dead serious about it."

Their reply to that solemn declaration was: "Let's go to lunch," which we did. I continued talking, but nothing I could say would convince them the money was on deposit. Finally, becoming a little provoked, I ceased harping on it and decided the only thing to do was to furnish the concrete proof. After leaving them I took the necessary steps to procure it, and next day presented to them a cable in reply to one I had sent, confirming the fact that my draft would be good for $500,000. Then they believed me.

In that panic year, 1893, the Kansas City Southern built one-third of the total of new railroad mileage in the United States, including yards and sidetracks. Financial commentators said that the sale of our stock in Holland helped to turn the gold shipments toward these shores. Whether this is true I do not know; I know simply that the newspapers said it was.

The Promoter's Share

Before leaving Holland I had arranged with a prominent Dutch banker—a Mr. Titsing—to become one of our vice presidents and with a Mr. Bloomburg to become a director. Looking to the future, I had also lined up a splendid crowd of Dutch investors who agreed to buy our bonds, with a stock bonus, at a fixed price as soon as we needed the money. A day or so preceding my departure Mr. Titsing and Mr. Bloomburg, with one or two of their business associates, came in to pay me a farewell visit at my office.

"Stilwell, we all appreciate the fight you've put up against such heavy odds and we're glad to be interested with you. Now, we want to ask one question, and we hope you won't feel that we're prying into your personal affairs."

"Fire away," I told them.

"We are curious to know how much promotion stock all you principals in this deal get—that is, how much Mr. Martin gets, and Mr. Stotesbury, and you. We want a frank answer. It won't make the slightest difference about our commitments. We have agreed to take the bonds and we are going to take them, but we'd just like to know."

"Gentlemen, I have not one share of promotion. Neither has Mr. Martin and neither has Mr. Stotesbury; nor has either one of them intimated to me they wanted any. All of us have felt that it is compensation enough to be connected with a railroad which is being honestly built."

Mr. Titsing looked over toward Mr. Bloomburg and winked. I saw it and resented it.

"I know what you're thinking of, Mr. Titsing. You're saying to yourself that what I'm telling you is the finest line of hot air you've ever heard and you don't believe a word of it. But I want to set you straight about something, and it's this: *If* you think I'm lying I don't want to deal with you. I now insist that you pick out three of your own auditors and send them back with me, and when we get to Kansas City I will turn over every book I have to them, since the beginning of the railroad, and will leave town until they have finished the work of auditing them. There is not a single paper or document they cannot have. I will issue orders allowing them to investigate the thing from the grass roots."

They saw I had been hit in a vital spot and wasn't bluffing, so they selected three of their most capable auditors and arranged for them to return to the United States with me. A Mr. Visscher was one of the trio; the names of the other two I have forgotten. I opened our entire set of accounts to them and left town for two weeks in order that the charge could not be made that I was influencing them. At the end of that time they sent word to me that their report was complete and on its way to Holland. They did not tell me what the nature of their findings was, being ethically bound to say nothing until their employers had received the report. Within a few days they themselves were about ready to leave for home, but I asked Mr. Visscher, to whom I had taken a strong liking, if he wouldn't like to remain and become connected with the road. He accepted my invitation and entered our employ. I advanced him from one position to another and he finally became treasurer of the Kansas City Southern, remaining in that position until year before last, when he died.

About two weeks after the two other auditors had reached Holland I received a cablegram from De Geoijen, reading: "We hold $40,000 of yours. What shall we do with it?"

I replied:

"Don't know where in thunder you got $40,000, but if you have it, cable it over."

It seemed that a syndicate of Dutch investors, of which Titsing and Bloomburg were members, had made a pretty fine profit in our securities and were so ashamed of having doubted my statement about promotion stock that they had each chipped in toward a personal gift for me, which this mysterious $40,000 was. I accepted their present with thanks and used it to build a mission house in Hell's Half Acre, a no man's land of poverty near the packing houses in Kansas City. It was an unregenerate spot. Children were taught to steal, families lived in filth and poverty, and it was as much as one's life was worth to venture into the district after dark. I named the mission the Bethlehem Night School. It was equipped with free baths for the youngsters, had a kindergarten where children could be left while their mothers were at work, to be returned in the evening to their parents sweet and clean, perhaps with new frocks and shoes. There were cooking and sewing classes for the mothers, and competent persons in charge to help the unhappy people of the neighborhood with their many problems. That $40,000 subscribed by a group of Dutchmen because they had doubted one man's word was the means of educating 400 children, at least one-half of whom eventually went through college and entered lucrative positions. It often seemed to me that if nothing else had come out of the building of the Kansas City Southern but the redemption of Hell's Half Acre and the diversion of so many young lives to the right channels, it would all have been worth while.

By 1896 the railroad had progressed rapidly. In recognition of the gallant way our friends in Holland had come to bat in the pinch, I decided to call our principal town site Mena, after the pet name they used for their sovereign, Queen Wilhelmina. We were then in the thick of our town-site work, and this spot, about midway between the northern and southern extremities of Arkansas and only fifteen miles or so from the Oklahoma border, had the makings of a fine commercial city and was an excellent division point for the line, as there was no railroad for eighty miles on either side. It was also a rich agricultural section in the mountains, and the climate was ideal. Forty miles of grade north of the place still had to be completed when it occurred to me that the right moment was at hand for our final booming campaign. The streets—named after my friends, as usual—had been laid out and the town was all ready for us to furnish it with the right kind of population.

A Mile a Day

Fred Hornbeck, who is now the town-site man for the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient, was my chief operator, and a remarkable man on the job he was. In all my long business career I have never known a man endowed with a greater natural ability to carry out a superior officer's orders than was Fred Hornbeck. He didn't argue, he didn't try to think up better suggestions, he didn't make an issue of the difficulties confronting him, but he just went out and did things, with no alibis if he failed to get exactly what he wanted. In this instance I had told Fred that I wanted interest stirred up all through Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Nebraska, so he had his town-site agents go through those states telling the people what a wonderful new town Mena was going to be.

The fact that we were forty miles away from Mena at this moment suggested an idea to me. I could set forty days as our goal for reaching the town and then arrange our building program to provide for the construction of exactly one mile of track a day. This would attract the attention of the newspapers. We had forty miles to go and forty days in which to do it. Of course, we could go a mile and a half a day if we wanted to, but that didn't sound nearly as interesting as the other thing.

The newspapers took to it splendidly, treating it as a sort of race against time. Each day I would let the Associated Press know that we had carried out our part of the schedule and that the Kansas City Southern was now one mile nearer Mena than it had been the day before. It was something like Sheridan's ride. One morning the public would read that the road was only eighteen miles away from Mena and the next morning it was seventeen.

People began rushing to Mena in advance of the day, now rapidly approaching, on which the Kansas City Southern would complete the final lap of its forty-mile dash to this much-publicized town. Our trains would carry them as far as the line had progressed, from which point they would continue the journey afoot or in wagons which were waiting in anticipation of this new business. It being to our advantage to have them come early and stay late, we had lunch wagons stationed along the way and tents they could sleep in for twenty-five cents a night. Each day saw such increasing additions to the handful of early stragglers that by the time the last mile was completed there were fully 1000 persons camping over the town site and along the approaches. Thus Mena got under way with a population of that size and grew steadily.

Approximately a Namesake

It is obviously to the interest of a railroad that it pass through as many thriving centers as possible. As a community's prosperity is dependent to a large extent upon the class and character of the people who inhabit it, I was anxious to make Mena, our division point, a settling place for the energetic, up-and-going type. The hookworm disease was prevalent through the South at the time, and I was fearful that if I encouraged the people of the near-by districts to come to Mena I would soon find the town going through the same process of stagnation which had afflicted many of the districts as an aftermath of the appearance of this dread malady. So I made a special drive on Northerners and lured such a lot of them to Mena that within three years they were in the vast majority. At the next national election these Northern settlers put up their own candidate for Congress and to the amazement of the entire country sent a Republican to Congress from a district which heretofore had scarcely known of the existence of any other party than the Democratic. My favorite interpretation of the incident used to be that the Kansas City Southern broke the Solid South.

We were opening up numerous towns through this section, and I wanted to name one of them after my Dutch friend, De Geoijen. He had made frequent trips to this country in the meantime, had met many Americans and was popular. His acquaintances here had long since given up trying to pronounce his name correctly and were content to call him De Queen. So I decided that in naming a town in his honor I would call it De Queen, since it would have been a terrible handicap for any place to start life with if it were labeled De Geoijen, to say nothing of what might happen to mail addressed to it. The town I selected was a place fifty or sixty miles south of Mena. After it had been duly christened I took De Geoijen down there

to see it on the occasion of his next visit to America.

"Johnnie, this town is named for you," I told him.

"How strange!" he mused. "Suppose I should name my boy John and say, 'Arthur, I have named my boy after you and called him John.' I take it you might wonder what was the matter with John's father. There is just as much sense in naming this town De Queen after me." But he was laughing and I knew he was not displeased with the little attention.

The Arkansas Construction Company's money was practically all spent by the time we reached Mena. But I had reckoned on this day, and in February of 1896 had gone over to Holland again to see my Dutch investors regarding their earlier assurance that they would take the bonds as soon as I needed the money. I found them ready to live up to their agreement and arranged with them to buy $3,000,000 of bonds at 76, with a bonus of ten shares of stock with each bond. Allowing for the 6 per cent financing charge of the trust company as fiscal agent, this would net me about $2,100,000, the entire sum to be turned over to our treasury within ninety days or so.

With the necessary money thus provided for, I bought rails and ties and other materials and sent the grading outfits on their way to finish the railroad to Shreveport as fast as they could. About the time I had all the contracts let—and I never went ahead of my money—Mr. Bryan was nominated for President by the Democrats on the free-silver ticket and the great panic started. The banking world was in a turmoil. People sold securities as fast as they could, and day after day the stock market reflected the nation-wide feeling of uncertainty. Loans were called and there was no way of paying them, for the banks refused to give currency, except ten dollars a day, to any one depositor. Bills were paid in clearing-house certificates.

I watched the lowering skies of uncertainty with increasing anxiety. How soon were we to be engulfed in this storm which was now breaking all about us? And my answer to that question was destined to come even sooner than I had expected.

At the height of all the confusion in the banking world a cablegram came to me saying that it would be impossible for my Holland friends to take the bonds until after the election, and that they never could assume the obligation at all if Bryan beat McKinley. My directors received the news with consternation. And I was again face to face with one of the great crises of my life.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Stilwell and Mr Crowell. The next will appear in the January fourteenth issue.

THE RESTRAINT OF PROSPERITY

Continued from Page 21

The real irony of this evolution, however, is the fact that only those industries most nearly conforming to the economic ideal of 1890 are failing to share in the benefits of present-day prosperity. Agriculture, coal and textiles are the three outstanding examples. Competition in each of them is free and untrammeled. There is no limit on production, and in each instance it is far in excess of the nation's needs. Prices, as a consequence, are low—too low in many instances to pay interest on the capital invested. Wages calculated in terms of annual per-capita earnings are on the same scale. Jobs are at a premium. Instead of the full dinner pail that was promised the worker if only the control and regulation of competition could be halted, poverty stalks in the mining towns and the textile communities, and men are often hungry in the midst of plenty.

In view of these demonstrable facts, it has seemed to me that a great deal of time and energy is being wasted in discussions of the effect of the Sherman Act, based on interests which are still subjects of dispute, whether they ought to be or not. As Secretary of the United States Department of Labor, I have been in position to observe the operations of the law from the point of view of the national welfare, and in recent years I have been driven to the conclusion that it has become a definite and visible barrier to the continued growth of prosperity.

It is not my purpose to express any opinion as to the detail of the changes that should be made in it, but I believe the time has come for a coöperative effort to bring it into line with the economic thought and conditions of our times. I am also of the opinion that this would prove to be a relatively simple task if we could apply to it the energies now being used to combat its influence in separate channels

The Gage of Battle

So long as the effort is divided and conducted as a matter of special interest, however, we might as well recognize the fact that no progress is to be made save in the direction of further complication. That has been the unvarying experience for nearly forty years. As long ago as 1914 efforts were made to improve the law by the Clayton Act and the Federal Trade Commission Act, the former being designed specifically to uphold the contention that a human being is not a commodity or an article of commerce. Yet we find the Clayton Act denounced as having failed of its purpose and as being disregarded or misunderstood in a resolution introduced at the last session of the American Federation of Labor, while both acts are criticized, as "questionable improvements" which "muddled the situation," by Mr. William B. MacColl, president of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers.

It is hardly necessary to say that legislation for the proper regulation and control of business should not become a battleground for special interests, yet that has been the most noticeable effect of a great deal of it, viewed from the sidelines. This has been particularly apparent in the coal industry, but it is not confined to any one group, or even to disputes arising directly under the Sherman Act. We see it cropping up before the Interstate Commerce Commission to delay the consolidation of railroads. The nature of the conflict here is to my mind a further indication that the time is ripe for a revision of our business legislation. In spite of the far-reaching nature of the proposals for consolidation, it is significant that there has been no public protest.

A Price That is Fair

I think it would be fair to say that there has been a rather complete reversal of position as between the public and the organizations of capital and labor in the past few years. The people, in other words, are now far more progressive in many respects than either business or labor. This is well illustrated in the question of price, and price has an important bearing on the future of those industries which are now in need of modernization. In hundreds of instances it has been proved that the well-paid American workman considers the price of any article or service today in the light of its value to him. Wherever he has been lifted above the living-wage line, he is inclined to measure service, in other words, rather than the cost. He has discovered that the continuance of high wages depends on a fair profit in every business transaction, and if for no other reason than that of self-interest he is no longer protesting against the profits of corporations.

At the risk of laboring this point, I should like to note that the only exceptions to this attitude on the part of the general buying public are to be found in the industries such as coal, where profits have been reduced almost to the vanishing point. The fact is that the prices charged for any product are of secondary interest, and the profits made by its producers even more remotely so, while the supply is regular, the industry stabilized and the product kept up to a uniformly high standard. The things that stir up suspicion of profiteering are sharp fluctuations in quality, supply and price, and constant labor troubles. An industry suffering perpetually from these troubles does not have the confidence of the public, and it is therefore subjected to a pressure for price reduction which never enters into the relations between the buying public and more healthy industries.

My purpose in setting forth these considerations is not to argue that we should have an upward revision of prices in our ailing industries, but only to meet the arguments of those who contend that the public will not stand for higher prices. The American public will stand for any price that is fair. It wants only to be assured that this price is honestly and properly divided between capital and labor, and that the bulk of it is not wasted in competitive wars of benefit to no one. But if the experience of other industries is worth anything, there is no reason to believe that modernization of our weak industries would entail higher prices. In my opinion it would be possible to reduce the average yearly prices even in coal, if we could so alter our business laws as to facilitate an intelligent reorganization of this industry.

I make this statement with full knowledge that no other American industry is faced by a more complicated set of problems than those besetting the mining of bituminous coal. It is known generally that it suffers from overproduction, but I doubt if the average citizen is aware of certain other conditions and of the extent to which they influence the whole fabric of national prosperity. As I have pointed out, the industry conforms perfectly to the economic thinking of 1890. There are approximately 1500 separate corporations and partnerships engaged in the mining of soft coal, not including the so-called wagon mines operated as an occasional side issue when local or strike conditions make them profitable. If we had only 250 companies, all the needs of competition would be served just as well, and in addition it would be possible to make efforts at stabilization which are now impossible.

A Universal Burden

In Illinois alone the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics reports a total of 338 coal mines with railroad tipples, and 694 wagon mines.

In one recent year—1924—the shipping mines produced a little more than 70,000,000 tons. To get this production they averaged 139 working days, but only 55 per cent of them operated for that average, and 10 per cent were in operation only sixty days during the year. The bureau has estimated that if the largest 84 of these 338 mines had operated for 300 days, they could have produced 77,733,800 tons of coal, or more than 7,000,000 tons above the production obtained by the shipping group and 5,000,000 tons more than was produced by both the shipping and local wagon mines in the year given.

A few years ago I pointed out in an address to the American Mining Congress that this means a waste of capital which, directly or indirectly, constitutes a burden on every mining company in the state. This burden is shared directly by the miners, who are scrambling over an insufficient number of jobs. It is reflected directly on the merchants and professional men of the mine communities and indirectly on every business house in the United States with

The hit
of the party
ICE CREAM
DIXIES
Ice cream is the ideal refreshment because it is soothingly cooling and delicious, and because it is also food. Food for tired muscles, for regaining spent energy. Winter or summer, there's nothing like ice cream to give you wholesome nourishment in its most tempting form.
Dixies bring it to you in convenient individual portions, filled, frozen and kept pure and clean by sealing at the ice-cream plant.
INDIVIDUAL DRINK NG CUP COMPANY, Inc
Originators of the Paper Cup
5¢
ICE CREAM

national distribution of its product. When this situation is multiplied by all the other large coal-producing states—where conditions are just as bad, if not worse—we can get some idea of what it costs the nation to support the 1890 types of competition. And even this is only a partial picture of the immediate effect.

A great deal is said and written about the oversupply of miners in the soft-coal fields, but there is very little understanding of the reason for it. Anyone who is familiar with industrial communities may ascertain it for himself.

Go into a steel town, for example, and count the number of schools, churches and stores in relation to the number of employes in the mills. Check up on the number of workers in the local electric light and gas plants and in a score of the small miscellaneous factories that always thrive in the neighborhood of a profitable and going industry. Then make a similar count in a mining town, and the oversupply of miners will be explained. We have now at least 300,000 more of them than we need, because in the vast majority of mining communities there is nothing for them to do except mine coal. It is still true that some of the mining population of this country is living without electric light and other modern facilities, although the companies which have put in electrical equipment now supply the homes of the miners. Gas for lighting and cooking is still a luxury except where there is natural gas.

A Survival of Feudalism

This is not because the demands of the miners differ from those of any other American workingmen, but because they cannot afford to pay for such facilities out of their annual earnings. The situation from the point of view of the retail merchant is complicated still more by the company-store system, which is a relic of feudalism. It may have been an essential convenience in bygone years, when new towns were laid out in the wilderness solely to house the miners of coal. But the modern industry does everything in its power to build up its community by encouraging the opening of stores, the building of schools and churches, the construction of good roads and even the founding of new factories which will help it to attract and hold skilled workers.

Such a policy is particularly necessary for any industry of a seasonal nature. If it can attract other plants, the community will eventually achieve a balance providing a permanent pool of labor. When there is no such balance, we have such records as the 85 per cent annual labor turnover reported by the soft-coal mines of Illinois. Even with an oversupply, in other words, it is a continuous employment problem today to get miners.

In some of our more prosperous coal-mining communities extraordinary efforts have been made to supply a welfare program to keep the workers happy and contented. Without criticizing the intent of this movement, I think it may be said that no amount of welfare can take the place of economic independence as a stimulant to prosperity. Experience in other industries and throughout history shows that any employer who attempts to direct the lives of all his workers is assuming a tremendous burden.

Ignoring its Own Future

From the modern point of view of business management alone, coal is tackling more than any one organization can handle. A great deal of the intelligence in its management is being spread over a wide range of other businesses which have no relation whatever to the mining and distribution of coal. The problems properly within the scope of the industry are sufficient in number and variety to occupy the best available commercial, engineering and scientific talent.

How this spreading out of effort ties into the national welfare may be illustrated by the estimate, which I venture to make from personal observation, that thousands of additional stores and shops could be supported in the bituminous mining towns of this country if we could stabilize the industry and take it out of nonassociated enterprises.

When I was a boy, working in the steel mills at Sharon, Pennsylvania, the dwellings that brought a premium were those nearest the mills. I can remember trudging in the snow on bitter cold mornings for twenty-five minutes to reach my work. A few weeks ago I drove through the vicinity and discovered that most of the employes—even the young fellows—are now working in towns as far away as fourteen miles over the Ohio line. They get to work comfortably in about the same time in their automobiles or by bus, but the majority of the miners are still huddled in shacks as close as they can get to the mines.

I commend this comparison to the leaders of the motor car and construction industries and the builders of roads, wherever it may be stated that the coal industry must work out its own salvation. It is a national problem, not one to be met by a single industry or by any one state or group of states. From that point of view the Sherman Act is a barrier to the development of every industry, even those which have not found the law an obstacle to consolidation. They may have ample capital and a free hand to expand in some directions, but they cannot go into the mine towns until production and employment are stabilized. When that is accomplished, the services of civilization not now enjoyed by the miners will furnish plenty of employment for the present excess of miners.

There is still another and even more important angle of the coal situation, however. As mining is conducted today, we deplete our coal supply 1,000,000,000 tons every year in order to get our requirement of 600,000,000 tons. In some instances we lose not only the four tons in ten which are left in the mines as pillars but through faulty and uneconomic methods we make it impossible except at enormous expense to get at other veins which may be badly needed some day.

While other industries are working out methods of conservation and employing research workers to find more economic ways of using their product, coal is ignoring its own future as well as that of the rest of the country in the heedless pace of competition at any price.

In 1890 it was feared that if corporations were permitted to keep on growing they would soon gobble up and destroy our natural resources. It was assumed that the way to protect these holdings was to open the door to unrestrained competition. A perfect comparison of the two systems is offered in the present status of the steel and coal industries. Economic conditions compelled the development of internal control in steel. The demand for many years was so much greater than the supply that it was relatively a simple matter to obtain large amounts of capital. Even a small plant could not be built on a shoestring, and economy dictated consolidation and the building of increasingly large units.

Dividends and Good Wages

If the steel industry were operated today on the principles controlling the operation of our soft-coal mines, it would have equal overproduction, and this would be attended by all the troubles of price cutting and unemployment now experienced in the coal industry.

It is true that we hear a great deal of complaint from steel men about prices, but it is to be noted that a healthy majority of the producing companies are paying interest on their bonds, dividends on their stocks and good wages to their employes. We seem finally to have passed through the era of strikes in this industry, and relations between workers and employers are now for the most part on a human and enlightened basis. There are not many reports of poverty and distress in the steel communities, even when production runs month after month at only 70 per cent of the capacity of the mills.

Even in this industry, however, where self-control may be said to have reached a higher stage than in any other, it should be noted that the Sherman Act is still a barrier to consolidations which should be in the public interest. There is some talk now, for example, of building another big tube mill. Our present tube capacity is sufficient to meet the demands of the country in six months of steady operation. If we had legislation designed to encourage consolidations which might be shown to be economically sound, it would be possible thereby to reduce unemployment and to increase profits without increasing prices.

Weak Spots in Prosperity

In former years it was the custom to say that the Sherman Act had failed to prevent consolidations. We looked only at those which had been brought about in accordance with the law and the few that had been dissolved or forbidden by the courts. But we know now that the effect of all this resistance was to inhibit others and thereby in many instances restrain prosperity. No one will deny that if we were to throw away the Sherman Act and draw up a new measure today to prevent unfair competition and restraint of trade, it would take an entirely different form. The element of fear has been eliminated. Administrative departments of the Government set up to resist invasion of the public right have discovered that they can best protect these rights by coöperating in the building up of industries. Private interest has disappeared. It has been estimated that one wage earner in seven owns industrial stocks or other securities, and the distribution is increasing every year.

I have said before that the first step toward modernization of any backward industry such as coal must be the formulation of a program within the industry. The differences which may be settled only by getting together must not continue of themselves to interfere with that getting together. But even if this should be done—and some very able men are trying to accomplish it—we cannot expect real progress so long as the effort is confined to single industries, if only because its program may be open to the charge of special interest. What is needed is a demand by those prosperous industries having no immediate need for changes in the law and nothing directly to gain, for a program of legislation which shall bring the weaker ones up to the American standard of prosperity.

It should be understood that in anything I have written here I am not favoring the idea of monopoly. I believe in free and fair competition, but I think this may be maintained with coöperative effort in many fields, which are not properly competitive. The time has come when every individual and corporation must recognize the interdependent nature of our industrial and economic structure. A weak unit of any kind affects the prosperity of the whole.

INTERNATIONAL CRITICS

(Continued from Page 11)

Whether you take the point of view that it is because the run has all that it requires materialistically, or whether you take the point of view that human nature is compounded of material and idealistic desires, one thing is certain—the American of today is a peaceable fellow and has had all the fighting he wants.

Now once more I must make myself very clear. Between all nations, of course, there is constant misunderstanding, as a rule, dislike, and inevitably the going up and down of the specter of falsehood. The intelligent American realizes all this and does not, I think, expect an exception to be made in his own case short of the millennium; but he feels, as I said before, that added to this ordinary misunderstanding, dislike and falsehood are, where the European is concerned, extraordinary misunderstanding, dislike and falsehood, due, as I said before, to extraordinarily wounding premises, and couched, as I have said before, and several times, in extraordinarily wounding terms. I do not think the American is wasting away for lack of being loved, and certainly he does not want anyone to love him who cannot do so spontaneously; but he feels that if he could explain himself, most of the extraordinary element connected with the present dislike of him would disappear and everyone could settle down to the nice old-fashioned, and in comparison, comfortable, lies, common to mankind, misunderstandings and hatreds. The American would like to be permitted entrance into the ordinary circle of gossip of the world. It is a social question fundamentally, if you wish to put it that way. Yes, most things are. At all events, the American would like to be rid of 50 per cent of the present point of view; he would be willing to put up with the remaining 50 per cent.

What this extraordinary 50 per cent is—and it is the heart of my argument—why it is especially wounding and irritating, I shall have to put off until later, for there are other things to discuss first, and first among them is the persistent and vicious superstition extant in Europe that the American is peculiarly antagonistic to advice; a superstition working so automatically that the slightest protest on the part of the American against what he considers unfair advice is immediately regarded as evidence of his egregious failing. His case, in short, must be heard *in camera;* he is subject to Star Chamber methods.

Already, no doubt, many who have read so far will have called out, after the last paragraph in which I mentioned the average intelligent American's feeling, that there are unique features to his charges: "How absurdly sensitive! How self-conscious! How puffed up with his own importance to think that Europe confers on him an especial dislike!" and there will be added, without doubt, that eminently handy, but as usually employed, meaningless phrase: "Inferiority complex." Well, outside of the fact that it is no evidence of an inferiority complex to reply, even heatedly, to a man who calls you, let us say, a worthless rascal, or something of the sort, there is enough evidence, growing in volume, to support the American in his contention. He is no longer to be put aside by gentle, well-meaning Frenchmen or Englishmen, outside of the current of events, who tell him that he is mistaken. There is too much on the other side. The European press, European books, the European individual show him. He is not looking for affront; it is there.

There may have been a time when America, a young nation, was supersensitive; when there existed a real inferiority complex with its usual complements, braggadocio, unpleasant aggressiveness, a bristly search for trouble. Most young nations are that way, as most children are that way, and Europe, like an old-fashioned parent, seldom lost a chance to be disagreeable. Although, in all justice, it must be said that the little fellow, from the time of Andrew Jackson on, was frequently annoying. The more kindly European believed reproof was

good for the little fellow, would make a man out of him. The less kindly objected to his growth and what it portended. Meanwhile the little fellow was frequently having a rotten time, as most little fellows do, and was coming to the conclusion, as most little fellows also do, that whatever his character was to be he would have to do most of the making or breaking for himself. Parental sarcasm, kindly or otherwise, is, as a rule, merely hampering.

But it is absurd to imagine that the fairly full-grown, fairly intelligent, fairly sophisticated, eager-to-improve-himself American of today resents criticism if the criticism in its turn is intelligent and sophisticated. And the proof of what I am saying lies in the fact that European criticism which is just, understanding and sympathetic, even when it is severe, even when it seems not altogether accurate, is never resented, and in the fact that everywhere in America are countless signs that Americans have been willing and are willing to learn from Europe. No one resents Rebecca West's remarks about America, sharp as they sometimes are, penetrating as they always are; no one resents what Santayana says, or André Siegfried, or Bertrand Russell, or Keyserling, and yet Keyserling exhibits the curious spectacle of a critic who does not like America, but who, none the less, is eminently fair to it, and strangely discerning. When, however, a European pundit arises and announces that "without exception, wherever met with, the influence of America means the choice of the second best in place of the best, means a process of cheapening and vulgarization," the American takes a long breath and finds himself nationally and individually in a dilemma.

Skeletons in European Closets

He cannot completely change himself even if he wants to; he is caught in the current of events; he cannot admit that he is from top to bottom wrong, even if he thinks so. He cannot go back, he must go forward as best he can. There is nothing left him then but to commit universal suicide in order to rid an otherwise charming, gracious, high-spirited and generous world of his hateful influence—a remedy seldom resorted to by a group of men and women, and never by a nation as a whole.

Condemnation is not in reality criticism. The judge who is sentencing a man to be hanged can hardly be called a constructive critic, and to approach a stranger on the Brooklyn Bridge and say, "Look here! You're a dreadful fellow. There is nothing for you to do but jump off," may gratify your prejudices, but does not incline the stranger to a higher life.

A well-known British theatrical producer goes home and can hardly wait before disembarking to stutter his discovery that, in the theater as in their homes, the minds of many New Yorkers work feverishly, but without a thought of investigation. In the theater as in their homes, in the latter of which, for example, drink is a complete obsession. This producer has met people who took tumblerfuls of cocktails in the middle of the morning, on the tennis court and in the early hours at night clubs.

"What future," he asks, "is there for such a people?"

None. Everyone will agree to that, even the people themselves. But why, when describing a few maniacs, use the indefinite article definitely? Why say "such a people," when you should say, "such people"?

I quote this as an example of a well-known form of European comment; in fact, all my quotations are taken at random. One has no trouble finding material. But I wish to point out that I am not trying to make a single swallow into a summer. The sky is dark with them. For each quotation I use there are a myriad similar ones.

The New York stage is undoubtedly open to criticism, although—and this is not implying that two wrongs make a right—it is universally agreed by all but Englishmen, and even by many of them, that never in its history has the London stage fallen upon such a low estate as now. That, however, is not the point. The point is that the logical connections of the producer in question are frayed. One is forced to the conclusion that in his mixing up of people, cocktails, and the theater he was not so much impelled by a desire to criticize the New York stage as by a desire to say something unpleasant about the American people as a whole. Not long ago a well-known English artist appeared at a dinner given for him by an American artist, a friend of both the English artist and myself, wearing a long red tie and announcing his arrival by fighting with the parlor maid who was trying to relieve him of his overcoat in the downstairs hall. Avoiding, however, the London producer's method of reasoning, I always imagined this to be an isolated case, or, at the worst, an example of a small clique, and it never led me to question the sobriety or good manners of the Royal Academy en masse.

The modern American does not object to criticism; indeed, if anything, too many intelligent Americans are too amenable to criticism, too docile and unquestioning. We have probably the largest body of expatriates just at present of any civilized nation extant, which is not a sign that America is detestable and these expatriates intelligent, but that among the numerous sensitive-minded people we are producing, some are not very strong-witted. Expatriation—the kind I am talking about—is, moreover, always a sign of ferment and growth, like the curious and temporarily unpleasant complexions of the adolescent. Not that America is adolescent any longer; merely that the average expatriate hasn't caught up with it. Englishmen, looking back upon their history, can recall their own initial period of greatness—the Elizabethan. They will recall that Shakspere spoke of "the Italianate Englishmen," and that in As You Like It occurs the following speech of Rosalind to Jaques:

> Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

The French have to go back even farther, to the time when half of France was engaged in fighting Jeanne d'Arc. The Germans have to go back to only a little while ago—just before 1914—when, passionately but with odd results, they were wearing English clothes, a Continental edition of the English monocle, and holding five o' clock teas instead of their ancient kaffee-klatches. I think the last war made even more of a nation out of Germany than the war of 1870.

Enough Complaints for All

The modern American is not antagonistic to advice. There is no nation today indulging more in self-criticism, heart searching and the pursuit of better ways of doing things. The cheeriness, which in reality was a reverse form of disillusionment, that immediately followed the war, and which hardly touched the more thoughtful American, is dying away, and although the American is not likely to lose his fundamental optimism, he has become considerably more sardonic. It is not criticism, European or otherwise, that the intelligent American objects to; it is the manner, method and intent of most European criticism. And under the heading of method, I include, of course, mistaken or unfair premises and mistaken or unfair deductions; and I am speaking of course—one has to make oneself so painfully clear—only of intelligent Americans, and I am aware that Europe, in her turn, has just as many complaints to make concerning America as America has to make concerning her.

The point I am trying to make is that in some ways, and most important ways, the American complaints differ from the European complaints, and that if this difference were eliminated—and it can be eliminated—Europe would still have enough legitimate complaints to satisfy the most enthusiastic European.

I do not see why, in a discussion of this kind, the ignorant American should be considered at all, except as a subject for improvement. Like ignorant persons everywhere, he is provincial, prejudiced and unfair when he thinks about international questions at all, which is seldom. But he has not in such questions—indeed, he has in few questions—any real authority, although here, incidentally, as I have already hinted and will discuss later, is one very vital quarrel the intelligent American has with the European. European action and opinion are judged by what the best European elements think. American opinion and action are judged by what ignorant and isolated fools manage to proclaim—to proclaim, moreover, in a country that is more articulate and has more channels of expression than any other. As for the complaints, many of them reasonable, Europe has to make concerning America, they, too, have no place in this paper. To begin with, I am talking about the American point of view, not the European point of view, and to end with, for lack of space, also for lack of detailed knowledge, I must leave these complaints to European critics. I do not think they will find Americans deaf to them; I do not think they have found Americans deaf to them, if they will follow, or when they have followed, the simple rules I am trying to outline.

Looking in Rose-Colored Mirrors

Perhaps the American is all wrong about this. Perhaps he has become slightly neurasthenic nationally and imagines evil where there is none. But imagined evil frequently ends in results as unfortunate as actual evil, and it seems to me a wise thing, well worth doing, to talk this over with the American amicably, rationally and as if he were a human being. To permit a man to walk about with an unaired grievance is a dangerous proceeding. And there is no doubt that, mistakenly or correctly, the average intelligent American nowadays believes that Europe hates wholeheartedly himself and his country.

He is a little bemused by this accession of hatred. Just before the last war he found himself rather well liked and the liking on the increase, and he does not know just what he has done to effect this change. He finds only one rational cause, and that is the question of the debts, a question still open to discussion, but he cannot see what the debts have to do with his table manners, his accent and his general appearance. Allowing for a slight increase in population, there were just as many unpleasant Americans before the war as there are now, and just as many nice ones. He is loath to put it all down to a monetary consideration, but he can find no other explanation, and so he becomes increasingly sardonic, bitter and impervious.

A good many years ago one of the Arnolds arrived on a lecture tour, shedding "sweetness and light"—the Arnolds were always arriving on lecture tours—and delivering a lecture in Philadelphia, refused to begin before his honorarium of a thousand dollars was handed to him. The lecture was under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, a fairly solvent and honorable body; but the chairman had not brought the check in his pocket, so there was considerable to-do and inconvenience to obtain it. It was obtained, however, and the lecture proceeded. It had to do with the growing and regrettable materialism of the American.

The American is bemused by most of the charges made against him—of what he has done and is doing.

I perceive much hope in the younger generations, both European and American. On the whole, and for the time being at least, they have put war where it belongs, and in their social points of view they are different as well. The younger Europeans behave toward the younger Americans, and the other way about, quite as if they were rational and ordinary bipeds. In short, they treat one another—these young generations—casually and naturally, in the way nations and men should treat one another.

Why Not Start a Paying Business in Your Neighborhood?

SOME years ago, Russel Shirk of Indiana had no capital, and no experience, but he was determined to start a business of his own.

Today, he has a well-equipped office in his own home and enjoys a permanent, profitable income.

Let Us Help You!

Just as we helped Russel Shirk, so will we work with you. If you are interested in a spare-hour proposition which may pay you, as our subscription representative, up to $1.50 or more an hour, or in a full-time job, say from $25 to $50 a week, write today for our offer.

The Curtis Publishing Company
341 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
What's your offer?

Name _____ Age _____
(Please Print Name and Address)
Street or R F D _____
Town _____ State _____

"Good-Bye Hangnails"

Hangnails spoil the looks of your fingers and are annoying, painful, and a possible source of infection. Trim them neatly [illegible] clean, trim and file your nails where they need it. Gem Jr. attaches to the watch chain.

The H. C. COOK CO. 2 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers NAIL

WHY WORRY OVER FIGURES?
THE VEST POCKET ADDING MACHINE FOR ONLY $1.25
Adds Long Columns with Ease
Speed and Accuracy.
Made and Guaranteed by
G.N. MINDLING
Pittsburgh, Pa.

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL MASS. U.S.A.
TOWELING AND TOWELS

PATENT-SENSE, [illegible]
[illegible] Washington D. C.
PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

Even, however, if some—even intelligent Americans—are still hypersensitive to criticism, I would not consider that an abnormal condition. Hypersensitiveness is largely an individual affliction and is about equal in all nations. The parable of the man who winced when the boot was applied to his own foot is older than America. All you have to do to discover the universal application of this parable is to fit a few boots. I have had my experience. Always interested in international affairs, not so long ago I wrote an article in which I constructed a caricature, a hypothetical American, who, deluding himself that he was doing the world good and that his intentions were of the best, described England as the usual Englishman describes America.

There was not a single thing this hypothetical American said about England that I myself have not seen or experienced, and there was not a single thing which was not a reverse of English criticism, yet the picture as a whole, of course, was grossly untrue. I said in so many words that it was untrue, and that the American was hypothetical, but my assertions did little good. I was deluged with English letters. Several eager sportsmen wanted to shoot me; an ex-cabinet minister, taking a sadly garbled press report and refusing original sources—my article—wrote a long and slightly insulting reply; there were editorials in the English papers; a scare head or two; a couple of parsons preached sermons. One correspondent wrote that he had requested the Secretary of State for War to take diplomatic action, to which I not unnaturally replied that if our Secretary of State took official cognizance of all the Englishmen said of America he would have little time for anything else; and another correspondent wrote a fiery letter in which he said that apparently I did not understand that an Englishman was a man "who didn't give a damn for any damn man who didn't give a damn for him." An odd way, it seemed to me, of impressing this point. Why take so much trouble to explain angrily your indifference?

Anyway I should hate to think such a statement were true, and I have always considered it a racial delusion, due no doubt to the look of sang-froid required from that original Englishman, Jack the Giant Killer, when he heard what the giant was saying about him—a racial delusion hiding a sensitive and poetic soul. Meanwhile, before writing the article, while writing it, and after writing it, I was being very proud of England, and still am.

The Habitual Patriot

Somewhere in all international discussions a man should state in broad terms his attitude. It is seldom done, but it should always be done, and as for myself, my recent experience has made me wary. A single sentence will not do. Nothing is taken for granted, and to the obdurateness of words, their inevitable lack of decision, is added the obdurateness of the habitual patriot, always looking for offense where none is intended. With the fair-minded no explanation is needed; they will merely remember that to meet preconceived hostility it is frequently necessary to be meticulous. Even words of one syllable do not always suffice to make clear to the habitual patriot your harmless intentions. He is a good deal like the theatergoer to whom the librettist must first confide that he is going to tell a joke, then tell the joke, and then inform him that the joke has been told.

Very well, let me proceed. And let me state first, as I have said elsewhere again and again, that I am one of those curious creatures to whom, in varying degrees, all nations and most of the people who compose them are fairly pleasing. I have lived in three great foreign countries—Germany, England and France—and I have been in most others. Also I went to an English university. I have never seen a race that was completely repulsive or a country that was not in many ways admirable, nor have I found a country that had not something to teach others and, from others, much to learn. Furthermore, I have never met a man or woman, save a cripple—and even a cripple has a transferred sense of physical completeness—who did not have two legs, two eyes, lungs, heart and the usual set of reactions, however primitive. I have never myself come across an utterly uninteresting man—that is, one without interest to the observer, if only for a moment, nor, on the other hand, an utterly wise one. Persistently I find myself called upon in my own mind to condemn the folly, stupidity and evil of circumstance; never, except as a labor-serving *chérie*, the folly, stupidity and evil of the individual or mankind, save in one respect—and that is the individual's and mankind's laziness in not resenting and seeking to cure more energetically the folly, stupidity and evil of circumstance. To think otherwise is to put the cart before the horse. Everyone is a bouncing pea on a skillet much too large and hot.

A Common Center

In short, I have never found a race which, if I liked it, did not like me, and few men or women to whom the same did not apply. And whenever I have liked men and women I have never failed to find in them unexpected generosities, while I have never disliked them without realizing that to some extent the limitations lay within myself, and that by this very dislike I was preventing them from expanding even as well as they might. In other words, and to use slang, I was most obviously and seriously cramping their style. Undoubtedly this style in its flower would have been distasteful to me, since in its beginning it was distasteful, but had it been wise or necessary for me to have much to do with these people, clearly it would have been wise and necessary to meet them to some extent upon their own ground and to win to some extent their confidence.

By the same token, I have never known a race, including my own, many of whose citizens I did not dislike, and I have never heard of a country which was not functioning far below its normal level and infinitely below its promise. Nor have I ever heard of a country that could be called civilized, nor one in which at least 90 per cent of its inhabitants were not still semibarbaric; a condition which will exist, with no more than almost imperceptible improvement, for countless generations to come, and then only if the present status is not too drastically changed by war, pestilence or revolution. As I see it, every nation is still a gathering together of savage tribes, recently nomadic; a fact not to become too depressed about, since, although humanity is many thousands of years old, only two thousand years ago most of our ancestors were running around clothed in skins.

I do not mean to imply that between nation and nation, and individual and individual, there are not great variations. There are, and it would be a dull world if there weren't. The man who attempts to treat all men and all nationalities alike treats no one intelligently. Until recently American diplomacy and American missionaries have too often worked on this theory without success.

But the man who sees no differences, stupid as he is, is not half so stupid as the man who sees nothing but differences. The differences are the circumference of the circle, the similarities are its center. The Japanese, for instance, does not mention his mother or his wife, but if you could find the key to the filial and conjugal code of the Japanese, undoubtedly you would find an affection for his wife and mother extremely similar to that of the Occidental.

The initial thing to do is to find the key.

The Englishman believes that through aloofness you can select your friends without further annoyance; the American believes that through a general cordiality you will make a large circle of acquaintances, from whom, by a process of sifting, you later select your friends. But friendship in America and England is identical. It is true that the Jugo-Slav must function within the physical, mental and spiritual circle that is Jugo-Slavism, but that circle itself is contained within the broader circle of humanity, and at its heart, as I said, sits always a common humanity.

You sniff a little? I don't blame you. This, you say, sounds something like a service-club oration; at all events it is the oldest kind of liberalism, repeated countless times. So it is, but seldom before in the history of the world has its repetition been so necessary. Each age has its own brand of sentimentality. This age has a curious one—paradoxical, a reverse sort of sentimentality. Liberalism for the time being has rather gone out of fashion. Indeed, America is about the only place where it still has any great power, and in America not among the ultramodern. In the search for truth and the disgust with ancient fables that won't work, there is a tendency to confuse realism with harshness, to make the ancient blunder of confusing sentiment with sentimentality, but in a directly opposite way from that of our immediate ancestors. They, not being able to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, did not know what sentiment was; we, in our anxiety to avoid sentimentality, are no better informed and usually manage, while avoiding sentimentality, to avoid that most necessary thing, sentiment, as well. The results are identical. Meanwhile I shall cling to liberalism as the only political mood I have yet seen that contains the slightest promise of progress.

Am I sufficiently definite? I hope so. I should like to make clear how much, personally, I admire all nations and how much, personally, I deprecate most of the things they do. I should like to make clear my eagerness for a real alliance of the civilized nations for the purpose of maintaining peace, and especially my eagerness for a real alliance between those nations who speak the English tongue. But in the way there are difficulties and, unfortunately, but as always happens, the real difficulties are the small and apparently unimportant ones—the ones that most people think not worth talking about. To quarrel over the way a man uses a fork is much more serious than to quarrel over the way a man does business. The English, for example, prefer to keep their forks firmly in one hand; the American, with what to other nations seems an unpleasant dexterity reminiscent of juggling, prefers to shift. Both methods have their advantages.

The Explosive in the Shell

I, for instance, am not enraptured with English manners on the whole toward foreigners or people of another class, nor the English social point of view—social in its large sense. I have never been enraptured with these, and I never expect to be, and I think because of them the Englishman is hampered wherever he goes. On the other hand, I have always been enraptured with English justice, English literature, the English countryside and the heart of England. I do not like French meanness, French complacency and French provincialism, but on the other hand, I have always liked, and will continue to like no matter what happens, French surface manners, the lucidity of the French mind, and the fine, gay, sad, hardy quality of the French.

In the mass of nonsense being spoken and written at present, occasionally a note of common sense is struck, and such notes were struck a little while ago by Ford Madox Ford and Frank Swinnerton, and in both cases these wise men dwelt upon the human aspect of international relationships, and the former emphasized the fact that war nowadays could not be fought unless, by propaganda, lies, distortion and bad manners, the peoples of the nations involved had been stirred up against one another. Nor can wars be fought otherwise, not in democracies, or countries, no matter what their forms of government, where democracy actually prevails. The latest school of history is inclined to dwell entirely on the materialistic basis of war. To a certain extent that is right. I have no doubt that raw materials, markets, colonies and overpopulation are what the shell cases are made of, but the explosives they contain are the slow accumulation of years of myriad small incidents and malicious reports. And shells won't go off with nothing inside.

Distance does not always lend enchantment. The more abstract a thing becomes the greater its potentialities for danger; the more human it remains the more easily is it understood and controlled. President Wilson's mind worked with a brilliant humanity when, toward the end of the war, he insisted on believing, despite all propaganda to the contrary, that the German people were still human and, acting upon this theory, appealed to them over the heads of their rulers. President Wilson's mind became disheartenningly inhuman once it became involved in treaties and postwar conferences. Law is only vicious when it regards itself as a separate entity and not as the combined will of the people; a government runs head-on into error and seeks its own destruction when it falls into the hands of an inaccessible class; the horrors of war increase in proportion to the shooting range.

The Life of the Party

If you wish to test the last, ask an airman of the recent war about his exploits and, if he talks at all, you will be dumfounded by the coolness and even gusto with which he describes dropping tons of bombs on regiments and towns. But if by chance in an air combat he saw the face of a falling adversary, that has always left upon him an impression of sorrow and distaste. He saw a man—a creature like himself—mortally stricken. Regiments and towns were too far off, too much abstractions, for him to realize that they, too, were merely men or, in the latter case, filled with men and women and children. If this idea in its full significance was universally in the minds of men, or rather, if universally the minds of men were capable of conceiving such an idea, wars would not even be contemplated. Some day it will be considered treason to the progress of the world to speak of this country or that, as England, or France, or America, as if they were abstractions and not congeries of human beings; to speak of any country, that is, without the qualifications that make generalizations decently warm-blooded.

The man who first used the term, "the state," as something disassociated and aloof, as an idea and not a method of living—and Plato, although not the originator of this use, was exceedingly guilty—did the human race no good.

And so, having disposed of everything I can think of, although without doubt there are a score of other points I should have mentioned, I can now come to the final clause of my document.

The American objects to most European criticism, especially English criticism, since the English should understand America best, because, as a rule, it seems to him either malicious or mistaken, or both. But he objects to it particularly because in nine cases out of ten this maliciousness or misunderstanding arises from the peculiar point of view Europe reserves for America alone—and again England is the worst offender.

The American objects even to a great deal of friendly European criticism on the score that an outright and sober enemy is frequently less annoying than a funny friend. A good many young married people will know what I mean. A lover who is constantly finding fault, who is constantly trying to change you into something you are not, especially if he is amusing about it all, is likely to become unbearable.

The following quotation is exceedingly apt for my purposes. It is a quotation from a well-known English novelist—an English novelist who has often been in America

and who likes it so well that she spends a great deal of her time here.

Any American man, except a negro, can become President of the United States; and any American woman, by strict attention to business, can become the President's wife. But there is only one President, who, of course—America being a God-fearing, law-abiding country—has only one wife. Even the posts of bank presidents and corporation lawyers are too few to go round a population of a hundred million. So that, with all this gorgeous and free opportunity, there are more gloomy and discontented faces in America than anywhere else in the world.

The great American ideal is that everybody should become something he is not. The great American tragedy is to remain what you are. Resulting from this theory of progress and happiness is the phenomenon of the American boot strapper.

Now, every one has heard of the American bootlegger. But the boot strapper is an even greater national figure, just as the feat of "lifting oneself by one's boot straps" is an almost entirely American accomplishment. Obviously, if you really were born a plumber, and if the unwritten law of the land demands that as a real he man you must die at least with a white collar round your neck, you have got to do something about it. You do. You lift yourself by your boot straps.

There are penalties, of course. I have met boot strappers who were born grocer's assistants and have become millionaires. The poor things were quite hopeless. They had had to try so hard to be what they were not—smart, efficient business men—that their minds outside that one occupation were entirely atrophied. The woman boot strapper reacts differently; she becomes nervous and overwrought. Many of them develop acute ego mania, which is almost inevitable. For, if you really are not what you are—and women are more self-analytical than men and less easily self-deceived—you have to talk very loud and very hard about it in order to convince yourself. There are more ego maniacs—naturally nice, self-effacing people—in America than in any other country that I know of.

There is this further disadvantage, speaking nationally, that there are more second-rate people in first-class positions than there ought to be. This is all right so long as there is plenty of room for the first-rate man who has no capacity for boot strapping and so long as there is no sudden crisis. But I believe that an emergency such as befell England on August 4, 1914, would spell a series of disasters for America far worse than anything we know.

Enlightened Discontent

Now, to begin with, this lady bases her opinion upon a logical impossibility, also a physical one. There is no such thing as lifting yourself by your boot straps and it has never been done in the history of the world. A millionaire may be a terrible fellow, and frequently he is, but invariably—American, British, or French, or German—he has that curious quality that makes one man a millionaire and another man a general, and so, primarily, must be judged as a millionaire and nothing else. Secondly, second-rate men are in first-class positions in every country, and although in a democracy they may be more obvious and in second-rate first-class positions there may be more of them, in first-rate first-class positions there are less of them. Competition in a democracy is fierce. America has had a number of second-rate congressmen, but she has had very few second-rate cabinet officers or Presidents; America, being a democracy, usually begins a war badly, but she has never ended a war with second-rate commanding generals. A strictly nonmilitary republic, she has produced three of the greatest generals in history, as I think everyone will agree—Washington, Lee and Grant—while there are several European countries which have not produced a first-class commanding general since Waterloo. Thirdly, the lady has just enough truth in her analysis to make it doubly unfair.

Americans are "impossibilists," in which lies most of their strength and much of their folly. That is, they believe, all things being equal, that a man can better himself, if not in his own generation, then in the careers of his children. This does lead to some temporary maladjustments, although to a steady mass improvement. But to say that the average American is unhappy because of this process is absurd and leaves out of account, if nothing more, the history of American labor and the life of the American mechanic. When a man is really unhappy he does something about it. The trouble with the average American is that he is too contented. Only the enlightened American is discontented, as the enlightened man has always been—and will be for some time to come—in every country throughout history.

Finally, the lady is amusing. Her attitude is that of an intelligent woman looking through the bars of a zoo. In most republics the president is debarred from having more than one wife—at least, at a time. But this also applies to monarchies. Even Mustapha Kemal is going in for monogamy. The whole attitude of the article is bright and sparkling—what the American, with his deplorable use of the word, would call cute. One suspects that it is a *jeu d'esprit*, written, possibly, to buy a hat—a *jeu d'esprit* with, at the end of it, a hint of war. But you shouldn't indulge in *jeu d'esprits* about another nation, not even for the laudable purpose of buying something you want, if the *jeu d'esprits* are untrue, their intent unkind, and you are sufficiently well known to have your words quoted all over the nation you are talking about, and you are addressing your countrymen, who, heaven knows, are, many of them, only too willing to believe fables, if they are unpleasant, about strangers. I am not describing the English in the latter part of my sentence. The failing is world-wide.

The Amateurish Touch

You see what the lady has done? She has accepted the hospitality of a nation, she had made money from it, and is making money from it, and then she has gone home, not with any intention of writing real criticism, severe or otherwise, not with any intention of trying to understand what, at least, is a large and interesting place, not with any intention of even being humorously kind as, let us say, Mark Twain almost invariably was, or Will Rogers is, but with the intention of being witty at America's expense. Now I should object to this as a man; therefore, why shouldn't I object to it as an American?

Here is another quotation, this time from a famous Englishman who recently has been devoting a spare moment here and there in his busy life to things American. He complains that he has received many indignant American letters. Well, he would, and half of them would be foolish. A good many cranks write to authors. The famous Englishman says that he has every intention to continue in his criticism of America, that he is interested in America and would be a stupid Englishman if he weren't. That the world has grown smaller and that Main Street, America, is just as much his as High Street, America. And that High Street, England, is just as much the street of the intelligent American as Main Street, England. Good! So it is—or rather, so they are. No one could possibly object to that. In one paragraph he writes:

The friendly European critics of the United States are impressed by the facts: First, that the elementary education of the American citizen is cheap and poor and does not fit him for his proper rôle in the world; next, that the methods of democracy used by the states are crude and ineffective and that they hamper the moral and intellectual development of what is still the greatest, most promising of human communities; and, thirdly and finally, that the American sense of justice is clumsy and confused.

Good again. That is real criticism and, whether you agree or not, a wise man is speaking wisely. So far everyone has been having a pleasant time and has, perhaps, been learning something. But then the critic spoils his entire effect by a series of paragraphs of which the one below is an example. He is no longer a wise man speaking wisely, but an Englishman speaking foolishly. No further comment is needed, except that sarcasm is seldom a direct way to a man's heart, or even to his brain, especially if he is a comparative stranger.

I admit the immense superiority of Americans in most things. To mention only a few: They win hands down on films and flivvers, steel construction and advertisement, debt collection and floral offerings, Bunker Hill and bathrooms. American architecture is superb. Their novels are becoming more interesting than British novels, and London, I understand, is full of their plays. If no American writer can write anything to compare with the storm of Tomlinson's Gallions Reach yet Stephen Crane came nearest it in his Open Boat. The variety of type in the American population as compared with the British is as 50 to 1. America invented flying. Oxford trousers again were a plagiarism from America. I could go on for quite a long time jotting down similar glorious points for Old Glory.

In the words of that famous dialogue, The Two Black Crows, why bring all that in? In England there is an ancient custom—beginning about the time duels went out—called "pulling people's legs." It is not understood by other nations, or at least the "kidding" of the American and the "*blague*" of the Frenchman are totally different. The English ought to put an export duty on pulling legs. Humor, furthermore, with the English is almost entirely a class matter, confined to the upper classes and the Cockney; and the Englishman who belongs to the upper classes, or wishes to belong, suffers from the uneasy feeling that in order to show he is a gentleman he must always be slightly amusing. To the American or Frenchman who believes that humor has its hour and place, the result is invariably baffling when it is not wearisome.

I have been throughout completely humanistic in my point of view because I believe that is the only intelligent point of view, particularly in international questions. Important as battleships are, they are not one-half so important as editorials and personal contacts, and so when I come to my concluding argument, the core of all my arguments—the reason why Europe, and especially England, continues to misunderstand America and why America finds this misunderstanding more than ordinarily irritating—what I have to say will be so human that to many people it will seem absurd. I only wish it were.

Our Youthful Cousin

Having emerged from what was almost complete barbarism only about four hundred years ago, Europe, aided by the decay of ancient civilizations—a decay coincident with Europe's emergence—was able to impose its will in most respects upon the world. That is a bad thing. The only way a parvenu ever really learns is by comparing himself with someone whom he fears and admires. Europe has never had an opportunity to do this—at least, not since the Crusades, when the germ of European manners was acquired. Now it is a characteristic of ancient civilizations, as it is of well-bred people, to leave, as much as possible, other nations and people alone—a characteristic exhibited by the Chinese until recently; leave them alone, that is, while at the same time studying them and, if necessary, learning from them. Certain European nations are older than others and therefore more tolerant, but the newest of all—that is, the latest to emerge into world power with the exception of Germany, now temporarily in abeyance—is England. If you add to this fact great courage and a native Anglo-Saxon tendency to interfere and reform, plus Calvinistic teaching in that direction, you have what is frequently an unfortunate combination. This is intensified when the victims of it, for their sins, speak the English tongue and so can be treated as colonials or provincials.

These colonials and provincials are undoubtedly, springing from a semibarbarous stock, semibarbarous themselves, but they have this advantage: Not being completely sure of themselves, they can at least compare themselves with Europe and learn what to do and what not to do. Their growth has not stopped.

For two hundred years or more, since he himself emerged from the self-consciousness and social insecurity that followed the expansion of the Elizabethan period, the Englishman has occasionally admitted, where other nations were concerned, political equality, but never spiritual or social equality. Having captured the summit by extraordinary adroitness and commercial and naval success, he has sat there calmly, dictating his whims to the rest of humanity. If his mood is to be uncouth, then uncouthness everywhere is the reign of a gentleman. No wonder he dislikes other nations and is unable to understand them.

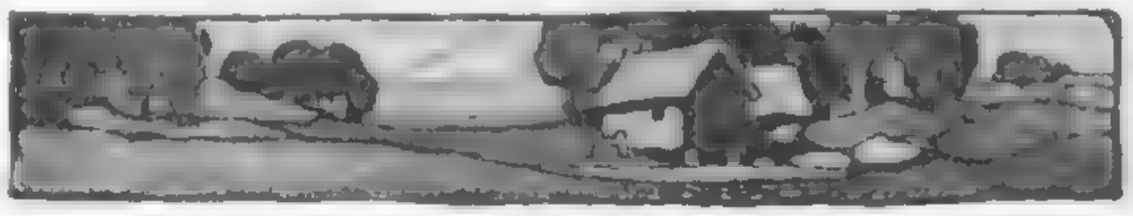
Frankness in Family Circles

He has never been quite able to tell the Frenchman that he was a barbarian, but he has told most other nations they were, and if by chance any of the nations happened to be a colony or an ex-colony, full use has been made of the added opportunities. If you were a German, that, being such an outlandish fact, to some extent excused you, but if you were of English blood or in the English tradition no mercy was to be expected. It made no difference that distance and environment and peculiar difficulties caused you to produce variations of your own; these variations were not worthy of dignified criticism. The list of Englishmen who have paid America the primary compliment of scholarly attention is small—Bryce, Trevelyan, a few others.

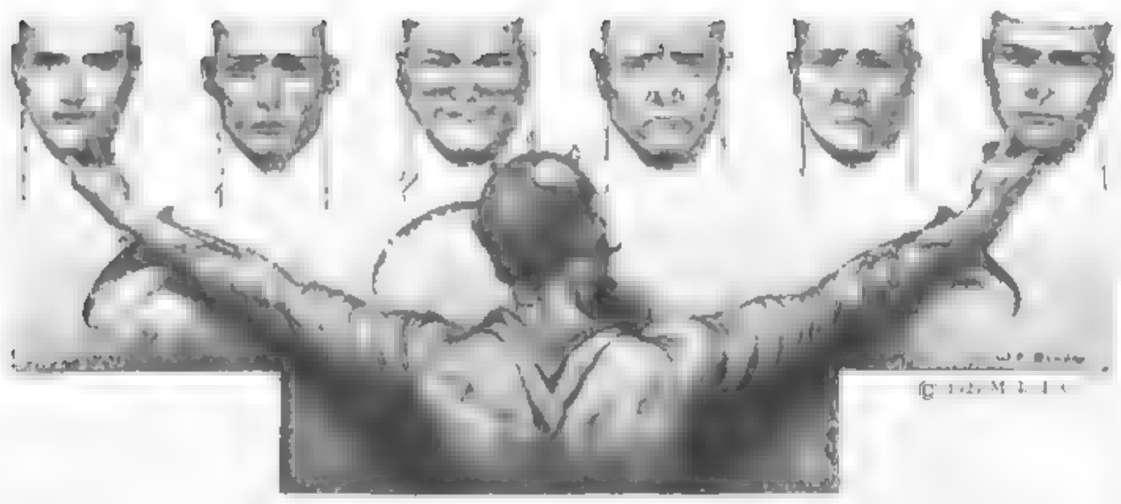
The subtle and baffling feature of all this is that, although most Englishmen are possessed of these characteristics, few Englishmen, no matter how liberal or fair-minded or progressive they are, have as yet reached the point of perception where they recognize the characteristics in themselves. The Englishman may recognize them in other Englishmen, and dislike their Englishness accordingly and rail against them, but when it comes to himself he is unaware of the permeation in his own personality. For instance, the woman novelist I have already quoted said not so long ago, and in curious contradiction to her latest statement, that she liked to live in America because people were not so continually hating one another. Those who like the English learn to forgive these characteristics; those who do not like them—and that, unfortunately, is most of the world—find their hands strengthened. I can think of no simile except the vulgar one of halitosis, in which the sufferer is unaware of something about which most of his friends refuse to tell him.

At all events, good or bad, signs of an innate frankness and honesty, or of innate selfishness and obtuseness, these characteristics are anachronistic. They cannot survive much longer into this century. Main Street and High Street are indeed next-door neighbors. Again, I find much hope in the younger generation.

But not only have these English characteristics been intensified where America is concerned; they have had, to increase their sharpness, two added facts: America is an English-speaking nation in the Anglo-Saxon tradition, and will always remain so—or at least until some cataclysm happens—despite the pessimistic predictions of overly imaginative prophets such as Lothrop Stoddard, or even of historians as wise as Hendrik Van Loon. Whatever its blood is or will become, and the alien quality of that blood is greatly exaggerated, America's governing classes will continue to speak, without



Continued on Page 86



The Great Imitator

HIDING behind a mask, man's most dangerous enemy strikes in the dark and adds two out of every thirteen deaths to his score.

Just so long as men and women, and boys and girls approaching maturity, are not taught to recognize the cruelest of all foes to health and happiness—just so long will many lives be wrecked, lives which could have been saved or made decently livable.

Strange as it may seem, tens of thousands of victims of this insidious disease (syphilis) are utterly unaware of the fact that they have it and that its malignant poison is steadily robbing them of health and strength.

No other disease takes so many forms. As it progresses, it may mask as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion and nervous breakdown. It may appear to be a form of eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble. There is practically no organic disease which it does not simulate.

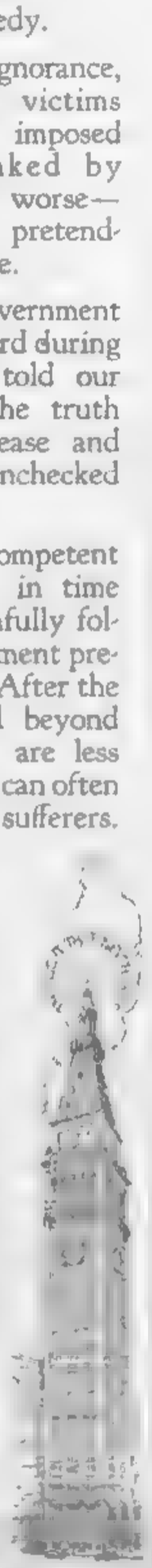
It is the imperative duty of each man desirous of protecting his own health—and more especially the duty of every parent anxious to safeguard children—to know its direct and indirect results. Syphilis is responsible for more misery of body and mind than any other disease. It destroys flesh and bone. Its ulcers leave terrible scars. It attacks heart, blood vessels, abdominal organs—and most tragic of all are its attacks upon brain and spinal cord, the great nerve centers, resulting commonly in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, paresis and insanity—a lifelong tragedy.

Because of fear and ignorance, countless millions of victims have been wickedly imposed upon and hoodwinked by quacks, charlatans and worse—insidious blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

The United States Government took a brave step forward during the Great War and told our soldiers and sailors the truth about this dread disease and what it would do if unchecked or improperly treated.

It can be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient faithfully follows the scientific treatment prescribed by his doctor. After the disease has progressed beyond the first stages, cures are less certain, but a great deal can often be done to help chronic sufferers.

Men and women should learn the truth and tell it to those dependent upon them. It is a helpful sign that the best educators deplore the old habit of secrecy and urge widespread knowledge and frank instruction.



It is estimated that more than 12,000,000 persons in the United States have or at some time have had syphilis.

From 5% to 40% of all the cases in the general hospitals of this country are found to be suffering directly or indirectly from this disease. The variance in the figures depends upon the character and location of the hospital

According to Government statistics, the deaths of 200,000 Americans, each year, are directly caused by syphilis and associated diseases. But thousands of deaths charged to other causes are actually due to this disease.

Hospital and clinic records show that early infant mortality can be reduced one-half by pre-natal treatment of syphilitic infection.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free of charge, its booklet, "The Great Imitator". You are urged to send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World. More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Index of Advertisers

December 31, 1927

	PAGE
American Stainless Steel Company	88
Armstrong Cork Company	37
Barrett Company, The	1
Believers in Jacksonville	75
Boott Mills	81
Buick Motor Company	44, 45
California Packing Corporation	II Cover
Campbell Soup Company	23
Certain-teed Products Corporation	66
Chrysler Sales Corporation	62
Coleman, Watson E.	81
Cook Co., The H. C.	81
Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc.	57
Dictaphone Sales Corp.	86
Dodge Brothers, Inc.	87
Fisher Body Corp.	27
Frigidaire Corporation	39
Fuller Brush Company, The	50
General Electric Company	47
General Motors	52, 53
Grand Rapids Market Ass'n	48, 49
Gruen Watch Makers Guild	42
Hood Rubber Co.	60
Hotel Stevens	85
Hudson Motor Car Company	40, 41
Individual Drinking Cup Company, Inc	79
Kohler Co.	64
Lacey & Lacey	81
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	59
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	84
Min-Lang C. N.	81
Monroe Auto Equipment Manufacturing Company	71
Oh Henry!	77
Pet Milk Company	III Cover
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Real Silk Hosiery Mills	31
Swift & Company	25
Three-in-One Oil Company	55
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	82
Toledo Scale Company	56
Universal Pictures	69
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	73
Washburn Crosby Company	IV Cover

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Would YOU sell a day for $12.00?

"I wrote you for your offer because I thought I could make a little 'side money' during my vacation," writes Shirl H. Stewart of Montana.

"I do not know yet what my best day's profit will be (he had bonus still to come when he wrote) but I think it will amount to between $12 and $15. Perhaps I will do better with more experience."

IF you have a few spare hours that you would exchange for CASH, let us outline the Curtis subscription agency plan for you. Is there any reason why you should not do as well as Mr. Stewart? Experience not necessary.

Mail the handy messenger below today

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
339 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Send me your spare-time cash offer. I'll look it over.

Name ..... Age
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

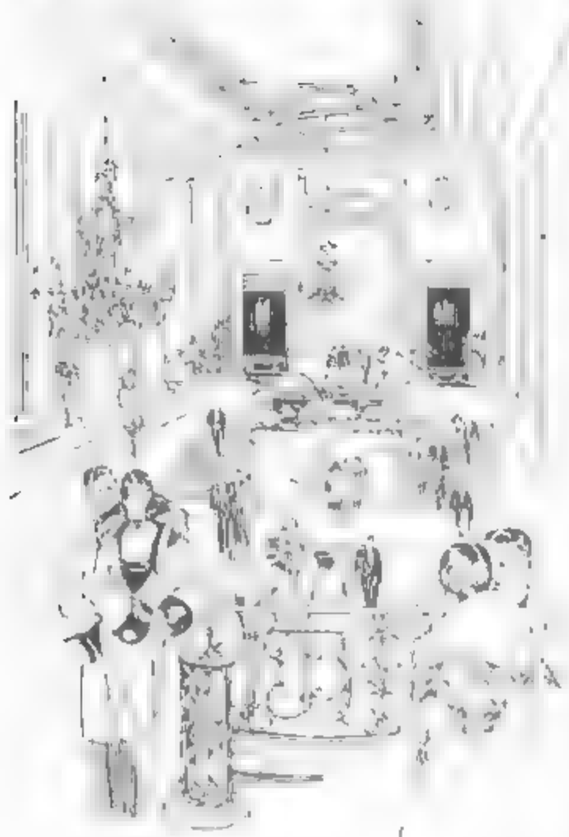
Street

City ..... State

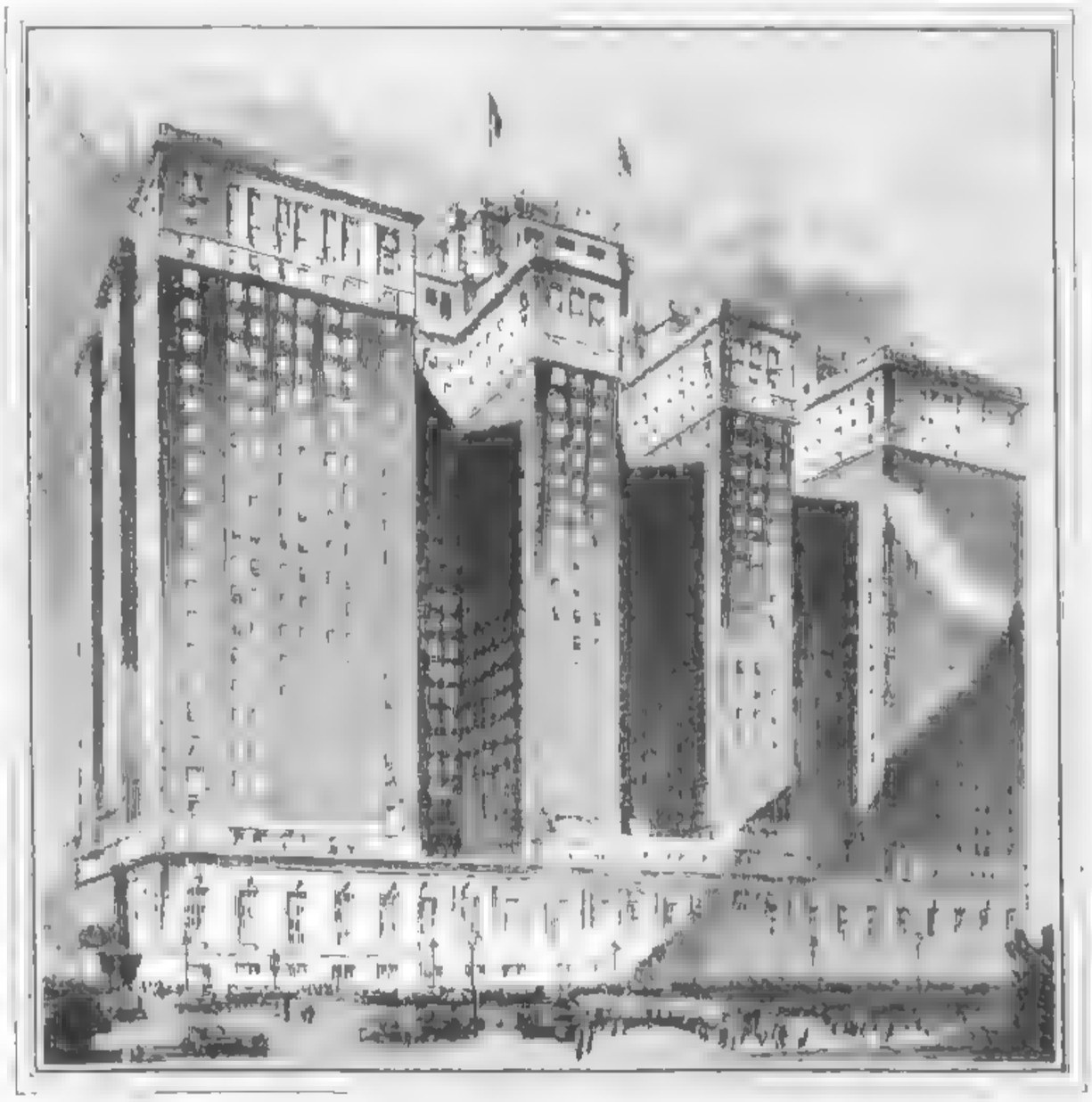
THE STEVENS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HOTEL

Michigan Boulevard, 7th to 8th Streets **CHICAGO** *Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager*



The Grand Stairway



3000
OUTSIDE ROOMS

3000
PRIVATE BATHS

THE STEVENS ROOM RATES

Number of Rooms	*Single Rate*	*Double Rate*
263	$ 3.50	$ 5.00
1242	4.00	6.00
943	5.00	7.50
278	6.00	9.00
181	7.00	10.00
93	10.00	15.00

2448 of the 3000 rooms are rated at $5 per day or less.

Fixed-Price Meals

JAPANESE LUNCH ROOM
Breakfast 45c Luncheon 65c Dinner $1.00

COLCHESTER GRILL
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c
Dinner $1.50 Sunday Dinner $2.00

OAK ROOM
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c
Dinner $1.50 Sunday Dinner $2.00

MAIN DINING ROOM
Luncheon $1.25 Dinner $3.00 per person

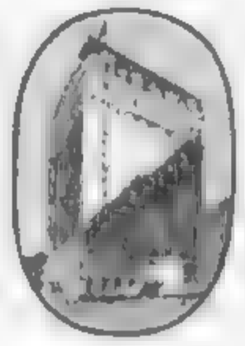
A la carte service at attractive prices is available in all restaurants at all meals

NOWHERE else on earth do magnificent surroundings, personal service, unlimited facilities and perfect location combine to give the guest so much value for the moderate price he pays.

SERVICES AND FACILITIES OF THE STEVENS

Grand Ballroom* . . . Three smaller ballrooms . . . Exhibition Hall* . . . 1200-seat theatre . . . Antique Lounge* . . . Main Dining Room* . . . Three other dining rooms . . . Dance and concert music . . . Library* . . . Recreation room, bowling, billiards Children's playroom . . . Writing room* . . . 4½ floors for public use* . . . Hospital* . . . Quick registering . . . Floor clerks Rooms always available . . . Circulating ice water and bed-head reading lamp in every room . . . Private laundry* . . . Safety deposit vault . . . Special sample rooms* . . . Observation Tower Exclusive shops . . . Finest location.

**The largest and finest provided by any hotel in America or abroad.*



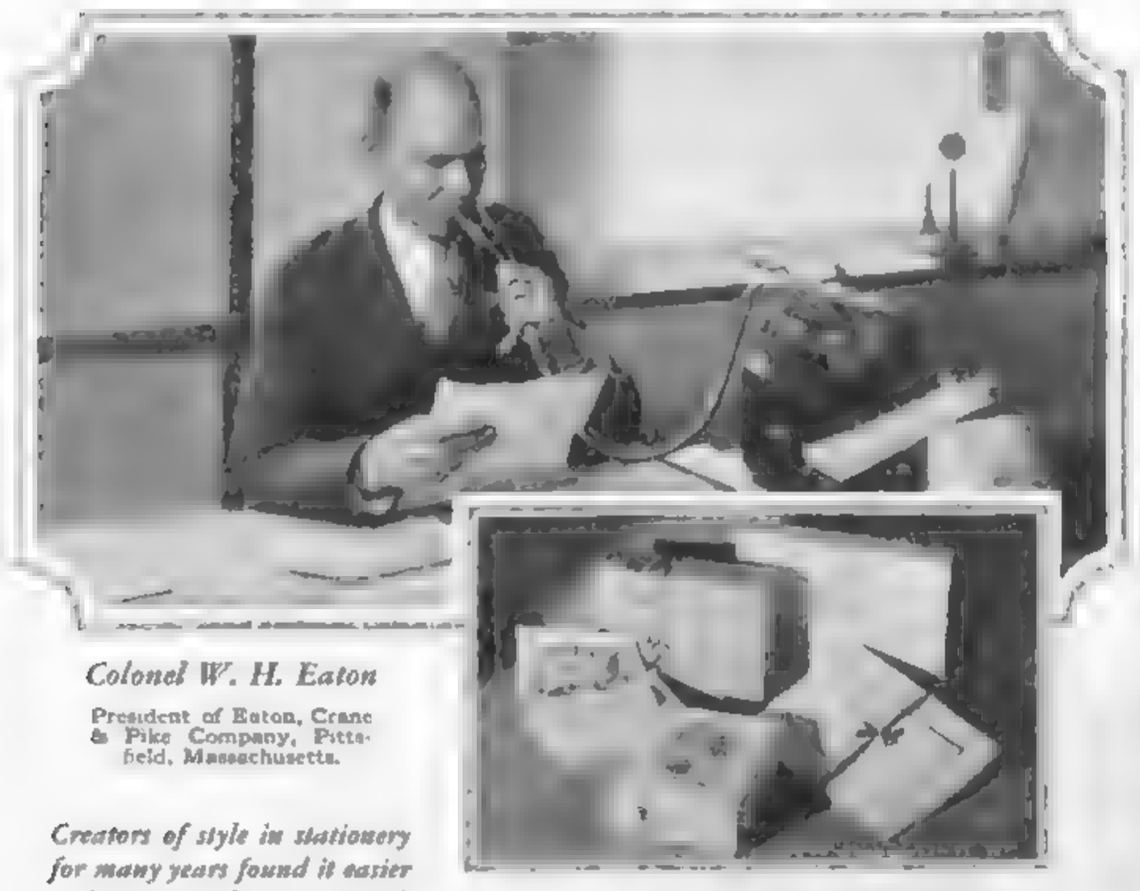
Hotel LaSalle

La Salle at Madison Street

Directed by the same management as The Stevens, Hotel La Salle provides for a distinguished clientele accommodations and cuisine unexcelled at exceptionally attractive rates. 1026 rooms, $2.50 to $6 single, and $4 to $9 double.

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

Years of Progress—*Over Night!*



Colonel W. H. Eaton

President of Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Creators of style in stationery for many years found it easier to keep up to the minute with The Dictaphone than with shorthand.

One of several Eaton, Crane & Pike presentations to meet the need of the smart household for three kinds of writing paper.

"IN our business, keeping up to date or even a little ahead of the procession is of vital importance. When I found that shorthand had outlived its usefulness to me in maintaining personal contact and extending executive control through all departments, I dropped it. I recall, some years ago, when our accounting department turned to electric adding machines. It was amazing how much more quickly and accurately things were done. Turning from shorthand to The Dictaphone jumped us ahead 60 years in our methods of recording ideas and keeping in touch with mills, branches and customers."

Executives the country over who face the problem of directing modern business activities by shorthand—a method that hadn't been improved in 60 years—will appreciate, just as Colonel Eaton does, that The Dictaphone really gives them a running start on the day's work

"When you consider the ground we have to cover, you'll see why we don't feel like taking chances with anything but the most modern methods in either manufacturing or administration. Continuously studying Stationery Styles—originating new creations in particular-purpose stationery which social usage decrees for formal and informal personal correspondence—from wedding invitations and visiting cards to bonds and writing papers used extensively by banks and business houses and also semi-business stationery for gentlemen—all of these activities are handled quickly, accurately and without confusion with the help of The Dictaphone"

Installed primarily for the obvious gain in executive effectiveness and office convenience which The Dictaphone brings, the company was delighted to discover later that its entire complement of Dictaphones paid for itself out of actual, traceable cash savings in one year

Florence L. Ferguson—Secretary to Colonel Eaton, declares: "I find The Dictaphone cultivates poise, serenity, and a healthy mental attitude. My numerous special duties are disposed of promptly and without nerve strain or error, and routine work is cleared away in short order without interruptions I used to experience with shorthand"

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

and double your ability to get things done

FREE BOOK

of portrait-interviews

USE COUPON for either this book, Executives Say, or similar book, Secretaries Say.

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

Dictaphone Sales Corporation

154 Nassau Street New York, N. Y.

☐ You may tell your nearest office to let me try the New Model 10 without obligation

☐ I wish to read what leading executives or secretaries said, *when interviewed*, about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me a FREE copy of your book.

Name_____

Address

For [illegible] address Dictaphone Sales Corp., Ltd., 33 Melinda St., Toronto, Canada

[illegible] World-wide organization: London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Shanghai, etc

(Continued from Page 83)

much dialect, the English tongue, and to accept, with modifications, the English traditions.

Therefore, on the whole, no matter what their ancestry, with two notable exceptions, and the hostility of these exceptions will disappear in time, the governing classes of America should continue to have, what they have always had, an instinctive sympathy with England.

But this must be distinctly remembered: The American no longer exactly thinks of this speech or these traditions as English. He regards the speech as his as much as anyone else's, and the traditions, with their modifications, also as much his property as they are the property of others. In short, the last war, if nothing else, has made him pretty completely an American American, and the terms, English-American, Scotch-American, German-American, Irish-American, are out-of-date.

To sum up what I have said, the majority of intelligent Americans want to like England, whether they are conscious of it or not, but as a rule they don't get the chance. England can take that, or leave it, as she sees fit.

Secondly, while most antagonistic criticism and certainly all maliciously antagonistic criticism of England in America is confined to the ignorant or certain racial minorities who have hostile traditions. English criticism of America comes from what should be the most intelligent and broad-minded class in England. It is easy to dismiss the words of a narrow-minded man; it is difficult to dismiss the words of a supposedly broad-minded one. The catch in this proposition is that where America is concerned, most intelligent and broad-minded Englishmen cease to be one or the other, although their words, coming from men intelligent and broad-minded in other respects, carry a weight they do not deserve—a weight and a poison.

I do not believe the average well-intentioned Englishman is as aware of all this as he thinks himself to be. I doubt if he realizes the flood of abuse, misunderstanding and even insult that has been poured upon America's head since the war—a flood that is growing instead of receding. I doubt if he knows the long history of the English visitor to America—the history of most celebrities, most ordinary travelers. The American knows, and he has been a fool to accept this history and sit silent under it. Why, with his peculiar point of view, shouldn't the Englishman treat him as a conquered provincial so long as he is willing to accept that treatment? The average well-intentioned Englishman is sitting at the small end of a funnel where America is concerned.

For example, he reads as a rule only one newspaper; he hears, therefore, all the stupid things that America says and the carefully selected list of horrors America has committed. He does not know the stupid things his own country is saying, or the horrors it is committing, and even sometimes, when he sees the latter, he does not recognize them as such. This of course applies to the American as well where England is concerned. But the English writing man and the American writing man by the very nature of their jobs are much better informed.

I take it, of course, that I am addressing well-intentioned people, both English and American. There is not much use addressing any others. And I take it that the well-intentioned Englishman and American—one could almost say, every sensible Englishman and American—regard as the ultimate misfortune that could befall the world any serious misunderstanding between England and America.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

December 31, 1927

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Coral—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	3
On the Beach—*Almet Jenks*	6
Two Weeks at the Shore—*Nina Wilcox Putnam*	8
Sand—and Gravel—*A. W. Somerville*	12
Coffee in the Garden—*Elizabeth Alexander*	14

ARTICLES

The X in Exploration—*Commander Richard E. Byrd*	5
International Critics—*Struthers Burt*	10
The New Black Golcondas—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	16
The Restraint of Prosperity—*James J. Davis*	21
I Had a Hunch—*Arthur E. Stilwell and James R. Crowell*	24

SERIALS

The Stranger at the Feast (Fourth part)—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	18

MISCELLANY

Editorials	20
Short Turns and Encores	22

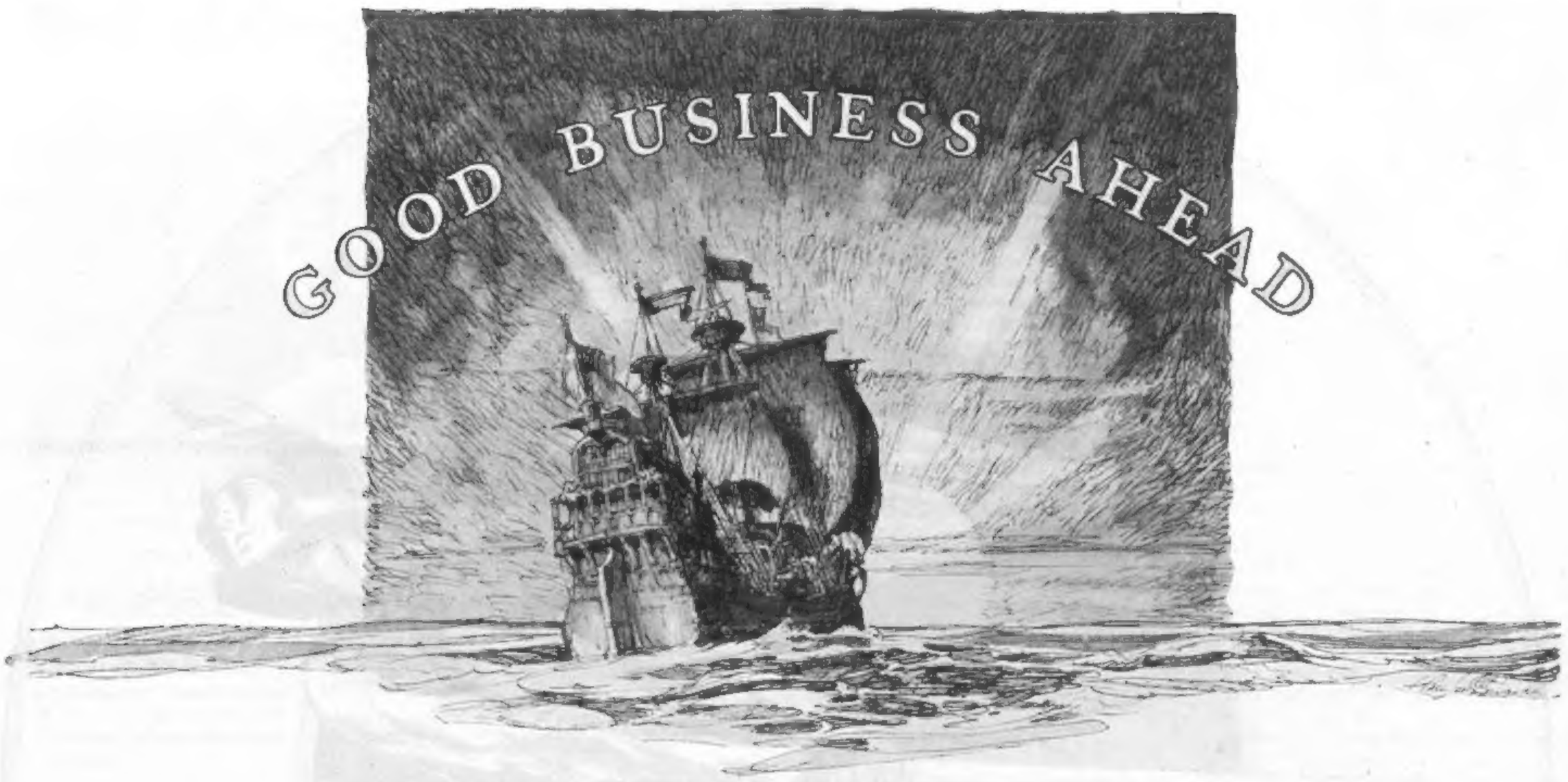
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

The
VICTORY SIX

The only car of its kind
in the world. Entirely new
engineering principles.
Years ahead of its time

A PRODUCT OF DODGE BROTHERS

ON · DISPLAY · JANUARY · 5TH



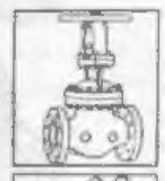
for manufacturers who turn to STAINLESS STEEL *for* PRODUCT IMPROVEMENT...

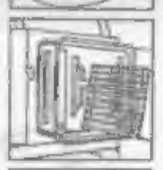
GOOD business awaits scores of manufacturers who will heed the wishes of the public they serve—and give them products made of genuine Stainless Steel.

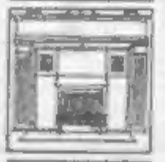
This prophecy is not without reason. It is proven by the experience of practically every manufacturer who has given the public new and better products in which Stainless Steel has played a part.

Stainless Steel Cutlery, Stainless Steel Golf Clubs, Gun Barrels, Hunting Knives, Stainless Steel Pots and Pans, Oven Linings, Fireplaces, Stainless Steel Valve Parts, Boiler Tubes, Shovels, Stainless Steel Rules, Tapes and Squares, etc., etc.

There is a constantly growing list of products that have been improved—vastly so—by the use of this wonderful metal which defies rust and corrosion and which is always so easy to keep clean.







Greater permanency and consequently greater economy are being attained in the construction of machinery, buildings and equipment, by the use of Stainless Steel for parts requiring resistance to corrosion, heat, chemical action, erosion, etc. These applications are rapidly growing and contributing their economies to the promotion of better business.

And there are countless opportunities still awaiting new products, and new applications, of Stainless Steel; and those wise and farseeing manufacturers who recognize that Stainless Steel—and Better Products—and Greater Saleability—go hand in hand, will find their reward in good business during 1928 and for years to come.

Stainless Steel is available in all the usual rolled and drawn forms such as plates, sheets, strip, bars, rods, wire, tubes, etc.

STAINLESS STEEL

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

His First Year
passed in perfect health

HIS Pet Milk bottles have given him a year of health and happiness—of sturdy growth and normal development—a sure foundation for happiness in all the years ahead.

On every day of the year . . .

. . . his mother *knew* that his food was safe—free from anything that could bring him harm—rich in everything that his health and growth required.

Pet Milk in your baby's bottle will bring him through his first year with the sturdy growth and rugged health which safe, wholesome food assures. His feedings for the whole day can be prepared at once. They will keep sweet through the day even without the use of ice.

Pet Milk can be had everywhere . .

It is always pure, fresh milk concentrated and sterilized in sealed cans. Not a thing is added to it. It comes to the nursery absolutely free from anything that can harm health. It is as easily digested as mother's milk.

Let us send you . . .

. . . our free booklet "Baby's Milk." You'll *know* then why Pet Milk is the milk you want in baby's bottle.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Orange Tea Biscuits—Dainty, tender and delicious. One of the many delightful recipes created in the Gold Medal Kitchen. Kitchen-tested recipes with Kitchen-tested Flour—perfect results every time.

ONE view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is Kitchen-tested before it goes to you

Glad to learn! "I was glad to learn of Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour, and have had wonderful success with the biscuit recipe you gave."
MRS. LAWRENCE PULLMAN, Mishawaka, Ind.

A Prize Winner! "For a number of years I have been an exhibitor at our County Fair, and for three years I have taken premiums on cakes, tea biscuits and other baked goods—all baked with Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour." MRS. ADDA E. GIBBS, Norwich, N. Y.

A man's slant! "My husband is a real Gold Medal husband. He often brings me flour and never thinks of getting anything but Kitchen-tested Gold Medal." MRS. H. M. HOWISON, Kingsville, Ohio

"Kitchen-tested" Flour and what it means to American women

A new development in the art of home cooking that eliminates 50% of the cause of baking failures

No doubt you have often wondered why, in your baking, the same recipe turns out so beautifully one time—so disappointing the next. And invariably the very time you most wanted it to be perfect it was sure to fail you.

Even the best cooks in the land have had such heart-breaking experiences. But now, happily, those "near failures" and "half failures" are largely of the past. For recently chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that *flour* was 50% of the cause of baking failures.

They discovered that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the *same brand* of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely differently in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time!

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-test" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.

This means *one* flour for *all* your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

Money-Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is "Kitchen-tested" before you receive it. The words "Kitchen-tested" are stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

Special Offer
"Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" Recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen.

We shall be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. This offer only good if you live in the United States.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we shall be glad to send you selected samples, including Orange Tea Biscuits—FREE. *Check* and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Betty Crocker

Send coupon now! A new delight awaits you

MISS BETTY CROCKER
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.
Dept. 333, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes *free*.)

☐ Please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS

Copyr. 1927, Washburn Crosby Co.

Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" Recipes over your favorite radio station.

Kitchen-tested

MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL, OGDEN